PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1991 • $3.95

OUR SEXIEST LINGERIE PICTORIAL EVER

SNARL! HISS! SPIT!
PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS SISKEL & EBERT

DON'T COUNT DAVID LYNCH OUT

HARRY CONNICK, JR., MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR JAZZ

DEATH STALKS A CAMPUS: THE MURDERS IN GAINESVILLE

INSIDE LAS VEGAS: HOW THEY SET THE POINT SPREAD

35270 02
0 300955 0

© Philip Morris Inc. 1990
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.
17 mg "tar," 1.2 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Come to where
the flavor is.
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
Marlboro
100's
Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

Now All 4x4s Have To Answer To A Higher Power.

The New Jeep Wrangler Renegade.
The Most Powerful Jeep 4x4 Ever Made.

There's Only One Jeep.®
Advantage: Chrysler

7/70 Protects engine and powertrain for 7 years or 70,000 miles and against outerbody rust-through for 7 years or 100,000 miles. See limited warranty at dealer. Deductibles and restrictions apply. For more information, or how to buy or lease one, call 1-800-JEEP-EAGLE. Jeep is a registered trademark of Chrysler Corporation. Buckle up for safety.

PLAYBILL

IT HAS BEEN SAID that everyone has two careers: a regular job and movie criticism. If you wonder what the towering and expansive critics of our age—**Gene Siskel** and **Roger Ebert**—do with *their* spare time, the answer is obvious: criticize each other. In this month's *Playboy Interview* (two thumbs up!), the combative kings of film crit tee off on bad movies and on each other, but not in that order. Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel** tossed up the questions and ducked the cross fire.

While you're hanging out in the lobby of the *Playboy* multiplex, you'll want to check out *You Are Now Leaving Twin Peaks*, **Steve Pond's** Playboy Profile of **David Lynch,** the man who singlehandedly put nightmares back into the American dream. *20 Questions* with **Lena Olin** should also be on your must-see list. In *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, this Swedish beauty did more for bowler hats than anybody since Charlie Chaplin.

OK, we have critics, a director and a star—anybody for a sound track? Take **Harry Connick, Jr.,** the young (1988 was his first Presidential election) jazz musician whose sound track for *When Harry Met Sally . . .* sold 750,000 copies. **Stanley Booth**—who was writing about jazz and blues before Connick was born—gives perspective to Harry's rise to stardom.

Last May, as *Playboy* hit the stands with **Andrew Beyer's** piece on horse-race betting, the writer won $110,000 on a double-triple bet (picking the 1-2-3 finishers in two races) at Baltimore's Pimlico race track. After turning in this month's *Anatomy of a Point Spread* (illustrated by **John Howard**), Andy went to Laurel race track in Maryland and hit another double-triple, this time for $189,000. So *pay attention*.

Every now and then, a crime is committed that is so heinous it makes you wonder at the human capacity for cruelty. Such a crime occurred last August, when a killer (or killers) brutally murdered five students near the University of Florida campus. In *The Terror in Gainesville* (illustrated by **Tim O'Brien**), **Michael Reynolds** probes a horrifyingly dark psyche.

As befits a February cover date, our lead fiction—*Zack & Jill*, by Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook**—deals with greeting-card artists in love. These two stop blowing valentines at each other when she gets a big job and he's left home to mess up the apartment. **Mark Alpert's** story *My Life with Joanne Christiansen* shows the value of a friend who can discern the outcome of a love relationship that hasn't even begun.

If these fictional guys bought better valentine gifts for their dolls, all their problems might cease. As a public service, we present *Sure-Fire Gifts for Babes*, a superior guide by Articles Editor **John Rezek,** illustrated by fashion artist **René Gruau.**

It's time once again for our *Year in Sex* feature, and what a lusty 12 months it has been: In addition to all the crotch grabbing and raunchy rapping, there were repeated cases of politicoitus and Constitutionophilia. The section was put to bed by Senior Editor **Gretchen Edgren,** Senior Art Director **Bruce Hansen** and Assistant Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet.**

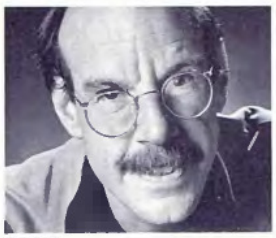
Before there was the nude photo, there was the daring drawing, and **Margaret Brundage**—famous for her covers of *Weird Tales*—was among the greatest practitioners of that art. Longtime *Playboy* contributor **Ray Russell** offers up an appreciation, *Of Human Brundage*, along with lots of visual aids. We also have photos, of course: Contributing Photographer **Byron Newman** shot the sexiest in lingerie (modeled by, among others, Playmate of the Year **Renee Tenison**) and **Paul B. Goode** caught the rippling essence of the women's bodybuilding movement in *Flex Appeal*.

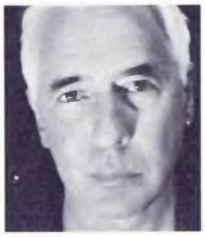
Scanning those hot treats, you'll realize the difference between February, the month, and February, the *Playboy* issue: Our thermostat is always in the comfort zone. Come on in.

GROBEL

POND

BOOTH


BEYER


HOWARD

REYNOLDS

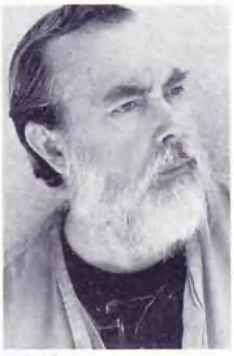
O'BRIEN

COOK

ALPERT

GRUAU

EDGREN, HANSEN


RUSSELL

NEWMAN

GOODE

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), February 1991, volume 38, number 2. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions. Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois, and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007.

Sony Walkman® Personal Stereo. Now Available In 41 Personalities.

Sony celebrates all the sides of your personality with 41 different Walkman personal stereos to keep by your side. With innovative features like digital tuning, Mega Bass, wired remote control—and, of course, Sony's legendary sound quality. Will Sony stop here? Don't count on it. After all, we invented the original Walkman personal stereo—so stopping now isn't exactly in our personality.

SONY.

Models featured from L to R are: WM-AF59, WM-F3030, WM-AF79, WM-F702, SRF-H2, WM-F2081, WM-D09, WM-AF604, WM-F2065

© 1990 Sony Corporation of America. All rights reserved. Sony, Walkman, Mega Bass and SONY WALKMAN THE ONLY WALKMAN are trademarks of Sony.

Sony Walkman. The Only Walkman.™

PLAYBOY

vol. 38, no. 2—february 1991

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		3
DEAR PLAYBOY		9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		13
MEN	ASA BABER	26
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL	30
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		33
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		37
REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK: GOING GUSHY ON OIL—opinion	ROBERT SCHEER	47
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SISKEL & EBERT—candid conversation		51
HARRY CONNICK, JR., GETS THE BIG BREAK—article	STANLEY BOOTH	62
FLEX APPEAL—pictorial		66
THE TERROR IN GAINESVILLE—article	MICHAEL REYNOLDS	72
ZACK & JILL—fiction	KEVIN COOK	74
THE YEAR IN SEX—pictorial		76
SURE-FIRE GIFTS FOR BABES—article	JOHN REZEK	84
THOM'S CRUISIN'—playboy's playmate of the month		86
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		98
MY LIFE WITH JOANNE CHRISTIANSEN—fiction	MARK ALPERT	100
SILK BOXERS!—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	102
YOU ARE NOW LEAVING TWIN PEAKS—playboy profile	STEVE POND	104
THE DEMONS OF DAVID LYNCH	MARCIA FROELKE COBURN	156
OF HUMAN BRUNDAGE—nostalgia	RAY RUSSELL	106
20 QUESTIONS: LENA OLIN		112
ANATOMY OF A POINT SPREAD—article	ANDREW BEYER	114
SHEER MADNESS—pictorial		118
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		161

Seductive Lingerie P. 118

Dream Girl? P. 100

Thom's Cruisin' P. 86

Perfect Presents P. 84

COVER STORY

Love is in the air and it's time for *Sheer Madness*, our sexiest lingerie pictorial ever. On our cover, Pamela Anderson, Miss February 1990, reminds us that beautiful things come in beautiful packages. The cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Jennifer Smith-Ashley and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Hair and make-up were done by Tracy Cianflone. Our Rabbit always stays abreast of things.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS FOR PLAYBOY IS CATHY BENDOFF. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1990 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE. MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DÉPOSÉE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. **CREDITS:** PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 3 PATTY BEAUDET (2), STEVE CONWAY, RON MESAROS, WILLIAM O'LEARY, JAMES QUINE, ROB RICH (2), JON ROEMER, LORI STOLL, KENNETH WALKER; P. 10 RICHARD FEGLEY; P. 16 MURRAY CLOSE; P. 18 JOAN VITALE STRONG; P. 20 © SCOTT BORDEN, EMILIO LARI/© TOUCHSTONE PICTURES; P. 22 GREG GORMAN; P. 76 JAMES COLBURN/PHOTOREPORTERS, CONWAY (3), © NEAL PRESTON/OUTLINE PRESS, LAURA SIKES/SYGMA; P. 77 © RAY FAIRALL/PHOTOREPORTERS (2), © 1990 RICK FRIEDMAN/BLACK STAR, KOL-AL-ARAB/© SIPA-PRESS, STEENS/VILLARD/SIPA-PRESS; P. 78 A.P./WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, INC., CONWAY, © RAY FAIRALL/PHOTOREPORTERS, PHILIP JEAN; P. 79 © JANETTE BECKMAN/OUTLINE PRESS, DIETER BLUM, ANTHONY SAVIGNANO/RON GALELLA LTD. © 1988, © 1990 THE R. M. SAXTON IMAGE GROUP/LUTZ GROUP; P. 80 HAROLD ADLER, A.P./WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, INC. (2), © 1990 DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR, CONWAY, © BRAD MARKEL/GAMMA-LIAISON; P. 81 CONWAY, OTTO GREULE, JR./ALLSPORT U.S.A. © 1990, © R. KENNEDY/LONDON FEATURES; P. 82 © TERRY ASHE/GAMMA-LIAISON, REX FEATURES/© RDR PRODUCTIONS, SMEAL/RON GALELLA LTD., © 1990 JIM STRATFORD/BLACK STAR; P. 83 CONWAY (2), © RAY FAIRALL/PHOTOREPORTERS (2), © JONATHAN LEVINE 1990, © REN NORTON/THE BOSTON HERALD, I. TURNER/SPOONER/GAMMA-LIAISON; P. 112 © RICHARD CORMAN/ONYX; PP. 164–165 CONWAY (4); P. 166 HERB RITTS, PP. 118–129 LINGERIE FROM BRADLEY'S OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE, 85 KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W. 3, AND SEXY LINGERIE, 144 RUE ST. DENIS, PARIS, FRANCE. JEWELRY FROM BUTLER AND WILSON, LONDON AND LOS ANGELES, AND PRISM AT HYPER-HYPER, LONDON, U.K. GLOVES FROM CORNELIA JAMES, LONDON, U.K. SHOES FROM SHELLY'S SHOES, LONDON, U.K. ILLUSTRATIONS BY: P. 14 STEVE BRODNER; P. 20 MARTIN HOFFMAN; P. 21 DOUG SMOCK; P. 22 JEFF YORK; P. 26 EDSON CAMPOS; P. 30 LINDA BLECK; P. 39 DAN YACCARINO; P. 42 GLENN ARVIDSON; P. 44 EVERETT PECK; P. 77 COPYRIGHT 1990, LOS ANGELES TIMES. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION; P. 81 REPRINTED BY PERMISSION: TRIBUNE MEDIA SERVICES; P. 83 DON WRIGHT/THE PALM BEACH POST; P. 164 TOM PATRICK, JOHN SCHMELTZER; P. 165 WILLIAM CONE, JOHN DAWSON; P. 166 STEVE BOSWICK, OLIVIA DE BERARDINIS, CARLOS NINE. FRANKLIN MINT OUTSERT IN ALL DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. LAGERFELD TWO-PAGE SCENT STRIP BETWEEN PAGES 16-17. CBS TWO-PAGE INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 20-21. BMG BIND-IN CARD BETWEEN PAGES 28-29 IN ALL DOMESTIC COPIES. COYOTE TWO-PAGE INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 150-151 IN ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Private Moments

The plot is simple and memorable: the world's most ravishing women revealed in their most intimate, private moments. Sensuous satin, luscious lace fill out the scenario. It's the all new edition of Playboy's Book of Lingerie. And it's at your newsstand now.

©1990 Playboy

OR, ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-345-6066. Charge to your credit card. Ask for item #FWFT9101. (Source Code 09060)
ORDER BY MAIL: Enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy for $5.95 plus $2.00 shipping and handling charge per total order and specify item #FWFT9101. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional. (Sorry, no other foreign orders.) Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 1554, Dept. 09060, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

IF YOU LIKE
AUTOMOBILES
YOU'LL LOVE THE
du Pont REGISTRY...

SPECIAL FERRARI ISSUE!
ENZO'S FINEST FOR SALE
A BUYERS GALLERY OF FINE AUTOMOBILES
EXOTICS, CLASSICS, 250 GTO, F-40 AND MUCH MORE!
du Pont REGISTRY

The only nationwide publication of its kind, the du Pont REGISTRY is the Buyers Gallery of Fine Automobiles. Every month, the REGISTRY presents—in detailed, full-color photos and descriptive copy—more than 500 classic, luxury and exotic automobiles for your consideration. In 12 exciting, full-color issues per year (each printed on rich, coated stock), you get every awesome vehicle delivered right to your door.

As an introductory subscriber, you'll pay only $39.95 for a full year's subscription. Mail your check or money order to:
du Pont REGISTRY
Dept. J2D7099
PO Box 3260
Harlan, Ia. 51593
OR-CALL TOLL-FREE:

1-800-233-1731

SELLING YOUR CLASSIC OR EXOTIC CAR? CALL 1-800-233-1731

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor-in-chief

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*
JONATHAN BLACK *managing editor*
TOM STAEBLER *art director*
GARY COLE *photography director*

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: JOHN REZEK *editor;* PETER MOORE *senior editor;* **FICTION:** ALICE K. TURNER *editor;* **MODERN LIVING:** DAVID STEVENS *senior editor;* ED WALKER *associate editor;* BETH TOMKIW *assistant editor;* **FORUM:** KATE NOLAN *associate editor;* **WEST COAST:** STEPHEN RANDALL *editor;* **STAFF:** GRETCHEN EDGREN *senior editor;* JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writer;* BRUCE KLUGER, BARBARA NELLIS *associate editors;* JOHN LUSK *traffic coordinator;* **FASHION:** HOLLIS WAYNE *editor;* VIVIAN COLON *assistant editor;* **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor;* **COPY:** ARLENE BOURAS *editor;* LAURIE ROGERS *assistant editor;* MARY ZION *senior researcher;* LEE BRAUER, CAROLYN BROWNE, JACKIE CAREY, BARI NASH, REMA SMITH *researchers;* **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BABER, DENIS BOYLES, KEVIN COOK, LAURENCE GONZALES, LAWRENCE GROBEL, CYNTHIA HEIMEL, WILLIAM J. HELMER, WALTER LOWE, JR., D. KEITH MANO, JOE MORGENSTERN, REG POTTERTON, DAVID RENSIN, RICHARD RHODES, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STANDISH, MORGAN STRONG, BRUCE WILLIAMSON *movies*), SUSAN MARGOLIS-WINTER

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director;* BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors;* ERIC SHROPSHIRE *associate director;* KRISTIN KORJENEK, JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant directors;* KELLY O'BRIEN *junior director;* ANN SEIDL *senior keyline and paste-up artist;* BILL BENWAY, PAUL CHAN *art assistants*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor;* JEFF COHEN *managing editor;* LINDA KENNEY, JAMES LARSON, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *associate editors;* PATTY BEAUDET *assistant editor/entertainment;* POMPEO POSAR *senior staff photographer;* STEVE CONWAY *assistant photographer;* DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, DAVID MECEY, BYRON NEWMAN, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers;* SHELLEE WELLS *stylist;* STEVE LEVITT *color lab supervisor*

MICHAEL PERLIS *publisher*
JAMES SPANFELLER *associate publisher*

PRODUCTION

JOHN MASTRO *director;* MARIA MANDIS *manager;* RITA JOHNSON *assistant manager;* JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, CARRIE HOCKNEY *assistants*

CIRCULATION

BARBARA GUTMAN *subscription circulation director;* ROBERT O'DONNELL *retail marketing and sales director;* CINDY RAKOWITZ *communications director*

ADVERTISING

JEFFREY D. MORGAN *national sales director;* SALES DIRECTORS: ROBERT MCLEAN *west coast,* STEVE MEISNER *midwest,* PAUL TURCOTTE *new york*

READER SERVICE

LINDA STROM, MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondents*

ADMINISTRATIVE

EILEEN KENT *editorial services manager;* MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions administrator*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*

You'd have to search the world to assemble a collection as fascinating as this!

IMARI STYLE OWL
Shown approximately actual size of 3⅛" in height.

CUSTOM-DESIGNED BRASS AND GLASS DISPLAY INCLUDED.

© 1991 FM

Fifteen delightful owl sculptures, each representing a different artistic tradition. Crafted in porcelain, crystal, cinnabar, jade glass and more.

For centuries, owls have fascinated artists and collectors alike. Their enchantment captured in a dazzling variety of art styles and mediums.

Now The Franklin Mint brings you an incomparable collection of original owl sculptures—each representing an intriguing art form. The kind of collection it might take a lifetime to assemble.

Fifteen distinctive works of art—and a beautiful custom-designed display to show them in your home. The majesty of bronze and the clear sparkle of faceted crystal. The exquisite charm of porcelain in the Delft tradition. The multi-colored brilliance of the Japanese Imari style. The golden elegance of Art Deco.

A unique treasury for your home. Inspired by the great eras of artistic triumph. Available *only* from The Franklin Mint, with each imported sculpture priced at $29.50. Begin building your own collection, one a month. Please mail your application by February 28th.

THE COLLECTOR'S TREASURY OF OWLS

SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

Please mail by February 28, 1991.

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my subscription to The Collector's Treasury of Owls, consisting of 15 original owl sculptures to be sent at the rate of one a month. A custom-designed glass and brass display is included.

I need send no money now. Please bill me $29.50* for each owl sculpture, beginning when the first is ready to be sent to me. There is no added charge for the display.

**Plus my state sales tax and $1.95 per sculpture for shipping and handling.*

SIGNATURE _____
ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

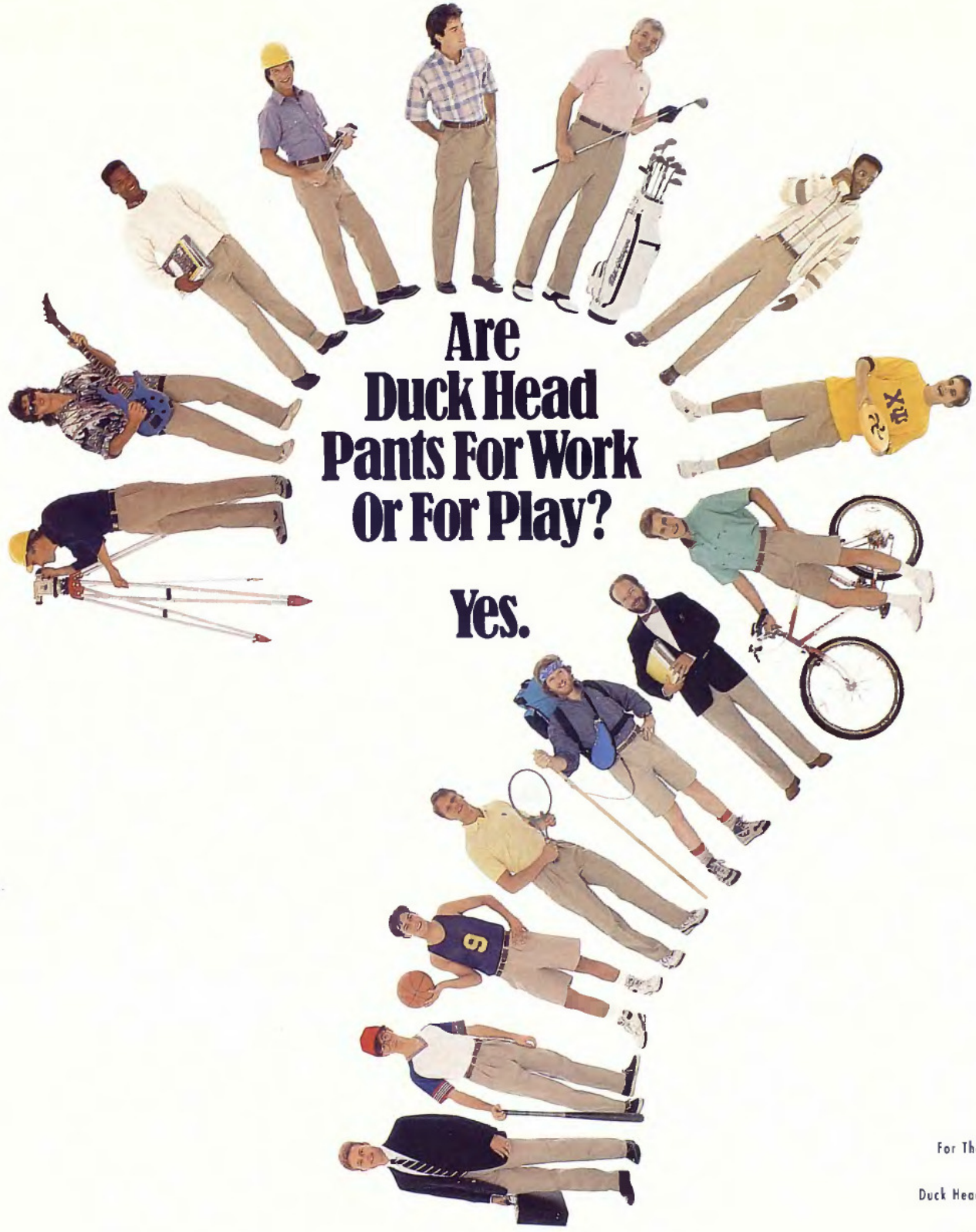
MR/MRS/MISS _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE/ZIP _____

11849 - 21



Are Duck Head Pants For Work Or For Play?

Yes.

For The

Duck Head

Retailer

Nearest You

Call

1-800-359-9000

Ext. 34

ANY TIME · ANY WHERE · ANY BODY

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS DEAR PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY MAGAZINE
680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

PLAYMATE PEN PALS

I am a commander of an Infantry company currently deployed in Saudi Arabia under Operation Desert Shield. I have read and enjoyed your magazine for many years.

My purpose in writing is to ask your assistance in obtaining some correspondence that would greatly boost the morale of the entire unit. Because of Saudi Arabia's strict religious laws, soldiers are unable to receive *Playboy* or any other adult magazine that displays pictures of women that the country deems unsuitable (i.e., nude). Soldiers *are* permitted letters and often receive some from ordinary American citizens. They can be addressed to "Any Soldier," so that those who don't normally receive mail are not forgotten.

A letter from one of your Playmates would definitely be something for the soldiers to remember. She need not provide her return address unless she desires to do so.

Thank you for your kind attention, and keep up the good work.

Capt. Bobby J. Simmons, Jr.
Commander, HHC 1/502 INF
101st Airborne Division (AASLT)
APO New York, New York 09309

Our morale-boosting Playmates are on the job, Captain. In Operation Playmate, more than a dozen, starting with Playmate for a Lifetime Kimberley Conrad Hefner, have already dispatched letters to troops in Saudi Arabia. We'll make sure your own men have something to cheer about at the next mail call.

BIG BAD JOHN

Michael Kelly's profile of John Sununu, *Big Bad John*, in your November issue is most enlightening. Matching appearance with behavior, one gets a vision of Sununu as the Pillsbury Doughboy in recurrent "'rhoid rage." His behavior is nothing more than a chapter from *Revenge of the Nerds*. Sununu is one of those intellectually gifted people who use adult positions of power to exorcise demons of childhood inadequacy. He is (to use Dick Cavett's delightfully apt characterization of Pat Buchanan) an intellectual thug.

Finally, I must add a caveat. When confronted by people such as Sununu, many might be tempted to exact the same punishment with which Big Bad John threatened Dick Lesher; i.e., to chain-saw their private parts. That would be impossible: The Sununus of this world act as they do precisely because they never had balls to begin with.

Joseph T. Corbett
Norman, Oklahoma

BABER

I read Asa Baber's *Men* column "The True Sister Profile" (*Playboy*, November) with a mixture of amusement and fascination. And here I thought that I was the only feminist who liked men to the point of siding with them on certain issues (such as joint custody).

I am a NOW member, yet I get very annoyed at folks such as Molly Yard and other loudmouths. Why does being a feminist have to be equated with brassiness, rudeness and hatred of men? I'm a feminist mostly because I agree very, very strongly with the pro-choice stand. I'm the director of a local pro-choice organization, in fact. But I fail to understand why a woman cannot be a feminist and at the same time support men on their issues when they are right, take a casual, enjoyable approach to sex and sexual jokes and truly enjoy men for who they are. When I realized that I was a feminist, I thought it meant a person (female or male) who liked both women and men, and who simply wanted to see both treated equally and fairly. Was I wrong? I hope not!

Annette L. Ravinsky
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

My compliments to Asa Baber for "Dealing with Lady Macbeth," his excellent *Men* column in the October issue

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), FEBRUARY 1991, VOLUME 38, NUMBER 2, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** $29.97 FOR 12 ISSUES, U.S. CANADA, $43.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, $45 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. **ADVERTISING:** NEW YORK, 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 60611; WEST COAST: 8560 SUNSET BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES, CA 90069; METROPOLITAN PUBLISHERS REPRESENTATIVES, INC.: ATLANTA: 3017 PIEDMONT ROAD NE, SUITE 100, ATLANTA, GA 30305; MIAMI: 2500 SOUTH DIXIE HIGHWAY, MIAMI, FL 33133; TAMPA: 3018 MASON PLACE, TAMPA, FL 33629

PLAYBOY WINTER SKI FEST 1991

Join
PLAYBOY
On the Slopes!

The Playboy Winter Ski Fest is six weekend-long events at top resorts coast to coast.

- Meet Playmates Jacqueline Sheen and Pia Reyes
- Compete in Ski Races for skiers of all abilities
- Cheer the Southern Comfort Bartenders' Challenge
- Win a Volkswagen Jetta
- Win a Nordic Track Medalist
- See the Kemper Snowboard "Extreminators" perform

Be part of the non-stop fun at these resorts:

Sugarbush, VT (Jan. 11-13)
Winter Park, CO (Jan. 18-20)
Taos, NM (Feb. 1-3)
Snow Summit, CA (Feb. 15-17)
Heavenly Valley, CA (Mar. 8-10)
Crested Butte, CO (Mar. 15-17)

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

NordicTrack
Columbia Sportswear Company
FRUIT OF THE LOOM

TECNICA
Upton Cup-a-Soup
CHANTILLY
Schick

about the frustrated visitation rights of divorced dads. As a licensed clinical psychologist specializing in such matters, I have seen the sad results of children caught in the cross fire between angry ex-spouses.

Children need a continuing relationship with their fathers after divorce, and the "Lady Macbeths" must understand that to thwart such contact puts their children's psyches at risk.

Fortunately, our legal system no longer automatically favors mothers in custody cases but, rather, considers the best interests of the children. However, it is unrealistic to assume that courts can continuously play a supervisory role between feuding parents. This is particularly true as children age and *their* needs change.

Visitation rights include the rights of children of divorcing couples as primary beneficiaries, and it is high time that both divorcing spouses got that message.

Randi Christensen, Ph.D., Director
Institute for Family Reorganization
Los Angeles, California

QUEEN LEONA

I was fascinated by Glenn Plaskin's *Playboy Interview* with Leona Helmsley in the November issue. Her defense of her present legal situation is questionable because of her lack of credibility. About Donald Trump, she states, "I won't say anything bad about him," then proceeds to label him a snake, a bastard and a miserable s.o.b.

She demands that she not be psychoanalyzed by her interviewer yet pronounces judgment on her detractors by deeming them sick individuals in need of psychiatric help.

Helmsley portrays herself as a martyr, a victim of political plots and personal conspiracies. She blames her accounting staff for recording $3,000,000 in personal purchases to her business accounts, yet she is quoted as saying, "I'm not compulsive, but I watch details. I'm always paying attention to them." It seems unlikely that a businesswoman who trusts only her senile husband and a handful of servants would place such complete confidence in her accounting staff.

Virginia Norwood
San Diego, California

Congratulations to Glenn Plaskin and *Playboy* for the outstanding interview with Leona Helmsley!

Despite her pleas of ignorance, the evidence indicates that Helmsley knowingly fudged on her income taxes. On her side, there is validity in her claims that she was persecuted by ambitious politicians and maligned by the media.

Nothing will be gained and much will be lost by sending Helmsley to prison. It would be a crime to let such a dynamo of talent and energy languish in a jail cell.

Better to fine her a few million dollars, which could be applied to the cost of President Bush's current military extravaganza. Then put her back in business and audit her taxes annually. She would undoubtedly produce enough revenue to help balance our ailing national budget.

Frank D. Hammer
Groveland, California

TERI COPLEY

In my wildest dreams, I'd often envisioned the bountiful, beautiful Teri Copley in the buff, knowing as I watched her

jiggle her way through all the episodes of *We Got It Made* that it could never happen. Only *Playboy* (November) could have pulled this one off. Thank you, thank you.

Donald J. Bailey
Kimberton, Pennsylvania

MORE ON ISHIHARA

A friend recently alerted me to the interview with Shintaro Ishihara in your October issue. It was shocking to read the Japanese politician's denial of the Nanking massacre in December 1937. In a recent textbook, *The Search for Modern China*, Jonathan Spence states that during the Rape of Nanking, some 20,000 Chinese women were raped, 30,000 fugitive soldiers killed and 12,000 civilians murdered. While Japanese Americans who were interned in U.S. relocation camps during World War Two are getting $20,000 per person, neither the governments of Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung nor any of their citizens received a cent in reparations for the millions of Chinese who suffered from Japanese biological experiments, tortures and executions between 1931 and 1945. Countless art treasures looted from Chinese homes are in Japan today. Now that the North Koreans may at long last be getting some Japanese reparations, it is not too late for the Chinese victims to lay claim to some Japanese guilt money.

To state as Ishihara does that the massacre "is a story made up by the Chinese" flies against the testimony given before the Tokyo War Crimes Tribunal and the eyewitness accounts of Western missionaries. Either the co-author of *The Japan That Can Say No* is ignorant and stupid, which I doubt, or he is deliberately trying to whitewash Japan's war guilt in order to rationalize its ultranationalism and militarism, which I find sinister.

Tsing Yuan, Associate Professor
Department of History
Wright State University
Dayton, Ohio

SAVING THE PLANET

I was incensed by Peter Sikowitz' *How I Got Religion and Saved the Planet* (*Playboy*, November). I don't deny that our garbage dumps are filling up mighty fast, nor do I deny that global warming and ozone dissipation could cause some serious problems in the next century.

But we are too obsessed with these issues. I am childless and in my 40s—certainly not an unusual situation—so why should I restrict my enjoyment of convenient plastic goods, driving, burning wood in my fireplace, whatever, for the sake of younger generations that I didn't spawn?

Frankly, I earn enough money so that I don't have to live near dumps or do without sun screen when I'm boating or cut back on gasoline if Congress taxes it. As for the next generation's health problems, quite frankly, those are *their* problems.

Chet Loftus
New York, New York

Chet, does the word ostrich mean anything to you?

THE PRICE OF NOT LEARNING FROM HISTORY

Robert Scheer's *Reporter's Notebook* "Does Censorship Kill Brain Cells?" (*Playboy*, October) makes a terrific point concerning the serious problem America faces with such people as "Batman" Thompson and the other mongrels of morality. Perhaps Dennis Hopper may not have been far off in the movie *Flashback* when he said, "The Nineties will make the Sixties look like the Fifties." Once more, we face efforts to deny our right to our individual thoughts, feelings and wants. Our sexual identities are being repressed and our constitutional amendments are being distorted in grotesque ways. As in the Sixties, *we* are also being distorted in grotesque ways. As in the Sixties, we are also facing the threat of war in the Middle East.

Can anyone see how history is once more repeating itself? Are we willing to come out of our cowardly cocoons and make a stand for our individual liberties? Perhaps if we make our stand now, we will not have to relive the social unrest of the Sixties.

Jon and Jennifer Keeyes
Oak Harbor, Washington

Traffic radar doesn't say which car is being clocked, it merely flashes a number. The radar operator must then try to determine which vehicle produced the reading.

Why radar makes mistakes. How to protect yourself.

Although nine different errors have been documented for traffic radar, the most common source of wrongful tickets is mistaken identity.

It's hard to believe, but traffic radar does not identify which vehicle is responsible for the speed being displayed. It shows a number and nothing else. The radar operator must decide who is to blame.

Traffic Radar Is Blind

Traffic radar works differently from military, air-traffic-control, and weather radars. The others use rotating dish antennas in order to track many objects simultaneously.

Traffic radar uses a far smaller, far cheaper, antenna. This requires traffic radar to ignore all reflections but the strongest. The number displayed is the speed calculated from the strongest reflection.

The Best Guess

Remember, these reflections are invisible. Truck reflections can be ten times stronger then car reflections. How can the operator know for sure which vehicle is responsible for the number?

The truth is, he can't be sure in many cases. The result is mistaken identity. You can be ticketed for somebody else's reflection.

Self Defense

The only way to defend yourself against these wrongful tickets is to know when radar is operating near you. In his verdict upholding a citizen's right to use a radar detector, one judge wrote:

"If government seeks to use clandestine and furtive methods to monitor citizen actions, it can ill afford to complain should the citizen insist on a method to effect his right to know he is under such surveillance."

We Can Help

We specialize in radar warning. And PASSPORT, ESCORT, and SOLO do far more than simply find radar. Upon radar contact, the alert lamp responds and the meter shows radar signal strength. At the same time, you will hear an audio warning — pulsing slowly when the radar is weak, quicker as it strengthens, then constant as you approach close range. When you know exactly how strong the radar waves are, you'll know when the radar unit is near enough to actually have you under surveillance.

Expert's Choice

PASSPORT, ESCORT, and SOLO are the most advanced radar-warning instruments available. And the automotive experts agree.

Car and Driver called PASSPORT "A terrific radar detector." When *AutoWeek* tried our cord-free SOLO, they "fell in love at first beep." And when *BMW Roundel* tested our new ESCORT, they concluded "Nothing else even comes close."

We're as close as your phone

We sell directly to you, and we guarantee your satisfaction. If you're not entirely satisfied within 30 days, return your purchase. We'll refund your money and shipping costs.

To order, call toll-free. Orders in by 6:00 PM eastern time go out the same day by UPS. Overnight delivery by Federal Express is only $14.50.

Call now, and the best defense against wrongful tickets can be in your car tomorrow.

Order today — Call toll-free

1-800-543-1608

Call 24 hours, 7 days a week

Major Credit Cards Accepted

SOLO® *Self-Powered Radar Receiver*
$345

ESCORT® *The Performance Leader*
$295

PASSPORT® *Over One Million Sold*
$195

Ohio residents add 5.5% tax. Prices higher in Canada.

Standard shipping and handling is $4.50 or overnight delivery is available for $14.50.

Cincinnati Microwave

▶ Department 600721

One Microwave Plaza

Cincinnati, Ohio 45249

© 1990 CMI

For our free engineering report "TRAFFIC RADAR: How it works, and why it gets wrong readings," call us toll-free 1-800-543-1608.

SMOKE BUCKS SAVE MONEY

Full rich flavor, not full price.

Available in Kings & Kings Lights.

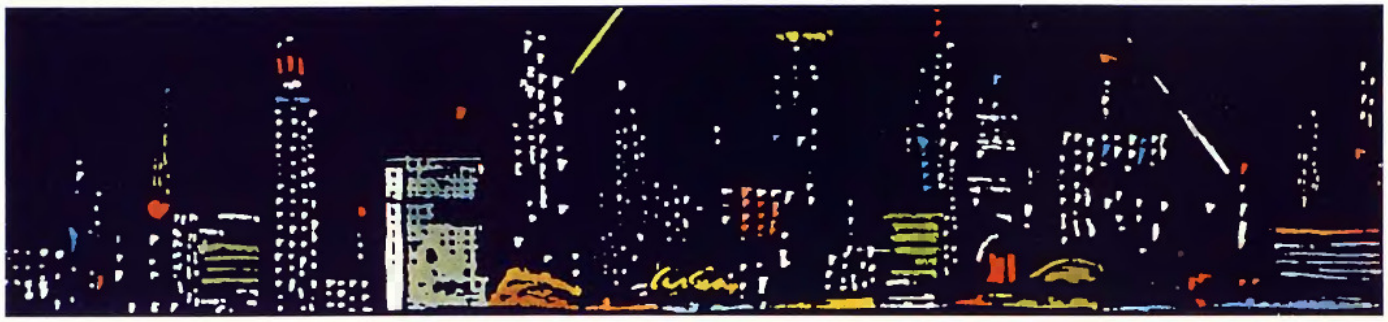
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1990

Mfr's. suggested retail price.

Kings Lights: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Kings: 14 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



PROFILES IN STUPIDITY

We're indebted to *Mother Jones* for confirming our suspicion that a bureaucrat's chief concern is covering his ass. How else to explain the Drug Enforcement Administration's "scientifically tested profile" of the average drug courier, on the basis of which DEA agents have been searching and seizing suspects at airports, in bus stations and on highways?

Based on documents disclosed in trials, *Mother Jones* reports, the profile has triggered searches based on the following types of behavior:

- carrying new suitcases
- carrying old suitcases
- carrying a gym bag
- driving a rental car
- driving a car that contains air freshener
- taking an "evasive and erratic path" through the airport
- scrupulously observing traffic laws
- wearing a black jump suit
- wearing gold chains
- traveling to or from a "source city" such as Miami, Los Angeles or Detroit
- being a member of "ethnic groups associated with the drug trade"
- appearing nervous
- appearing overly calm
- buying one-way tickets
- buying round-trip tickets
- traveling alone
- traveling with a companion
- deplaning from the front of the airplane
- deplaning from the middle of the airplane
- deplaning from the rear of the airplane

Is that clear?

HOT FAX

Let's face it: The average press release spends about five seconds on an editor's desk. That's why newspaper and magazine offices have such large wastebaskets.

But the stuff Harry Allen, who represents the rap group Public Enemy, sends out is an exception. Editors, radio and TV personalities, music-industry powerhouses, even churches and high school English departments vie to get on the fax list for his *Public Enemy FactsLine*. That's because Allen has a zest for the zinger. And he tells it as he sees it. His take on Black Music Month: "When is White Music Month? Apartheid isn't dead in America. It just took singing lessons." When school officials in Highland Park, Michigan, a suburb of Detroit, tried to prohibit any speech or music by Public Enemy at a charity basketball game, Allen headlined the *FactsLine* "IS DETROIT LOSING ITS MIND?" The administration backed down.

Not all of Allen's readers are hip to his message. After he titled a blurb on a student call to Washington "PUBLIC ENEMY AND 5000 YOUNG LEADERS TO PAINT THE WHITE HOUSE RED, BLACK & GREEN!" event organizers got a call from nervous bureaucrats at the National Park Service, the agency charged with maintaining the Executive Mansion. Guess they thought they'd have to ward off a raid—or lay in a tankful of paint remover.

Allen's faxed releases also contain such unconventional material as minicritiques of the media and Chuck D's recommendations on the best restaurant in Richmond. To wire in, call Allen's Facts Number: 516-378-0482.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

We knew Japanese kids studied English in school, but we'd always figured they practiced standard textbook phrases, the kind that would help them when they visited the branch office in the United States. You know, something like "How much does Carnegie Hall cost?" or "Which way to Detroit?"

But no. A spy slipped us a copy of an English lesson for Japanese students, meticulously divided into sections of one-, two- and three-word sentences, presumably for the use of the Nipponese traveler.

The one-word phrases are pungent enough—among them "Oops!" "Shit!" "Idiot!" and "Asshole!"—and the two-word ones ("Nice putt!" "Great blouse!" "Open up!" "It's gorgeous!") intriguing, but our favorites are the three-worders. Consider the possibilities suggested by "Alone at last," "Wow, she's friendly," "My back itches," "What an ass!" and "Just keep pushing."

LINKS FOR LUNCH

Long to play a few holes but can't get out to the country club in the middle of the day? Or lust for the chance to tackle the legendary course at Pebble Beach but can't swing the vacation time? Before long, you may be able to golf at your neighborhood sports bar, day or night, in all kinds of weather.

The technology's already in place in such locales as the Midtown Golf Club in Manhattan and some 250 other venues in the U.S., and the makers of Par T Golf predict that their apparatus will soon show up in hotels and health clubs around the world.

It's all done with mirrors—and computers. The indoor golfer, wielding a full-sized regulation club, swings away and the ball passes three cameras before

HANGING WITH HENNY

Henny Youngman, 84, first hit the big time on Kate Smith's radio show in the Thirties. Lately, he has received a lot of attention both for his brief appearance in *GoodFellas* and for a scathing op-ed piece he wrote for *The New York Times*. It was called "*Nem di Gelt*" ("Take the Money" in Yiddish) and it was about Andrew Dice Clay. Intrigued, we caught up with the violin-toting comic at New York's Friars Club.

"Hello," he barks. "I just got back from a pleasure trip. Took my mother-in-law to the airport."

The King of One-Liners is having lunch. The old marble-and-wood dining room is showbiz central; it is also Youngman's second home. Today, the atmosphere is that of a Hollywood *shmoose*fest. Dapper men wearing pinkie rings greet one another with hugs and back slaps. No one is under 50 and no one stops talking.

They call out for jokes like song requests. Jokes they've *heard*.

"Henny, tell the Sears joke."

"A man had nine children and his wife told him to get a vasectomy. So he got it done at Sears. Now, whenever he makes love, the garage door opens."

What's his secret? "Secret? I'm a joke teller, understand? I have an act I can take anywhere. I don't need new jokes; I need a new audience. There's no secret to it."

Youngman turns to his tableful of buddies. "I don't need dirty jokes. A panhandler walked up to me and said, 'I haven't eaten in two days.' I said, 'Force yourself.' Take my wife, please. I take my wife everywhere, but she finds her way home. Clean! Or here: George Burns is so old, when he orders a three-minute egg, he pays up front. See, there's no dirt there.

"I got mad at that Andrew Dice Clay. I thought, Maybe I can give this guy a little advice. He's making a fortune, but he'll go down the drain. People get sick of you. These kids are funny in their neighborhoods but it don't go over in Omaha."

Back at his apartment, surrounded by piles of memorabilia and books (his latest, *Take My Life, Please*, comes out soon), Henny continues to *kvetch*. "That raunch stuff is all hate," he says. "Here, I'll give you a *funny* joke about hate: the late Leo Steiner, who owned the Carnegie Deli, didn't like Arabs. Put a sign in the window: NO ARABS ALLOWED. Told his employees to charge any Arabs who *do* come in double. Arab walks in, orders a sandwich for six dollars; he charges him twelve. Next day, the Arab walks in and orders ten sandwiches. 'Charge him twenty apiece!' says Leo. He pays it. Now he has a party for a hundred people. 'Twenty-five dollars per!' He pays it. Next day, Leo puts a sign in the window: NO JEWS ALLOWED."

A police siren wails outside. "I'll be right down!" he shouts.

"Look, these guys are doing *good*," says Youngman. "They have no right to do better than me. These guys get a job overnight somewhere in a night club and then everybody buys them."

The phone rings. "Hello? Gene? A commercial on the eighteenth? The sixteenth? I'm available. Hey, have you seen *GoodFellas*? I'm in it. Go and see it, for Chrissakes!" He looks up from the phone, deadpan. "Did you know things are so bad the Mafia laid off ten percent of their hit men?"

Henny plays himself in *GoodFellas*, entertaining a roomful of gangsters at the Copacabana, a gig based on his past. "I played in front of everybody," he says nonchalantly. "I played in places where the check-out girl's name was Rocco, and the owner would stab me good night. I was a big hit.

"You can talk dirty in comedy," he reminds us, "but if you don't make a living, you gotta find another business. Roseanne Barr has gotten raunchy. She'll ruin her career. But Whoopi Goldberg, she's a clever girl. When I first saw her, I said, 'You're going to get a career in the movies.' I also told her, 'I know your cousin, Whoopi Cushion.'"

But Henny, don't you ever get bored?

He fingers his pinkie ring and grins. "Not on my salary."

—SUSAN KARLIN

striking a large screen on which are superimposed photos of the actual golf course—and an animated version of your ball. As the real one bounces off the screen, it passes the third camera once again but at a different angle. On the basis of speed and angles of flight, the computer decides where your ball has landed. Cleverly varied artificial carpets stand in for bunkers and roughs and an on-screen message tells you how to handle your putt at the finish.

So far, Par T has simulated six golf courses in the U.S., England, Portugal and Switzerland. While checking out the layout at Midtown, we picked up some advice about Pebble Beach's killer 18th hole: "Hook it over the water to the right; try to land it between the house and the tree." We tried but failed. Maybe we'll do better on Spyglass Hill.

OPERATION DESERT SHEATH

British sailors in the Persian Gulf are protecting their artillery with condoms. The commander of the auxiliary ship the H.M.S. Fort Grange reportedly described rubbers as having a "perfect fit" over 7.62-millimeter anti-aircraft guns. Sandstorms are common in the area, and the prophylactics keep the grit out of the gun barrels. The tars jolly well don't want any pregnant pauses in their rate of fire.

AS A RULE OF THUMB. . . .

The more money people spend on a wedding, the fewer years the marriage will last.

It's better to show up for an appointment ten minutes early but a day late than an hour late on the right day.

Bet on the horse with the highest butt.

On a first date, watch how your date treats the waiters or the bartender. That's how she'll treat you after three months.

Housing subdivisions are named for what they destroyed.

The more people invited to a news conference, the less important the news.

Women marry thinking their husbands will change; men marry thinking their wives will never change. Both are wrong.

Adventure isn't fun while it's happening.

It's generally easier to ask forgiveness than permission.

If your shit floats, there's too much fat in your diet.

In a singles hangout, serious drinkers gather at the near end of the bar, bores at the far end and the recently divorced in the middle.

The easiest way to quiet a drunk is to whisper to him.

All of the above are gleaned from a pithy collection of sayings by Tom Parker, *Never Trust a Calm Dog* (Harper Perennial).

THE WORLD'S "BEST KNIFE MAKER" CREATES

A VIKING MASTERPIECE.

WROUGHT OF TEMPERED STEEL. 24 KARAT GOLD. STERLING SILVER. HAND-SET CRYSTAL CABOCHONS.

Sid Birt, acknowledged the world's best knife maker and winner of the prestigious Beretta Award, captures the bold, adventurous spirit of the ancient Norsemen.

Experience the power of THE VIKING KNIFE. A supreme work of Viking art. Wrought of tempered steel. Ablaze with gold and silver electroplate.

The sculptured pommel portrays the Viking dragon. The grip is elegantly crafted of simulated ivory and richly lavished with authentic Viking ornamentation. The serpentine designs on the blade guard are reminiscent of the Jellinge style.

To preserve and protect your imported Viking Knife, the locking hardwood and glass presentation case is included at no additional charge.

Only from The Franklin Mint. The price, $395, payable in monthly installments.

THIRTY-DAY RETURN ASSURANCE POLICY
If you wish to return any Franklin Mint purchase, you may do so within 30 days of your receipt of that purchase for replacement, credit or refund.

Shown actual size of 15⅜" in length.

© 1991 FM

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Yes! I wish to experience the power—and the beauty—of The Viking Knife created by the world's "Best Knife Maker," Sid Birt.

No payment is required now. When my imported knife is ready to be sent to me, I will be billed for a deposit of $39.50* and then for the balance in 9 monthly installments of $39.50* each, after shipment.

**Plus my state sales tax.*

Please mail by February 28, 1991.

Signature _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

11885-64

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

FAMILIARITY WITH John le Carré's novel may help a viewer grasp what's going on in ***The Russia House*** (MGM/UA), an up-to-date, complex tale of espionage that's more cerebral than exciting. Adapted by playwright Tom Stoppard, whose way with words doesn't especially clarify matters, the movie is rescued by star quality. Michelle Pfeiffer, serenely beautiful with an impeccable Russian accent, plays the woman who takes a subversive manuscript to a British publisher and jazz enthusiast (Sean Connery, brilliant as usual), who likes to jam in his spare time. Their slowly evolving love affair gives *Russia House* a romantic glow, and director Fred (*A Cry in the Dark*) Schepisi's filming on scenic sites in Moscow, Leningrad, Lisbon and London lets you know this is a class act all the way. Klaus Maria Brandauer plays the Soviet scientist whose volatile, unpublished manuscript could end the Cold War. Roy Scheider is a CIA man and James Fox plays his British counterpart, who tries hard to keep East–West enmity alive. Unfortunately, they spend too much time listening to the action on headsets. *Russia House* only really grabs when Pfeiffer and Connery are on camera. ¥¥¥½

•

The year is 1955, the place Montgomery, Alabama, where a bus boycott by blacks finally establishes their right to sit wherever they choose on public transportation. ***The Long Walk Home*** (Miramax) tells the story in highly personal terms, with Sissy Spacek as a nice Southern matron whose life is devoted to bridge and Whoopi Goldberg as her stubborn black housekeeper who decides to walk to work on principle. The white lady's sternly segregationist husband (Dwight Schultz) goes berserk when he learns that his wife has started driving over to pick up her "uppity" maid out of simple human consideration—as well as the desire to hold on to good domestic help. Spacek and Goldberg play their psychological tug of war with masterly know-how. Women first, spokespersons second, they give *Long Walk Home* a lift despite its plodding dramaturgy and TV-style direction. ¥¥¥

•

Big-name actors all but trip over one another rushing to do small parts in Woody Allen movies, and his ***Alice*** (Orion) shows you why. This captivating comedy of infidelity stars Mia Farrow, with William Hurt as her Yuppie husband and Joe Mantegna as the horny musician who lures her into a love affair. In fact, *Alice* is an old story, ending with a pat finale about a bored housewife's road to self-realization. That doesn't matter, because nearly everything in between is enchanting, thanks to Alec Baldwin, Judy Davis, Cybill Shepherd, Bernadette Peters and Keye Luke—the last as Dr. Yang, an Asian mystic who supplies Farrow's Alice with magical herbs and opium. At one point, he even renders her invisible, the better to find out what's going on behind her back. Baldwin is equally good as a deceased lover who comes back to remind Alice what she has been missing, while Peters scintillates in her brief bit as a muse urging Alice to try a writing career. As usual, the sound track sparkles with fitting prerecorded melodies by everyone from Bach to Liberace. Marvelously acted by Farrow, whether she's delicately smoking dope or brazenly seducing Mantegna, Allen's *Alice* is a headlong plunge into comic fantasy and a feel-good movie all the way. ¥¥¥¥

Russia House's Connery, Pfeiffer.

All-star casts grace *Russia House*, *Alice* but can't save *Sky*.

•

The gifted creators of ***The Sheltering Sky*** (Warner) also collaborated on *The Last Emperor*, winner of nine 1987 Oscars. Writer-director Bernardo Bertolucci, cinematographer Vittorio Storaro and adapter Mark Peploe have gone wildly astray, though, with the movie version of *Sky*, a difficult existential novel by Paul Bowles, who also serves as the film's bookish narrator. Lust with a literary air seems to be the rage, and there's plenty of it in this endless psychodrama starring Debra Winger, John Malkovich and Campbell Scott as three rootless Americans at large in the deserts of North Africa after World War Two. Scene after scene seems to focus on the whereabouts of their luggage. In fact, they look a bit like refugees from a Hemingway novel or a vintage movie by Antonioni—going to hell with themselves but otherwise going nowhere in particular. Married to Malkovich, who lets a native slut press her bare breasts to his open fly, Winger sleeps with Scott and leaves her husband dead of typhoid, then becomes a desert nomad's harlot as a means to survive, or maybe to become aroused. Some of it *is* sexy, some of it visually splendid, but most of *Sheltering Sky* is merely silly, abstruse and pretentious. ¥¥

•

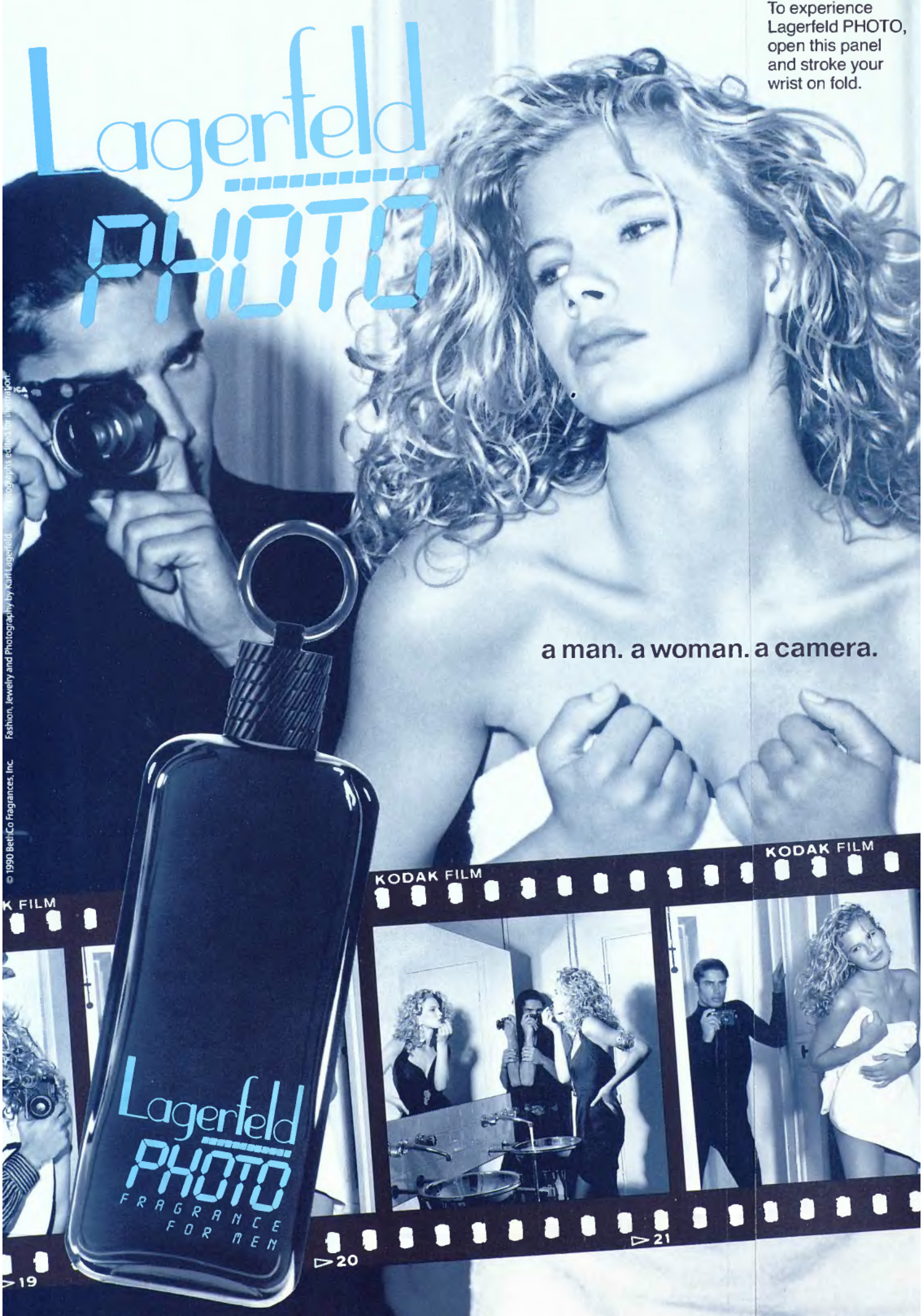
Looking more like the pilot for a sitcom than a major feature, ***Mermaids*** (Orion) stars Cher as the wayward mother of two growing girls. She's the kind of woman who dresses up as a mermaid for a costume party; her imaginative firstborn (Winona Ryder, stealing any part of the movie worth stealing) thinks she's pregnant after a young man kisses her. This youngster has obviously skipped any classes in sex education while moving from town to town with her eccentric mom. Opposite Bob Hoskins, as the Massachusetts store owner who loves her, Cher gives a mannered performance, looking like nothing *but* a movie star with eye make-up untouched throughout—even by a long soak in her bathtub. The time is the early Sixties, before and after Kennedy's assassination, a trauma that director Richard Benjamin plays up as if to give *Mermaids* depth. A moviegoer is likely to come away with a sinking feeling instead. ¥

•

Irish-born writer-director Jim Sheridan, the man who made *My Left Foot*, is less successful with ***The Field*** (Avenue). Based on an Irish stage classic about the blood feud between an Irish leaseholder (Richard Harris) who has nurtured a green parcel of earth for generations and the Yank businessman (Tom Berenger) who intends to buy it, the movie is potent stuff in a theatrically old-fashioned way. Harris, exuding the energy of an actor playing King Lear, gets forceful matching performances from Berenger, John Hurt, Sean Bean and Brenda Fricker (the Oscar-winning mother in *My Left Foot*). They're so powerful, in fact, that everything about *The Field* seems slightly overripe. ¥¥½

•

The more harshly realistic ***Hidden Agenda*** (Hemdale) deals with high-level cover-ups involving the CIA, British


Lagerfeld
PHOTO
To experience Lagerfeld PHOTO, open this panel and stroke your wrist on fold.
a man. a woman. a camera.
KODAK FILM
KODAK FILM
KODAK FILM
Lagerfeld
PHOTO
FRAGRANCE FOR MEN
19
20
21
© 1990 Bet-Co Fragrances, Inc. Fashion, Jewelry and Photography by Karl Lagerfeld

All prices are suggested retail © 1990 BethCo Fragrances, Inc.

Lagerfeld PHOTO...

the sexy new men's fragrance of the nineties.

Lagerfeld PHOTO is the new fragrance that zeros in on a man, a woman, and a camera. A relationship charged with sensuality and excitement. It has the dash and daring to match the man who wears it, move for move...a flash of sparkling grapefruit, rich woods and sensuous leathery accents...from first exposure to last, Lagerfeld PHOTO makes all the right moves.

intelligence and the British army's quietly sanctioned outrages in Northern Ireland. Directed by Ken Loach, Jim Allen's provocative screenplay names names at the top—up to and including Margaret Thatcher—yet the film is at its best as a fictionalized thriller about dark deeds afoot in Belfast. The murder of an American proponent of civil liberties (played by Brad Dourif) puts his wife (Frances McDormand) together with an English investigator (Brian Cox), who begins to learn things about his country that he would prefer not to know. The acting is beautiful, the suspense keen—until an abrupt, troublesome ending that leaves you with frayed nerves instead of answers. That may be just how it *is* over there. ¥¥¥

Corbin: The face is familiar.

OFF CAMERA

Everybody knows his face, not so many his name, but character actor **Barry Corbin,** 50, doesn't let that bother him. "I've got the ideal career, because people see me in different ways." He was a sheriff in last year's *The Hot Spot* with Don Johnson, "a simple-minded deputy" in TV's *Lonesome Dove*, a cop again in a new movie, *Career Opportunities*. He is also frequently cast as a millionaire (with John Candy in *Who's Harry Crumb?*) or as "a big Texas oil man" (in Clint Eastwood's *Any Which Way You Can*). In the just-renewed CBS-TV series *Northern Exposure*, he's an ex-astronaut who brings a young doctor (Rob Morrow) to work out his med school tuition in a remote Alaskan hamlet. "I'm a kind of overbearing good guy," notes Corbin. "My wife says I mostly seem to play an eccentric authority figure." Corbin's steady work as a character actor began about 20 movies ago in *Urban Cowboy*. "I was John Travolta's uncle, who taught him to ride the mechanical bull. I died in a petrochemical explosion—when lightning struck." A cheerful native of Lubbock, Texas, he's doing exactly what he has wanted to do since he was eight. He worked in local theater and attended Texas Tech prior to a stint on stage in New York. "Now I'm on Texas Tech's faculty," says Corbin. "They call me an adjunct professor, whatever that is." He admits to "a soft spot for Westerns" and ropes cattle in charity rodeos in his free time. "I've sort of typed myself, portraying people from my part of the country. When I try anything else, I get letters from all over berating me."

•

Good intentions collide with a movie-star ego in ***Dances with Wolves*** (Orion), starring Kevin Costner, who also co-produced and directed this vanity outing. Costner plays a Union Army officer who sheds his Civil War uniform at a deserted post out West. There he makes friends with some Sioux and marries a white woman (Mary McDonnell) who has lived with the tribe since childhood. *Wolves* is as pretty as a picture but at least an hour too long. Whoa, Costner. ¥¥

•

Writer-director Alan Parker has a wonderful idea for a movie in ***Come See the Paradise*** (Fox), but he can't quite make it work. The romance between a militant union organizer (Dennis Quaid) and his Japanese-American wife (Tamlyn Tomita) gets off to a rousing, colorful start—with charming vignettes of life in L.A.'s Japanese community before World War Two. After the attack on Pearl Harbor, even American-born Japanese are whisked off to internment camps—and that's where *Paradise* begins to unravel. When the union firebrand, played very well by Quaid, dons a uniform, he turns into an ineffectual wimp whose only real struggle is to go A.W.O.L. so he can visit his wife. The real story of what America's wartime panic did to loyal nisei has yet to be told. ¥¥

•

Already a festival favorite from New York to Berlin, ***The Nasty Girl*** (Miramax) is a decisive portrait of a young West German woman who is investigating her home town's carefully concealed secrets from the era of the Third Reich. Cover-ups of community guilt dating back to the Hitler era are hardly a new subject, but director Michael Verhoeven revitalizes a familiar theme with freshness, audacity and a compelling performance (it won best-actress award at the Chicago International Film Festival) by Lena Stolze as the stubborn Sonja. After she has started it all by entering an essay contest, Sonja is reviled by townsfolk as a "Jewish slut" and "Commie bitch." Verhoeven's stylized way of telling her story—deliberately stagy and unreal—transmutes one woman's experience into a neo-Nazi nightmare. ¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Alice (See review) She's Mia Farrow in Woody Allen's droll fantasy. ¥¥¥¥

Avalon (Reviewed 12/90) Barry Levinson revisits Baltimore. ¥¥¥¥

C'est la Vie (1/91) Family affairs and small fry at a French summer resort. ¥¥¥

Come See the Paradise (See review) Racism erodes romance during World War Two. ¥¥

Cyrano de Bergerac (12/90) The classic poetic proboscis, grandly played by Gerard Depardieu. ¥¥¥¥

Dances with Wolves (See review) Kevin Costner goes native, sort of. ¥¥

Dark Obsession (12/90) Gabriel Byrne and Amanda Donohoe get real in England. ¥¥

The Field (See review) A little bit o' Ireland causes mighty big trouble. ¥¥½

The Grifters (12/90) Above all, Anjelica Huston makes it scalding hot. ¥¥¥¥

Henry & June (1/91) The first NC-17 movie is a literate, lusty treat. ¥¥¥¥

Hidden Agenda (See review) More dark conspiracies in Northern Ireland. ¥¥¥

The Kill-Off (1/91) Trash recycled from yet another novel by Jim Thompson. ¥¥

The Krays (11/90) Gangsters in jolly England: bloody good show. ¥¥¥¥

The Long Walk Home (See review) Whoopi and Sissy face life in Alabama. ¥¥¥

Mermaids (See review) Cher sinks. ¥

Mr. and Mrs. Bridge (1/91) Mr. and Mrs. Newman in fine form as upright Midwesterners. ¥¥¥¥

The Nasty Girl (See review) What did *you* do when the Nazis came? ¥¥½

Postcards from the Edge (11/90) Sent with *brio* by Meryl Streep and Shirley MacLaine. ¥¥¥¥

Reversal of Fortune (12/90) Sunny and Claus von Bülow revisited. ¥¥

The Russia House (See review) Michelle, Sean strew star dust on the steppes. ¥¥¥½

The Sheltering Sky (See review) Out in the Sahara, it dries up. ¥¥

Taxi Blues (1/91) Moscow by night, seen through a glass darkly. ¥¥¥

Vincent & Theo (11/90) Altman studies the Van Gogh siblings. ¥¥¥½

White Palace (1/91) Mismatched lovers in a medium-warm movie, frequently fired up by Susan Sarandon and James Spader. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good Show ¥ Forget it

GUEST SHOT

No surprise that when it comes to renting home videos, former New York City mayor Ed Koch sticks with the familiar: "Blood and guts," he says, citing such favorites as *The Terminator, Lethal Weapon* and *Die Hard*. "They're light, entertaining and you don't have to concentrate too hard." (Then again, Koch *con* be selective: "*Rambo* was shit.") About the handful of movies in which Koch actually appeared—including Woody Allen's segment of *New York Stories* and *The Muppets Take Manhatton*—the ex-hizzoner rehashes the classic actor's lament. "I'm typecast," he sighs. "I usually play myself. Now I suppose I'll have to play David Dinkins. Guess I'll have to buy some classy clothes."—SUSAN KARLIN

VIDEO PIGSKIN

With the Super Bowl approaching, you may want to check out a few gridiron vids—perfect for a half-time rewind.

The San Francisco 49ers: Masters of the Game: This chronicle of the 1989 season begins, "There are 27 teams in the league, and then there are the 49ers." That about says it: Montana and Rice, the amazing comebacks, the play-off dominance. Best tearjerking moment: Roger Craig telling injured teammate Jeff Fuller, "We're doin' it for you."

N.F.L. Super Duper Football Follies: Pretty standard stuff, but nicely interspersed with archival bloopers from the Fifties, Sixties and Seventies. Two must-catch bits: the Cardinals' Dan Dierdorf's painful explanation of the seemingly foolproof center snap and the moonwalk spike of the Colts' Clarence Verdin.

The N.F.L.'s Greatest Hits: Painfully vivid clips of some of football's all-time bell ringers. A nice idea, but tape suffers from a silly script involving a talking computer and two loafing maintenance men. Pass.

The N.F.L.'s Hungriest Men: Not "the Fridge" or "the Kitchen" but the guys with the most desire and will to win: Bear Walter Payton, Redskin Charles Mann, 49er Roger Craig and Sam Wyche, the never-say-die top dog of the Bengals.

Super Sunday: From Lombardi's Packers to Montana's 'Niners, a comprehensive vid history of the Super Bowl. Included: Namath's brash Super Bowl III victory prediction; the unstoppable '72 Dolphins (17–0, including Super Sunday); and Kansas City's Super Bowl IV win, featuring the historic side-line antics of Chiefs chieftain Hank Stram.

—DAN CURRY

(All tapes available from N.F.L. Films Video, 800-NFL-TAPE; $19.98 each.)

VIDEO JOURNEYS
vcr getaways

Australian Special: Kind of an Aussie *Endless Summer*, this sports music video explores the best beaches down under—focusing more on the surfing scene than on the sights. Interviews with world-class boogie boarders aren't eye-opening, but their feats sure are (Video Releasing Co.).

Antarctic Challenge: Part of George Plimpton's *The Challenge Series*, this is a short, sweet (and pro-environment) lesson about life on the world's most barren continent, starring wildlife—from penguins to sea birds to whales (Select Video Publishing).

Rand McNally Videotrip: Great Honeymoons: After eight marriages, hostess Zsa Zsa Gabor knows something about newlywed getaways. Here are her favorites—from the Caribbean to the Poconos—resplendent with heart-shaped whirlpool baths and round beds. Hey, it's a step up from the state pen (Best Film & Video Corp.).

The Orient Express: If you saw *Murder on the Orient Express*, you know that everything on board this stately train from Paris to Istanbul (via Vienna and Budapest) is four star—from the food to the service. But this poorly lit, slow-paced video could use a fifth star. Maybe Lauren Bacall (Bennu Productions).

—DICK SCANLAN

SHORT TAKES

Best Self-Help-for-the-Defense-Department Video: *Compulsive Shopping*; **Kinkiest-Sounding Video:** *Specialty Strokes*; **Favorite Vid Couple:** *The Green Man & the Bearded Lady*; **Second-Favorite Vid Couple:** *The Grey Lady & the Strawberry Snotcher*; **Best Say What? Video:** *Flok, Jugs and Cobras*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *About Fallout*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Cut-Pile Rug Weaving.*

VIDEO MOOD METER

this month: four vcr valentines

WITH YOUR FUNNY VALENTINE

I Love You to Death: Dark comic spin on the true tabloid tale of a woman (Tracey Ullman) and her philandering hubby (Kevin Kline) who live happily ever after—after, that is, she hires goofy thugs William Hurt and Keanu Reeves to kill him (RCA/Columbia).

WITH YOUR FUNNIES VALENTINE

Dick Tracy: Warren Beatty's cartoon copper has more than just crime to solve. Will he stick by faithful squeeze Glenne Headly or stray with villainous vamp Madonna? A good-guys-win love story, tapped by terrific cinematography and Pacino at his funniest (Touchstone).

WITH YOUR SLINKY VALENTINE

The Lady Eve: Preston Sturges' 1941 screwball comedy about a con artist (Barbara Stanwyck) who zeroes in on a doddering herpetologist with lots of dough (Henry Fonda). The I-love-my-snakes nonsense is contrived, but the script picks up speed as it goes (MCA).

WITH YOUR KINKY VALENTINE

House of Dreams: Another X-rated scorcher from Andrew (*Night Trips, Night Trips II*) Blake. Zara Whites sizzles as the bed-dwelling beauty who conjures up a host of torrid fantasies. As adult vids move into the Nineties, Blake's take the cake (Caballero).

THE GREAT 69¢ MOVIE SALE

PICK ANY 6 FOR 69¢ EACH plus 2 more for up to 85% off!

WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE CLUB. SEE DETAILS BELOW.

PRETTY WOMAN
9041022

THE WIZARD OF OZ (ANNIVERSARY EDITION)
2941082

TOTAL RECALL
2276032

DRIVING MISS DAISY
9822072

THE SOUND OF MUSIC (25TH ANNIV. ED)
0342072

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS
2026062

STEEL MAGNOLIAS	5979072	BLUE STEEL	6965002	CRAZY PEOPLE	8244092	LOOK WHO'S TALKING	5979062
BRINGING UP BABY	1141082	JOE VS. THE VOLCANO	9538022	FAMILY BUSINESS	5997042	BLAZE	9040032
INTERNAL AFFAIRS	9129072	CAROUSEL	0338032	TANGO & CASH	6474042	RICHARD SIMMONS: SWEATIN TO THE OLDIES	6483032
IMPULSE	9543052	ALL DOGS GO TO HEAVEN	2897022	GLORY	8557002	THE NUTCRACKER	5218072
SHE-DEVIL	2383032	COUPE DE VILLE	4890052	FAT MAN & LITTLE BOY	9124022	MEN DON'T LEAVE	6479092
BAD INFLUENCE	8556012	STELLA	9042012	PETER PAN	8970092	THE MUSIC BOX	8146082
ENEMIES: A LOVE STORY	6769082	CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS	2384022	CHINA BEACH	9544042	MY LEFT FOOT	6754052
PARENTHOOD	5841022	MISSISSIPPI BURNING	2373052	TEQUILA SUNRISE	6389082	ABOVE THE LAW	6336022
AN AMERICAN TAIL	2184042	KARATE KID	1710092	TWINS	5810092	ADVENTURES IN BABYSITTING	5486022
THE COLOR PURPLE	6301032	KARATE KID II	1894072	LICENSE TO KILL	8802032	SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS	2518352
BATMAN (1989)	6425042	KARATE KID III	5954052	OUT OF AFRICA	2131162	BILL & TED'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE	3912012
BEN-HUR	2603312	CHARLOTTE'S WEB	2095282	THE ABYSS	6811022	DOCTOR DOOLITTLE	0732212
K-9	5834012	DEAD POETS SOCIETY	8506022	CAMELOT	6027482	JANE FONDA: LIGHT AEROBICS & STRESS REDUCTION	6432052
DIRTY DANCING	4955152	KICKBOXER	6742002	THE MUSIC MAN	6147012	THE LAST EMPEROR	1974002
COMING TO AMERICA	4416002	BACK TO THE FUTURE	2114172	WORKING GIRL	3722012	SINGIN' IN THE RAIN	2554552
UNCLE BUCK	5838072	BACK TO THE FUTURE II	9213042	SHOCKER	9202072	BIG	3674092
MY FAIR LADY	3507512	GHOSTBUSTERS	1742012	WEST SIDE STORY	0505912	THE NAKED GUN	4471022
STAR TREK— THE MOTION PICTURE	2035212	GHOSTBUSTERS II	5944082	PATTON	0043332	BILL & TED'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE	3912012
STAR TREK II— THE WRATH OF KHAN	2013012	ROBOCOP	2350022	EDDIE MURPHY: RAW	4392082	DOCTOR DOOLITTLE	0732212
STAR TREK III— THE SEARCH FOR SPOCK	2016062	SCARFACE (1983)	2168042	WILLOW	1982002	JANE FONDA: LIGHT AEROBICS & STRESS REDUCTION	6432052
STAR TREK IV— THE VOYAGE HOME	4306032	COCKTAIL	5493032	CLEOPATRA	0579432	GIANT	6080182
STAR TREK V	4486052	CROCODILE DUNDEE	4297122	THE UNTOUCHABLES	4321042	CASUALTIES OF WAR	5965022
THE GODFATHER	0008512	CROCODILE DUNDEE II	4415012	ROMANCING THE STONE	0894252	THE GOOS MUST BE CRAZY	7340042
THE GODFATHER PART II	0018002	AN INNOCENT MAN	8505032	JEWEL OF THE NILE	3571032	GANDHI	1533042
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK	9108022	MAJOR LEAGUE	4478052	PREDATOR	3649012	YOUNG GUNS	7266042
INDIANA JONES & THE TEMPLE OF DOOM	9107032	PET SEMATARY	4479042	GREASE	2074312	BEVERLY HILLS COP	2053362
INDIANA JONES & THE LAST CRUSADE	9106042	GOOD MORNING, VIETNAM	5462062	SESAME STREET PRESENTS: FOLLOW THAT BIRD	6117232	BEVERLY HILLS COP II	4319082
TOP GUN	4269322	ANNIE	1516132	ALIENS	3609252	THE PRINCESS BRIDE	1250052
DO THE RIGHT THING	5840032	AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN	2021352	SEE NO EVIL HEAR NO EVIL	5942002	THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI	1606302
FATAL ATTRACTION	4393072	JANE FONDA'S COMPLETE WORKOUT	6359042	TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES: CASE OF THE KILLER PIZZAS	8025042	SEA OF LOVE	9204052
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA (RESTORED)	5919092	FIELD OF DREAMS	9203062	TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES: THE EPIC BEGINS	7986032	PLATOON	6500262
HARD TO KILL	9535052	LETHAL WEAPON	6308062	TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES: COWABUNGA SHREDHEAD	8138082	APOCALYPSE NOW	2001132
HARLEM NIGHTS	9118002	LETHAL WEAPON 2	6427022			WHEN HARRY MET SALLY	3914092
TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES (THE MOVIE)	8034032	HONEY, I SHRUNK THE KIDS	8504042			BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY	4891042
WAR OF THE ROSES	0339022	RAIN MAN	2869062			ALWAYS	9215022
THE KING AND I	0573072	TURNER & HOOCH	8503052	JOHNNY HANDSOME	8141032	BEACHES	5498082
NUNS ON THE RUN	0400062	STAR WARS	0564652	ROOER & ME	6480062	WHO FRAMED ROGER RABBIT?	5459072
GROSS ANATOMY	8506002	THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK	0910092	KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE	8740082	E.T. THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL	6811062
		THE LAND BEFORE TIME	5822052	THE HANDMAIDS TALE	3801052	DR. ZHIVAGO	0026182
						THREE MEN AND A BABY	5491052
						DIE HARD	3676072
						ROAD HOUSE	2875082

All movies available in VHS only.

©1991, Columbia House

What a sale! Now you can own any six movies here for 69¢ each (plus shipping/handling) with membership in our Video Club. Choose from the best, too. *Driving Miss Daisy, Pretty Woman* and more! And you can even get 2 more movies at a savings of up to $70 each (see Advance Selections box in the coupon).

There's no membership fee for joining, nor do you have to buy a lot of movies. Just six more within the next three years. And you'll have no problem in finding six movies you want, because our library holds over 3,000 titles; from the very newest releases to classical favorites. Our regular Club prices currently range from $79.95 to $29.95, plus shipping and handling; and we also offer a selection of specially priced videocassettes, down to $14.95. Your only membership obligation is to buy six movies in three years for as little as $29.95 each–and you may cancel membership anytime after doing so.

How the club operates: about every four weeks (up to 13 times a year) we send you our *Video Club Magazine*, reviewing our Director's Selection, plus many alternate movies. And up to four times a year, you may also receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 17 buying opportunities.

Choose only the movies you want: if you want the Director's Selection, don't do a thing–it'll arrive automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate movie, or none at all, just mail the card always provided by the date specified. You'll always have two full weeks to decide. (If you ever receive a tape before having had two weeks to decide, just send it back at our expense.)

Half-Price Bonus Plan: after fulfilling your membership obligation, you'll automatically become eligible for our Half-Price Bonus Plan. With each movie you buy at regular Club prices, the plan currently allows you to take another movie of equal value or less at 50% off.

10-Day Risk-Free Trial: join today and we'll send your introductory movies, along with more details on how the Club works. If for any reason you're not satisfied, return everything within 10 days for a full, prompt refund and no further obligation.

For fastest service: use your credit card and our toll-free number to order.

Call 24-hours a day: **1-800-544-4431**

Columbia House
VIDEO CLUB
1400 N. Fruitridge, Terre Haute, IN 47811-1112

Columbia House
VIDEO CLUB Dept. KX1
P.O. Box 1112, Terre Haute, IN 47811-1112

Yes, please enroll me under the terms outlined in this advertisement. As a member, I need buy just six more movies at regular Club prices within the next three years.

Send me these 6 movies for 69¢ each
plus $1.20 each shipping & handling (Total $11.34).

#	#
#	#
#	#

Please check how paying:

☐ My check is enclosed. M97/M99/L11

☐ Charge my introductory movies and future Club purchases to: M98/L10/L12

☐ MasterCard ☐ Diners Club ☐ AMEX ☐ VISA

Advance Selections

SAVE UP TO $140 MORE– HAVE LESS TO BUY LATER!

You may order one or two more movies now for only $9.99 each–so you can save up to $140! And each discount purchase immediately reduces your membership obligation by one!

☐ Also send my first selection for $9.99 plus $1.75 shipping/handling, which I'm adding to my $11.34 payment (total: $23.08). I then need buy only 5 more (instead of 6) in the next three years. #

☐ Also send still one more selection for an additional $9.99 plus $1.75 shipping/handling (total: $34.82). I then need buy only 4 more (instead of 6) in three years. #

Account #_____ Expiration Date_____

Signature_____

Name_____ Phone ( )_____

Address_____ Apt._____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Note: Columbia House Video Club reserves the right to reject any application or cancel any membership. Offer limited to continental U.S. (excluding Alaska) and Canada. Canadian residents will be serviced from Toronto (offer may vary). **Applicable sales tax added to all orders.**

427/S91

STYLE

CLOSE TO THE VEST

Reel Fashion: Movies are a great way to get tips on matching your career to your wardrobe. For *Three Men and a Little Lady*, for example, costume designer Louise Frogley chose classical clothing by Ralph Lauren for the architect, played by Tom Selleck (left). Ted Danson, the globe-trotting actor, got sweats and an Avirex distressed-leather jacket. And the cartoonist, played by Steve Guttenberg, donned slouchy suits by Armani. . . . **Hulk Suits:** If your passion for fitness has left you fitless in the suit department, 500 Fashion Group's Gladiator line of sports coats and suits may be just what the fashion consultant ordered. Designed with added room for pumped-up pecs, the suits are priced from $350 and come in traditional and European styles. . . . **Call to Fashion Arms:** We hear that Oliver North has gone into the military-rag business. Under his own label, he's marketing bulletproof vests for police officers, security guards and anyone else in the line of fire. Sorry, no arms trades accepted.

HOT SHOPPING: CUPID'S ARROWS

Tired of the basic Valentine's Day candy-and-flowers routine? These are some unusual ways to say "I love you." The Grape Escape: Give her a bubbly bath of Roederer Estate California sparkling wine. At $180 a case, it will cost you about $3385 to fill a 43-gallon tub. An equal amount of Cristal champagne runs $21,000—strawberries not included. . . . Romance in Tandem: Pedal through Miami's Coconut Grove district on a bicycle built for two. Dade Cycle sells two-seaters for $425 and up and rents them for $22 per day. Stop at Lyee's Flowers and fill the basket with tropical flowers for $35 to $75. . . . Lift Your Love Higher: For $250, Atlanta's Sundance Balloon will take you on a breath-taking, hour-long aerial excursion. Pick up a picnic lunch from the East 48th Street Market for about $30. . . . Be Her Centerfold: Chicago photographer Victor Skrebneski has earned world renown for his elegant nude photography. For $10,000, he can help you share your best side. Or, for $50, you can pick up his latest book of prints, *Skrebneski: Blackwhite & Color*.

VIEWPOINT

While others are yanking at their ties and throwing their jackets off court, Lute "Cool Hand" Olson, coach of basketball powerhouse University of Arizona, keeps his fashion image intact. A typically conservative dresser—single-breasted jackets, trousers and custom-made shirts—Olson adds pizzazz to his ensembles with hand-painted floral- or geometric-patterned ties. "And, of course, for big games, I wear red and blue—Wildcats colors."

EUROPE FOR LESS

Flying a country's airline is a good way to get a head start on its flavor, and this winter, several European carriers offer great incentives. Through March 24, British Airways' London on the Town packages start at $485 and feature round-trip air fare from 18 U.S. cities and three nights at one of eight hotels. . . . Through April 30, Austrian Airlines' Vienna for a Song includes three- and six-night packages starting at $499. Both include round-trip air fare from New York and accommodations at one of several hotels. . . . Through March 28, Air France and Jet Vacations will take you from New York or Washington, D.C., to Paris for the weekend. Prices start at $599 and include air fare, accommodations and tour discounts.

KILLER COLOGNES

A recent Gallup Poll found that men are now using their common scents at work and saving the sexy stuff for after sundown. Here's our pick of proven lady-killers: Spicy yet subtle, Hugo Boss's new Boss Spirit is perfect for strong, silent types. Lagerfelds' alluring Photo combines citrusy notes with a hint of leather. Looking for lively? Try Colors de Benetton, an herbal fragrance for the young at heart. Tsar, by Van Cleef & Arpels, is a blend of herbs and musk that's as powerful as its name. Penhaligon's Blenheim Bouquet is a smooth, floral scent. For purists, there's Attraction by Aveda, a fragrance made of all-natural ingredients. Calvin Klein's fiery Obsession for Men is a definite bedroom scent, as is Xeryus by Givenchy, a woody, spicy fragrance "designed for a powerful, seductive male." That's you, pal.

STYLE METER

ATHLETIC SHOES	IN	OUT
STYLE	Cross trainers and suede urban hikers in ¾" height	Orthopedic looks, clodhoppers, moon boots
FEATURES AND TECHNOLOGY	Lace locks, polymer mesh, support straps, washable leathers and air inflation systems	Shoes that look great but don't support your feet or lifestyle
COLORS	Trainers in white with a muted neon splash. Hikers in earth tones	Anything that glows in the dark

Where & How to Buy on page 160.

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

ONE OF THE gutsiest moves ever made on a motion-picture screen is Woody Allen's use of that final, classic scene from *Casablanca* as a starting point for his own movie *Play It Again, Sam*. You feel that same sense of admiration for the audacity of the act when Robert B. Parker quotes liberally from Raymond Chandler's 1939 hard-boiled detective story *The Big Sleep* as a leitmotif to his new novel, ***Perchance to Dream*** (Putnam's).

Parker, of course, invites comparison by writing this sequel to *The Big Sleep* in Chandler's voice. He is, no doubt, emboldened by reviews of last year's *Poodle Springs*, which pronounced that he sounded more like Chandler than Chandler himself.

Chandler fans may recall that when *The Big Sleep* ends, Philip Marlowe has turned down the advances of sexy heiress Vivian Sternwood but says he'll keep quiet about a murder if Vivian agrees to have her homicidal nymphomaniac sister Carmen locked up in a sanitarium. As *Perchance to Dream* opens, several years later, Norris, the Sternwoods' butler, reveals that Carmen has disappeared from the sanitarium. Since the death of their father, Norris has been *ad hoc* guardian of the two young women and wants Marlowe to find the psychotic Carmen and lock her up again before she can put any more bloodstains on the Sternwood name. To complicate matters, Vivian has become romantically linked with Eddie Mars, the wealthy gangster who was blackmailing her in the earlier book—but she hasn't lost her yen for Marlowe. (For those who missed *The Big Sleep*, Parker fills in the story in the first three chapters.)

This search for Carmen sends Marlowe driving through Forties Los Angeles neighborhoods and even up into California's Central Valley. Eventually, the trail leads him to Dr. Bonsentir, the sinister administrator of the sanitarium; to Randolph Simpson, a multimillionaire with a complex real-estate scheme to bring water to the arid lands east of Pasadena; and to a peculiar partnership with his enemy Eddie Mars. The entire story reeks with authenticity.

Stylistically, Parker nearly has Chandler down pat, has the right cadence, the right images and the perfect flat, hard-boiled tone.

I think Parker is the undisputed champion of American detective novelists right now. But plenty of powerful contenders are producing new books. Three works to consider are ***The Vig*** (Donald Fine), by John T. Lescroart, ***Lady Left*** (Crown), by Robert Westbrook,

After *Sleep, Perchance to Dream.*

Parker's sequel to Chandler's hard-boiled detective story.

and ***Easy Way Down*** (Fawcett Columbine), by Irving Weinman. Lescroart's first novel featuring San Francisco bartender and private eye Dismas Hardy, *Dead Irish*, displayed his sensitive touch with psychologically complex characters. Now *The Vig* places some of those characters in a tense, tough, page-turning plot that grips you from the moment Diz finds a dead body on a houseboat in China Basin. *Lady Left* is the third book in Westbrook's wisecracking *Left-handed Policeman* series, and, once again, the focus of Beverly Hills police lieutenant Nicky Rachmaninoff's attention is showbiz. This time, his sense of humor gets him through gun fights in Nicaragua and into an Arabian Nights costume party with a gorgeous movie-star activist who is trying to raise money for the *Sandinistas*. Weinman's Harvard-grad homicide detective, Lenny Schwartz, deserts his familiar N.Y.P.D. territory to seek a drug dealer in Miami, "a city made of Necco Wafers." A lady cop sidetracks his investigation with some bedroom bondage games and he comes eyeball to eyeball with an Everglades alligator. Despite all the steamy action, *Easy Way Down* turns out to be about his personal angst.

Ed Zuckerman has written a brilliantly entertaining book about the contemporary entrepreneurial spirit in ***Small Fortunes: Two Guys in Pursuit of the American Dream*** (Viking), a work of nonfiction with the drama and form of a novel. The two guys are Pete Binion and Jim Teal, both Texans with big ideas. Pete pursues his high hopes with high tech, raising a promising new breed of beef cattle called Senepol. Jim is an urban hustler who made his first million in fast food and is now betting on the T-shirt business. In the tradition of John McPhee, Zuckerman chronicles their separate struggles to strike it rich as a study in styles. Eventually, sadly, both guys fail—but not before Zuckerman has followed them through a series of funny and exceptionally revealing financial exploits.

If Pete and Jim had only read ***Unlimited Wealth*** (Crown), by Paul Zane Pilzer, subtitled "The Theory and Practice of Economic Alchemy," perhaps their businesses could have been saved. Pilzer bursts into our recessionary cloud of gloom with expansionist optimism. He offers challenging new ideas about how to revitalize the American educational system, how to handle our immigration problems, how to seek individual opportunities in the market place and how to learn from Japanese mistakes.

A. M. Wellman uses the F word so many times in his novel ***S.F.W.*** (Random House) that you are not surprised to discover that the title's initials stand for "So fucking what?" That's the nihilistic philosophy of life expounded by 19-year-old high school dropout Cliff Spab, who has become a weird sort of celebrity in the Detroit area. In this fictional story, Cliff and four other people are held hostage in a 7-Eleven for 36 days, during which time they are on the news every night in videos taken by the terrorists. Spab's blanket rejection of life is adopted as gospel by other kids when they see him on the covers of *Time* and *People*. Wellman is sure to be compared to Bret Easton Ellis and Tama Janowitz for his portrayal of disenfranchised youth, but his intentions are different. This winner of *Playboy*'s 1989 College Fiction Contest has captured the anger, hopelessness and frustration of working-class kids with a tough, funny novel full of vivid images that are hard to forget.

BOOK BAG

Take a Good Look (Michael di Capua Books/Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by Tor Seidler: In this well-crafted, realistic coming-of-age novel, a screenwriter-*cum*-waiter and his restaurant friends edge fitfully into adulthood.

Workplace 2000 (Dutton), by Joseph H. Boyett and Henry P. Conn: A scary prediction from two leading management consultants who forecast a lean, mean job environment that gives fewer perks to execs and puts the worker teams in control.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

WITH HUMOR, a good groove and a shot of testosterone, ZZ Top re-creates the spirit of the blues more effectively than the vast majority of purist acts striving for authenticity. Consisting of equal parts sass and snarl, Billy Gibbons' guitar sound claims a niche in rock that these guys own as completely as their hillbilly beards. So a new ZZ Top album is always cause for excitement. How much excitement is warranted for ***Recycler*** (Warner)? Well, more excitement than for their last album, *Afterburner*, but less than for *Eliminator*, which set a career standard for them. I just don't hear the riffs that are going to compel me to play this one over and over.

The big surprise on the blues front this month is ***Hindu Love Gods*** (Reprise), the unlikely combination of R.E.M. and Warren Zevon, singing lead. The music is lively and they cover blues classics such as *Mannish Boy* and somewhat obscure rock rave-ups such as *Battleship Chains*. I would not have guessed that R.E.M. could sound this tough. Zevon is singing straight from his gonads. Howlin' Wolf just has to be smiling somewhere in heaven at this rendition of *Wang Dang Doodle*, and Zevon's reading of Prince's *Raspberry Beret* is a revelation.

DAVE MARSH

What does Paul Simon's ***The Rhythm of the Saints*** (Warner Bros.) share with *Graceland*? Each traffics in what passes for musical exotica—Brazilian and West African resources here, South African and Cajun there. But what really connects these records is that they're so distinctively Simon albums.

Even if Simon intended to repeat *Graceland*'s world-music gimmick, *Rhythm* doesn't have the same impact. Unlike South African harmonies, Brazilian and West African accents have directly influenced dance music and jazz. Soweto's Mbaqanga singers played to Simon's strengths; these percussion troupes reveal his limits.

Paul Simon may be the most literate American songwriter since Alec Wilder. He has adopted for his true subject matter the nagging voices in the back of his mind. *Graceland* ended by telling us that the meaning of life was to be found in learning to live without a need for others. *The Rhythm of the Saints* is an essay in the consequences of that decision.

Does that mean I think Simon's too literate for his own good? I find country crooner K. T. Oslin's smaller-scale rendition of similar territory on ***Love in a Small Town*** (RCA/BMG) more compelling and convincing. Vignettes such as *Come Next Monday*, *Mary and Willi* and her great cover of *Love Is Strange* speak with spark, spunk and urgency—qualities that Simon's heavenly beats all too often omit. Oslin's achievement is modest, but so is her reach—and in this context, that's appealing, too.

ZZ Top re-creates the blues.

More musical exotica from Paul Simon; the best of the Byrds in four CDs.

NELSON GEORGE

Too $hort hasn't been arrested yet, but in our current paranoiac sexual climate, it's only a matter of time before this Oakland-based hip-hopper joins the censored list. Unlike his Bay Area neighbor M. C. Hammer, Too $hort neither dances nor praises God. His major label debut, *Born to Mack*, went platinum by being as nasty as (in some ways nastier than) 2 Live Crew. His follow-up, ***Short Dog's in the House*** (Jive), attempts to have more balance. Side one is a more or less traditional, boastful rap. *The Ghetto*, with its catalog of inner-city misadventures over a blend of live and sampled instrumentation, is as good as anything by any mainstreamer.

But side two is jammed with the witless, sadistic material on which Too $hort has built his rep. The most calculated bit of verbal porno is *Paula and Janet*, a fantasy about screwing Janet Jackson and Paula Abdul in the back of a limo. Too $hort shouldn't be censored, but a rhyme enema is in order.

Freddie Jackson's approach to women is as different from Too $hort's as the word bitch is from the word lady. In the half decade since he debuted with the soulful *Rock Me Tonight*, the New Yorker has been one of pop's most consistent singers. He has a distinctive, breathy high tenor that is well served by creamy mid-tempo love songs. ***Do Me Again*** (Capitol) is full of songs in this mode, including *All Over You*, *Do Me Again* and especially *Main Course*, all marked by the solid, predictable style of

GUEST SHOT

CHRIS HILLMAN *is one of those rare rock musicians who are receiving lifetime-achievement awards and at the same time making new music. He was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame as a founding member of the Byrds while "A Dozen Roses: Greatest Hits" from Chris Hillman and the Desert Rose Band hit the stores. A thoughtful songwriter himself, Hillman was impressed by the new album from Michael Been and his band, the Call.*

"In some ways, I feel that the Desert Rose Band and the Call swim in the same thematic waters. *Red Moon* is a great album, because the Call takes chances both musically and lyrically. Side one jumps out with *What's Happened to You?* (listen for U2's Bono singing on the chorus), making it clear that the Call walks familiar rock-and-roll ground without sounding like anyone else. Both *A Swim in the Ocean* and *You Were There* use blues changes and a Delta blues feel in ways that haunt. Michael Been's strong, meaningful lyrics shine throughout, especially on the title cut. I've come up with my own sure-fire method of deciding if a record is great by whether or not it gets played endlessly in my car. Well, *Red Moon* has been riding shotgun with me since I got it. Case closed."

THE OFFICIAL MILITARY ISSUE GENUINE LEATHER A-2 FLYING JACKET

A Piece of American History.

The A-2 Leather Flying Jacket is one of the most famous pieces of battle gear in history. During World War II, the brave pilots of the U.S. Army Air Forces relied on the A-2 for protection and comfort. Worn by the daring "Flying Tigers" who fought over China in their P-40 Warhawks. And Jimmy Doolittle's B-25 bomber squadron that hit Tokyo in a daring carrier-launched raid. Lightweight and comfortable yet "tough as nails," the A-2 identified its wearer as one of an elite, brave breed of fighting men.

Genuine Military Issue. Not a Commercial Reproduction.

Cooper Sportswear was an original supplier of the A-2's worn by America's World War II flying heroes. Now, after a 45-year retirement from active duty, the U.S. Air Force has recommissioned the A-2 and selected Cooper as the official Government contract manufacturer. Now, you can own the *very same* jacket issued to U.S. Air Force pilots. *Not a reproduction — this is the genuine article! Available exclusively from Willabee & Ward.*

Proudly Made in the U.S.A.

The Cooper A-2 is made in the U.S.A. using materials and production methods specified by the U.S. Air Force. Premium hand stitched goatskin ensures ruggedness and great looks. Knitted cuffs and waist band and a spun cotton-blend lining ensure draft-free comfort. Details include regulation snap-down collar, shoulder epaulets, and roomy snap-close pockets. You'll also receive a certificate of authenticity stating that yours is *the* U.S. Air Force A-2. Battle-proven and built for long life, the Cooper A-2 actually gets better-looking with age.

Payable in Convenient Monthly Installments.

The Cooper A-2 Leather Flying Jacket can be yours for just $249 (plus $7.50 shipping and handling) payable in six convenient monthly installments of $42.75 charged to your credit card. Satisfaction guaranteed. If you are not delighted with your jacket, simply return it in original condition within 30 days for exchange or refund.

Order today. Available in even sizes 34-52 regular and long. Call about larger sizes (to 60) available for $50 more. (For best fit, order one size larger than your normal jacket size.) Have questions about sizing? Call us - we'll fit you over the phone.

Normal delivery on phone orders 4-8 business days.

CALL TOLL-FREE: 1-800-331-1858

©1990 MBI

The actual jacket supplied to the United States Air Force

Willabee & Ward
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Satisfaction Guaranteed

CALL TOLL-FREE: 1-800-331-1858

Please send me ____ Cooper A-2 Genuine Leather Flying Jackets.

Size (Even sizes 34–52): ____ ☐ Regular ☐ Long

For each jacket, charge 6 installments of $42.75* to my credit card.

☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA
☐ Discover ☐ Amer. Express

Credit Card# _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Signature _____
(ALL ORDERS SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE)

☐ I prefer not to use a credit card and will pay by check. Enclosed is my check for $249 plus $7.50 shipping/handling, a total of $256.50* for each jacket.

*Any applicable sales tax will be billed with shipment.

606-352

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Pixies *Bossonovo*	9	8	9	5	8
Paul Simon *The Rhythm of the Saints*	6	10	9	7	5
Too Short *Short Dog's in the House*	4	3	5	7	5
Troveling Wilburys *The Troveling Wilburys Volume 3*	8	5	8	5	8
ZZ Top *Recycler*	7	6	8	6	7

NO FREE SPEECH DEPARTMENT: In Berkeley, California, home to the free-speech movement of the Sixties, the school board has considered a measure that would ban rap music from the auditorium at Berkeley High School. Next thing you know, **Richard Nixon** will be announced as this year's commencement speaker.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Bette Midler** is starring in *For the Boys*, in which she'll play a U.S.O. performer. . . . **David Was** of **Was (Not Was)** has sold a screenplay based on a true story of two California teens who go on a wild spending spree with money they have accidentally gotten from a drug dealer. . . . **Madonna's** movie plans include doing something with **Woody Allen** (would we lie?) and a female-cop buddy movie with **Demi Moore.** . . . **Ben E. King, Bo Diddley** and rapper **Doug Lazy** have teamed up to remake the tune *Book of Love* for a film comedy by the same name. . . . **Barrie Keefe,** who wrote the screenplay for *The Long Good Friday*, is working on a movie bio of **Peter Grant, Led Zeppelin's** manager. Expect some Led Zep music on the sound track. . . . **Barbara Orbison, Roy's** widow, will coproduce his movie bio as well as finish his biography (begun with Roy's cooperation), due in the stores this year. . . . **John Prine** has a role in **John Cougar Mellencamp's** movie *Souvenirs*.

NEWSBREAKS: Country Music Foundation Records recently released *Rare Demos: First to Last*, by **Hank Williams,** on CD. It's available by mail for $19.98, plus two dollars for postage, from the foundation, Four Music Square East, Nashville 37203. . . . **Paul Simon** plans to tour extensively to back up *The Rhythm of the Saints*. . . . Volume one of **Bill Wyman's** autobiography is out and his solo album is due in March. Aside from **Stanley Booth's** wonderful epic *The True Adventures of the Rolling Stones*, we expect the Wyman book to dish the best **Stones** info. . . . We want to hip you to a terrific mail-order catalog, Down Home Music. It's free if you write to 6921 Stockton Avenue, El Cerrito, California 94530. You can order folk, blues, vintage jazz and rock and bluegrass LPs, tapes and CDs. . . . The recent release by the Franklin Mint and **Dick Clark** of *American Bandstand Presents the Classics of Rock and Roll* on CD or cassette can be ordered by calling toll-free 800-THE MINT, extension rock and roll. . . . After the flap about **Sinéad O'Connor** and *The Star-Spangled Banner*, there has been renewed discussion about finding a national anthem that's easier to sing. Like *This Land Is Your Land*, for instance. **Harold Leventhal,** who manages **Woody Guthrie's** estate, hates the idea. "Can you imagine the Marines invading Panama singing that song? Woody would be horrified." . . . **Digital Underground** is going back into the studio to work on a new LP after a cameo in **Dan Aykroyd's** film *Valkenvania*. . . . Finally, the Redondo Beach City Council, inspired by a news story of a Seattle 7-Eleven owner who drove kids out of his parking lot by playing classical music, is considering erecting a sound system to blare classical music across the city's pier area. A councilman actually said, "My thought would be to drive off the hard-core gangs who prefer rap and heavy metal." Would the councilman approve of bawdy, fun-loving Mozart?

—BARBARA NELLIS

previous chart toppers. The album is quality Jackson but probably not a collection that'll win him any converts.

VIC GARBARINI

Why is **The Byrds** (Columbia/Legacy), a four-CD retrospective, the best yet of the group box sets to hit the streets? Because in three miraculous years, Roger McGuinn and friends invented, defined and blended folk-rock, even Coltraneish jazz-rock (*Eight Miles High*). They became the great American hope during the first British invasion, bridging the Beatles' exhilaration and inventiveness with Dylan's depth. Thankfully, Columbia has done right by them. The rare or previously unissued material is superb: Much of it was unreleased not for artistic reasons but because of group hassles or record-biz politics. By the end of the Sixties, the Byrds were in free fall. Dylan was outrocking them and McGuinn was the only remaining original member. But country-rock guitarist Clarence White helped them get back on track, peaking with the underrated *Easy Rider* material. The live cuts from last year's Roy Orbison tribute are a true rush.

The irreplaceable Orbison is really missed on **The Traveling Wilburys Volume 3** (Warner). This is the lackluster superstar toss-off you feared their charming debut might have been. Byrds-influenced devotees Dylan, Petty, Harrison and Lynne are hobbled by flat melodies, hokey lyrics and a glazed production.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

With their strange haircuts and hello-Dali lyrics, the Pixies are *déjà vu* rebels, college radio's latest great white hopes. Rosanne Cash is an X factor in the most conservative of pop subgenres, accepted in Nashville because she's Johnny's daughter, even though she has never fit the Nashville mold. And on their new albums—**Bossanova** (4AD/Electra), the Pixies' third, and **Interiors** (Columbia), Cash's seventh—these artists test the faith of their followings, who are muttering about sellout. Don't you believe it.

Alternative types love the Pixies for Black Francis' associative verse, but ordinary people notice the slashing riffs of Joey Santiago, a guitarist who leans toward the punk attack and metal power.

Interiors traffics in doomed romanticism but without the grandeur. Known as an interpreter, Cash writes every lyric; usually produced by husband Rodney Crowell, she takes the reins this time. Every song is about marriage trouble. Country music, obsessed with monogamy and its discontents, rarely produces such unblinking, tuneful songs.

Smart.

It's a great party. Everybody's dancing. But does everything stop when the CD ends? Not if you have the Magnavox Carousel CD Changer.

This innovative CD player plays up to 5 different compact discs. You can even pre-program up to 50 songs in any order you want. Plus, you can change up to 4 discs while the fifth one is playing.

So, the music goes on and on. And this machine gets the best out of your CDs, thanks to a 4x oversampling digital filter and dual 16-bit digital-to-analog converters. But that's not surprising. After all, it's from the inventors of CD technology.

Magnavox was always a smart player in the CD world. But making it non-stop is even smarter.

MAGNAVOX

©1990 Philips Consumer Electronics Company. A Division of North American Philips Corporation.

MEN

By ASA BABER

Who knows? The nose knows. Let's own up to it, men. For us, there is a Nasal Law of Nature. Surely, you recognize that I am speaking a great truth—a truth that we have been reluctant to share with our women.

Let me ask you a question, men: Have you ever admitted to any woman how promiscuous your nose is? And have you ever volunteered to stop smelling and sniffing that wonderful perfumed air that sometimes surrounds you, O fellow odor eater? Nasal chastity, you might call it. You interested in it?

If the women in our lives ever realized how much we are turned on by their fragrances (and how much they reveal to us about themselves by their scents), they would probably demand that we immediately cease and desist our sniffing. They might even insist that nose plugs be installed on all males at birth!

Ladies, we can't help it. We sniff the atmosphere perpetually like hungry bloodhounds, night and day, summer and winter, from our crib to our coffin. It's part of the male way of living and loving. You can try to legislate against it, but you'll never stop us. Who knows? The nose knows. We seldom admit our obsession to others, however. We invent all sorts of excuses and covers for it.

Take our supposed interest in physical conditioning. Our steady attendance at health clubs and aerobics classes can be seen by some naïve people as very clean-cut activities. That's bullshit, and we know it. It's just an act. We work out in health clubs for one reason: That is where the smells are. Heaven, for us, is a sea of revealing leotards that are bobbing and weaving, dancing and jogging, huffing and puffing. That scene smells as interesting to us as a 40-acre field of honeysuckle smells to a hummingbird. If you doubt my word, ladies, check it out the next time you're at your health club.

Watch the guy who continuously walks back and forth behind the Stairmaster machines. See his nose twitch? You think he's honestly interested in exercising? Or how about the guy in your aerobics class who never seems to do all the routines? See his nostrils flare? Does he really want to lose weight? Spy on the guy on the rowing machine who always leans outboard and twists his head around when a leotard walks by. Is he risking a broken neck for nothing? Or the guy who runs around the track in a

LEOTARD SNIFFING

slightly stooped position, his nose crotch-high and out in front of him like the propeller of an airplane. You think he has a sports injury because he bends over like that when he runs? No way, honey. He's sniffing leotards, like all the other nose boys. His nose at that moment is at its maximum effective altitude for the task, so don't interrupt him.

As a confirmed and addicted leotard sniffer myself, I have come to the understanding after years of practice that much can be determined by this habit.

I list below a few of the major categories of scent that are currently active in American leotard sniffing, along with an interpretation of what those fragrances convey about the personality of the lady concerned. I submit this list in true humility, because I know that there are even better leotard sniffers out there, men who have fine-tuned this art into a science. I salute those men for their tenacity and their research capabilities. Nevertheless, my own modest definitions follow, for what they're worth.

Strawberry: This is the rarest and finest fragrance available. Usually offered only by redheaded women named Sherri, the Strawberry scent reveals a fresh and springlike personality. Its owner is smooth-skinned, secretly sexual and very eager for love and luxury. As rich and juicy as the fresh fruit at Wimbledon, the Strawberry leotard is the *crème de la crème* of leotards. You can spend years at a health club without sniffing one. An endangered species. Really.

Gunpowder: Watch out! The Gunpowder scent predicts possible trouble. Its sponsor is combative and fierce, and nine out of ten Gunpowder leotard wearers have been radical feminists at one time in their lives. That's the bad news. The good news is that by wearing a leotard and joining a health club, these women are indicating that they would like to come back into the fold of sociability and communication. And let's admit it, guys: Former feminists make great lovers!

Hibernating Bear Sweat: Unless you really want to save somebody, better stay away from this particular aroma.

New Spice: Notice I did not say "Old Spice." No, if you smell Old Spice on a leotard, take a pass. But New Spice? Absolutely yummy. Its wearer is perky, bright and humorous. She likes the highs of life but not the lows. Slightly manic-depressive, she has an M.B.A. from a good school and wonders why she didn't get a degree in massage therapy instead. Her mother is overbearing, but little Ms. New Spice is breaking away from all that. Believe me, you can help her, and spice versa.

Bridal Bouquet: A very fine offering at first, the Bridal Bouquet aroma can mesmerize a man into near paralysis if he hangs around it too long. The Bridal Bouquet girl is fun to talk with, but she usually mentions weddings and marriage (as well as diamonds and other precious gems) in the first five minutes. Also, without much warning, the Bridal Bouquet can quickly turn into the following smell.

Autumn Leaves One: A rather dry and fallow scent, Autumn Leaves One can be found in leotards of all ages. Stay away from it. But do not confuse it with:

Autumn Leaves Two: A fine and richly textured scent that is comparable to a good Burgundy wine, Autumn Leaves Two mixes all the elements of the earth into a heady odor of maturity and wisdom, playfulness and accountability. If you want stability *and* excitement, this woman may be for you.

Good luck, men. And good sniffing!

Very Smart.

There you are at the library. Or on a "no-radio" beach. You could slip away for a quick music break. Or, simply slip a CD into this Magnavox Personal Portable CD Player.

It's just a little larger than the compact discs it plays. So lightweight, it's hard to believe the big CD sound. Not surprising, it's from the inventors of CD technology. And wait'll you hear what else it's got. AM/FM Digital Quartz tuning with memory presets, 20-track programmability, remote control, Dynamic Bass Boost and much more.

And when you want to share the sound, simply plug it into your car stereo* or home equipment.

For Magnavox, making the move into CD technology was smart. Making CD sound really move is very smart.

*With adaptor kit.

MAGNAVOX
Smart. Very smart.®

©1990 Philips Consumer Electronics Company. A Division of North American Philips Corporation.

Start with 4 COMPACT DISCS NOW
pay only shipping & handling with membership

Buy just 1 smash hit in one year's time and pay just half the price of a CD

Then get 3 CDs of your choice, FREE*

Enjoy 8 hits for the price of 1/2 a CD

Nothing more to buy...EVER!

Whitney Houston: I'm Your Baby Tonight (Arista) 10663

Jon Bon Jovi: Blaze Of Glory (Mercury) 44490

Wilson Phillips (SBK) 00726

Sinéad O' Connor: I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got (Chrysalis) 33512

Poison: Flesh & Blood (Capitol) 50207

Days Of Thunder/Soundtrack (DGC) 43603

Randy Travis: Heroes And Friends (Warner Bros.) 74597

Vixen: Rev It Up (EMI) 54615

Don Henley: End Of The Innocence (Geffen) 01064

Eagles: Greatest Hits Vol. 1 (Asylum) 23481

Boogie Down Prod.: Edutainment (Jive) 63675

Simon & Garfunkel: The Concert In Central Park (Warner Bros.) 44006

Joe Cocker: Live! (Capitol) 00529

Best Of Robert Palmer: Addictions (Island) 10819

Travis Tritt: Country Club (Warner Bros.) 60195

The Dizzy Gillespie Symphony Sessions (Pro Jazz) 44022

Linda Ronstadt: Cry Like A Rainstorm... (Elektra) 52221

Cher: Heart Of Stone (Geffen) 42874

Guns N' Roses: Appetite For Destruction (Geffen) 70348

Kitaro: Kojiki (Geffen) 43758

Fleetwood Mac: Behind The Mask (Warner Bros.) 43766

Best Of Eric Clapton: Time Pieces (Polydor) 23385

Lita Ford: Stiletto (RCA) 63893

Moody Blues: Greatest Hits (Threshold) 34284

Damn Yankees (Warner Bros.) 14852

Richard Marx: Repeat Offender (EMI) 01118

Madonna: I'm Breathless (Sire) 00572

Faith No More: The Real Thing (Reprise) 63719

Clint Black: Killin' Time (RCA) 01112

Pat Benatar: Best Shots (Chrysalis) 44319

Anthrax: Persistence Of Time (Island) 83468

Emmylou Harris: Duets (Reprise) 00575

Horowitz At Home (DG) 25211

The Mamas & Papas: 16 Of Their Greatest Hits (MCA) 80183

Kenny G: Live (Arista) 64505

Extreme: Pornograffitti (A&M) 43557

Kiara: Civilized Rogue (Arista) 94388

Enya: Watermark (Geffen) 01041

Buckwheat Zydeco: Where There's Smoke... (Island) 11063

Michael McDonald: Take It To Heart (Reprise) 00573

Best Of The Doobies (Warner Bros.) 43738

Dirty Dancing/Soundtrack (RCA) 82522

Marcus Roberts: Deep In The Shed (Novus) 73646

Mötley Crüe: Dr. Feelgood (Elektra) 33928

Styx: Classics (14 Greatest Hits) (A&M) 14822

Bell Biv DeVoe: Poison (MCA) 00547

Johnny Gill (Motown) 00738

Bobby Brown: Dance!... Ya Know It (MCA) 73660

Yes: Fragile (Atlantic) 53807

Lisa Stansfield: Affection (Arista) 34198

Alan Jackson: In The Real World (Arista) 53833

Great Love Songs Of The '50s & '60s, Vol. 1 (Laurie) 20768

Najee: Tokyo Blue (EMI) 44482

Neville Bros.: Brother's Keeper (A&M) 63513

Best Of John Williams/ Boston Pops: By Request (Philips) 25360

Bad Company: Holy Water (Atlantic) 24784

Bonnie Raitt: Nick Of Time (Capitol) 54410

Tone-Loc: Loc-Ed After Dark (Delicious) 01033

Bob James: Grand Piano Canyon (Warner Bros.) 04899

Tommy James & The Shondells: Anthology (Rhino) 44185

The Who: Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) 00790

Roy Hargrove: Diamond In The Rough (Novus) 14893

Concrete Blonde: Bloodletting (I.R.S.) 84212

Depeche Mode: Violator (Sire) 73408

Paula Abdul: Forever Your Girl (Virgin) 00933

Alabama: Pass It On Down (RCA) 00531

Michael Penn: March (RCA) 83798

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young: Greatest Hits (So Far) (Atlantic) 30230

Bon Jovi: New Jersey (Mercury) 00516

En Vogue: Born To Sing (Atlantic) 14187

Temptations: 17 Greatest Hits (Gordy) 53410

Jeff Lynne: Armchair Theatre (Reprise) 00803

The Traveling Wilburys, Vol. One (Wilbury) 00711

Tom Petty: Full Moon Fever (MCA) 33911

George Harrison: Best Of Dark Horse (Dark Horse) 80307

Roy Orbison: A Black And White Night (Virgin) 64495

London Muddy Waters Sessions (MCA) 24746

Steve Earle: The Hard Way (MCA) 64216

Stevie Wonder: Love Songs (Motown) 43886

Spyro Gyra: Fast Forward (GRP) 00829

ZZ Top: Afterburner (Warner Bros.) 64042

Steppenwolf: 16 Greatest Hits (MCA) 13453

M.C. Hammer: Please Hammer, Don't Hurt 'Em (Capitol) 34791

Daryl Hall & John Oates: Change Of Season (Arista) 00543

Robert Plant: Manic Nirvana (Es Paranza) 54122

Led Zeppelin IV (Runes) (Atlantic) 12014

John Hiatt: Stolen Moments (A&M) 44540

Hothouse Flowers: Home (London) 82879

U2: Rattle And Hum (Island) 00596

Diana Ross/ Supremes: 20 Greatest Hits (Motown) 63867

Bird/Original Recordings Of Charlie Parker (Verve) 01044

Solti: Tchaikovsky, 1812 Overture (London) 25179

Bob Marley: Legend (Island) 53521

Def Leppard: Pyromania (Mercury) 70402

Merle Haggard: His Greatest And His Best (MCA) 72024

The B-52's: Cosmic Thing (Reprise) 14742

Chicago: Greatest Hits, 1982-89 (Reprise) 63363

Asleep At The Wheel: Keepin' Me Up Nights (Arista) 83578

Etta James: Sticking To My Guns (Island) 81646

Rod Stewart: Gt. Hits (Warner Bros.) 33779

Garth Brooks (Capitol) 33963

Harper Bros.: Remembrance (Verve) 14896

Lynyrd Skynyrd's Innyrds (MCA) 01150

The Sundays: Reading, Writing And Arithmetic (DGC) 63175

Hank Williams, Jr.: Lone Wolf (Warner Bros.) 64311

Frank Sinatra: Capitol Collector's Series (Capitol) 64362

Was (Not Was): Are You Okay? (Chrysalis) 00541

Paul Simon: Graceland (Warner Bros.) 72315

Nelson: After The Rain (DGC) 74079

Keith Sweat: I'll Give All My Love To You (Elektra) 51603

Garth Brooks: No Fences (Capitol) 73266

Buffalo Springfield: Retrospective (Atco) 00844

Bob Mould: Black Sheets Of Rain (Virgin) 53750

Elvis Presley: Great Performances (RCA) 60752

Sonic Youth: Goo (DGC) 43569

16 #1 Motown Hits-- The Late '60s (Motown) 64334

Glen Campbell: Classics (Capitol) 00564

Jeff Healey Band: Hell To Pay (Arista) 00544

Elton John: Sleeping With The Past (MCA) 10469

Winger (Atlantic) 00830

Huey Lewis & The News: Sports (Chrysalis) 44448

Marc Ribot: Rootless Cosmopolitans (Island) 53794

Technotronic: Pump Up The Jam (SBK) 34781

R.E.M.: Green (Warner Bros.) 00715

Whitesnake: Slip Of The Tongue (Geffen) 01147

Barbara Weathers (Reprise) 10610

Dick Tracy/Soundtrack (Sire) 63278

Fine Young Cannibals: The Raw And The Cooked (I.R.S.) 01068

Tanya Tucker: Tennessee Woman (Capitol) 54399

Galway: Greatest Hits (RCA) 73233

Grateful Dead : Built To Last (Arista) 72230

The Cure: Disintegration (Elektra) 01109

Bryan Adams: Reckless (A&M) 51540

The Black Crowes: Shake Your Moneymaker (Def American) 52142

John Cougar Mellencamp: Big Daddy (Mercury) 80064

NOW THE BEST MUSIC OFFER IS ON SALE AND WILL NOT BE REPEATED IN 1991 AFTER JANUARY!

8 COMPACT DISCS FOR THE PRICE OF X 1/2

with nothing more to buy...ever!

When you buy your one CD, we'll bill you at just **ONE HALF** the regular Club price.

Winger: In The Heart Of The Young (Atlantic) **00570**

Neil Young: Ragged Glory (Reprise) **34621**

Dino: Swingin' (Island) **43498**

Pixies: Bossa Nova (Elektra) **53773**

Pat Metheny: Question & Answer (Geffen) **73522**

Best Of Dire Straits: Money For Nothing (Warner Bros.) **00713**

Taylor Dayne: Can't Fight Fate (Arista) **01114**

Kentucky Headhunters: Pickin' On Nashville (Mercury) **24740**

Keith Whitley: Greatest Hits (RCA) **10728**

Skid Row (Atlantic) **01038**

AC/DC: Back In Black (Atlantic) **13772**

Anita Baker: Compositions (Elektra) **00921**

The Time: Pandemonium (Paisley Park) **52225**

Ratt: Detonator (Atlantic) **63335**

Duke Ellington: Orchestral Works (MCA) **53780**

Norrington: Beethoven, Symphony No.9 (Choral) (Angel) **00467**

The Best Of Steely Dan: Decade (MCA) **54135**

Barry Manilow: Live On Broadway (Arista) **24805**

The Judds: Love Can Build A Bridge (RCA) **24549**

INXS: Kick (Atlantic) **53606**

Chuck Berry: The Great 28 (Chess) **64137**

Reba McEntire: Rumor Has It (MCA) **44609**

Heart: Brigade (Capitol) **64305**

Pretty Woman/Soundtrack (EMI) **34631**

Eric Clapton: Journeyman (Warner Bros.) **53940**

George Strait: Livin' It Up (MCA) **00557**

Music Of Bali/Gamelan & Kecak (Nonesuch) **44671**

Buddy Holly: From The Original Master Tapes (MCA) **20069**

Kathy Mattea: Collection Of Hits (Mercury) **10791**

Larry Carlton: Collection (GRP) **00838**

The Police: Every Breath You Take—The Singles (A&M) **73924**

Allman Bros. Band: Eat A Peach (Polydor) **63353**

Supertramp: Classics (14 Greatest Hits) (A&M) **04891**

Billy Idol: Charmed Life (Chrysalis) **62264**

Peula Abdul: Shut Up & Dance (Virgin) **80326**

Bruce Hornsby & The Range: A Night On The Town (RCA) **63689**

Quincy Jones: Back On The Block (Warner Bros.) **64116**

Patty Loveless: On Down The Line (MCA) **00553**

Gershwin, Overtures/ McGlinn (Angel) **70391**

The Very Best Of Connie Francis (Polydor) **23434**

Restless Heart: Fast Movin' Train (RCA) **10802**

Alannah Myles (Atlantic) **30045**

Aerosmith: Pump (Geffen) **63678**

Carly Simon: Have You Seen Me Lately (Arista) **20912**

James Taylor: Greatest Hits (Reprise) **23790**

Dionne Warwick: Sings Cole Porter (Arista) **53326**

Bette Midler: Some People's Lives (Atlantic) **53568**

James Brown: The CD Of JB (Polydor) **43431**

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band: Will The Circle..., Vol. 2 (Universal) **93648**

Neil Diamond: The Jazz Singer (Capitol) **32877**

Slaughter: Stick It To Ya (Chrysalis) **42308**

Janet Jackson's Rhythm Nation (A&M) **72386**

Jane's Addiction: Ritual de lo Habitual (Warner Bros.) **10020**

Randy Travis: No Holdin' Back (Warner Bros.) **34766**

We're All In The Same Gang/ Rap Artists (Warner Bros.) **11102**

Milli Vanilli: Girl You Know It's True (Arista) **01048**

Queensryche: Operation Mindcrime (EMI) **54451**

Soul II Soul: Vol. II-1990- A New Decade (Virgin) **00567**

Jethro Tull: Aqualung (Chrysalis) **24705**

SAVE 50%

INSTANT HALF-PRICE BONUS PLAN
You get 50%-off bonus savings with every CD you buy at regular Club prices...*right with your very first purchase* ...unlike other clubs that first make you buy **4**, **6** or more.

START WITH 4 COMPACT DISCS NOW!
You agree to buy just 1 more hit—not at regular Club prices, but at a whopping 50% off regular Club prices (which are usually $14.98-$15.98)—and take up to one full year to do it. Then choose 3 more CDs FREE. That's 8 CDs for half the price you'd expect to pay for just 1 great hit...*and there's nothing more to buy...ever!* (A shipping/handling charge is added to each shipment.)

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES
You select from hundreds of exciting CDs described in the Club's magazine which is mailed to you approximately every three weeks (19 times a year). Each issue highlights a Featured Selection in your preferred music category, plus alternate selections. If you'd like the Featured Selection do nothing. It will be sent to you automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection or none at all, just return the card enclosed with each issue of your magazine by the date specified on the card. You will have at least 10 days to decide or you may return your Featured Selection at our expense. Cancel your membership at any time after completing your enrollment agreement simply by writing to us, or remain and take advantage of bonus savings.

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL
Listen to your 4 introductory selections for a full 10 days. If not satisfied, return them with no further obligation. You send no money now, so complete the coupon and mail it today.

★A shipping/handling charge is added to each shipment.

CD716 BMG Compact Disc Club, 6550 E. 30th St., Indianapolis,IN 46219-1194. TRADEMARKS USED IN THE ADV'T ARE THE PROPERTY OF VARIOUS TRADEMARK OWNERS.

YOUR APPLICATION MUST BE RECEIVED BY FEB. 22 TO BE ELIGIBLE

Mail to: BMG Compact Disc Club
P.O. Box 91412/Indianapolis, IN 46291

Yes, please accept my membership in the BMG Compact Disc Club and send my first four selections as I have indicated here, under the terms of this offer. I need buy just one more CD during the next year—and be billed for just one half the regular Club price. After that I can choose 3 more CDs FREE! (A shipping/handling charge is added to each shipment.)

RUSH ME THESE 4 CDs NOW (Indicate by number):

I am most interested in the musical category checked here—but I am always free to choose from any (check one only):

1 ☐ **EASY LISTENING** (Instrumentals / Vocal Moods)
2 ☐ **COUNTRY** 3 ☐ **HARD ROCK**
4 ☐ **POP / SOFT ROCK** 5 ☐ **CLASSICAL**

☐MR.
☐MRS. _____
☐MS. First Name Initial Last Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone ( ) _____
Area code

Signature _____

ABTFK CP

BMG COMPACT DISC CLUB

We reserve the right to request additional information or reject any application. Limited to new members, continental USA only. One membership per family. Local taxes, if any, will be added.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

YOU GET WHAT YOU EXPECT

Here's what men are like: Men make you believe that if you were just a little prettier, a little thinner, a little less mentally ill, maybe not so pushy, they'd marry you tomorrow. Men make you feel as if you don't quite measure up.

Men have a good sense of humor but low self-esteem. Men have horribly complicated relationships with their mothers that they refuse to discuss or understand.

Men are tall, skinny, pale, dark-haired and wear goofy Italian loafers.

"You are insane," said Rita. "Most men are *not* like that. Only the creeps *you* date are like that."

"Exactly!" I said.

"I don't get it," she said. We were in a coffee shop, drinking espresso and avoiding work.

"Being a columnist for a men's magazine," I said, "sometimes I get these letters. For example: 'I'd like to get married, but women are more concerned with a man's investment portfolio and what kind of car he drives. If he doesn't own a condo, forget it!'"

"Women are not like that," said Rita. "Well, some of them are. But only lame idiots with too much mascara."

"Yet this guy says that all women are like this."

"He must be putting out some weird vibes."

"Here's another letter: 'Women only want someone they can mother. They're threatened by a man who can stand on his own two feet. They want a little boy who rushes to their laps every time he cuts his knee.'"

"Get outa here," said Rita. "He clearly dates only nursery school teachers."

"But he doesn't think so. He truly believes he's got a bead on our entire sex. He sees only the women he wants to see. The rest of them are invisible."

"But why would he want to see those women if he can't stand them?"

"Aha!"

"Would you just stop it?" she asked.

"Do you know why I'm seeing Neil?"

"Because he's got a big one?"

"Because he doesn't ring any bells. Because I don't feel any deep, subterranean pull toward him. Because he's a nice, smart, cute guy and I like him, but he doesn't turn my stomach into knots and make me feel nauseated and like I can't breathe."

"Does he have a big one, though?"

"Guys who make me feel nauseated—and I can recognize them across a room crowded with five hundred nice, normal guys—always turn out to be the same type. I'm aware of, I see only guys who will make me miserable. Five hundred normal guys and I'll go for Mr. Five Hundred and One, Mr. I Plan to Always Keep You on Your Toes and Make You Feel Inadequate."

"So you're saying you've got some really awful kind of radar?"

"All of us do, unless they've had really good luck or plenty of shrinkage. We just keep choosing the same type over and over again. My personal radar happens to be particularly noxious. See that guy over there? The dark-haired pale one with the Italian shoes?"

"The one talking to the girl who's crying?"

"I'm mad for him. I want to bear his child. Look, the girl's going to the bathroom. Follow her in and ask her why she's crying."

Rita will do anything and she did it. She was back in three minutes.

"She says he doesn't want to live with her and she's been begging him to go to a shrink, but he says why should *he* go when it's obvious that *she*'s the one who's really neurotic?" she reported. "She says she's always afraid of saying the wrong thing, she never feels good enough. So she's breaking up with him."

"I knew it!" I said. "The whole time you were gone, I was restraining myself from going over there and saying, 'Hi, there, sailor.'"

"Now, me," said Rita, "I always go for drunks. Sweet, faithful, generous but usually penniless drunken fuck-ups."

"Kind of like your father," I mentioned.

"Now that you mention it," she said.

"My shrink calls it the repetition compulsion," I said. "He says we keep duplicating situations that were unresolved and painful in childhood. We keep trying to change the outcome. If, say, you had an unresponsive, cold, critical father, you keep finding that same kind of guy and trying to get him to love you. And, of course, it never works, because he's unresponsive, cold and critical."

"Wasn't it your mother who was cold and unresponsive?" Rita asked.

"Doesn't matter," I said. "It could be either parent. Whichever one made you feel like a piece of shit, something so many parents are famous for. I should be able to look at Mr. Nightmare over there and say, 'Oh, please, who are you kidding?' But subconsciously, he's my mother. I am a sicko."

"A lot of people have healthy relationships and don't turn anybody into somebody else."

"Name two," I said. Her eyes darted from side to side for ten minutes as she thought.

"My shrink says only one in twelve couples is healthy. I have no idea where he gets these statistics," I said.

"Holy shit, one in twelve. I'm going to kill myself. Maybe I should just kill your shrink. What's the answer? What's the cure?"

"We have to recognize what we're doing and then purge ourselves of all the anger and pain we felt in childhood and have been trying to suppress since."

"Piece of cake," she said.

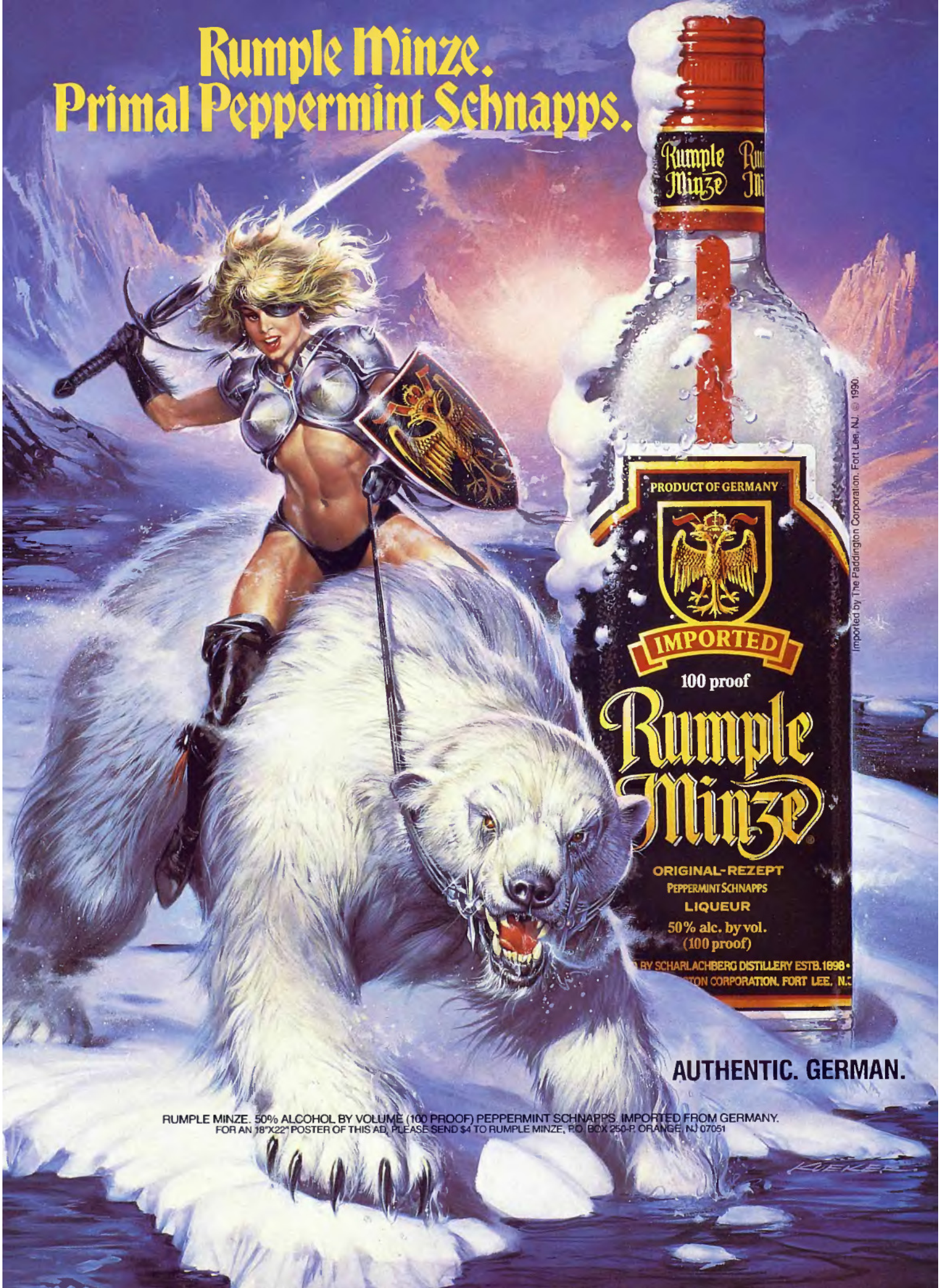
"Hey, I myself am well on my way. Let's go."

We got up to leave. The crying girl had disappeared.

"Maybe I'll just go over to his table and ask for his phone number," I said.

"If you do, I'll shoot you in the head. Put you out of your misery," Rita said.

Rumple Minze.
Primal Peppermint Schnapps.



AUTHENTIC. GERMAN.

RUMPLE MINZE. 50% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME (100 PROOF) PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS. IMPORTED FROM GERMANY.
FOR AN 18"X22" POSTER OF THIS AD, PLEASE SEND $4 TO RUMPLE MINZE, P.O. BOX 250-P, ORANGE, NJ 07051

17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
© 1990 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Salem
The REFRESHEST
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have been going steady with my current girlfriend for about two years. We have a normal sex life. I love it when she gives me head. The only problem is that she uses her teeth too much. I don't dare say anything to her, because she would never do it again. I don't mean to complain, because getting head is probably a fringe benefit in a relationship and I don't want to sound like I'm looking a gift horse in the mouth. Is there anything I could do or say to help her improve?—G. J., Detroit, Michigan.

Oral sex is not a fringe benefit; it is an act central to intimacy. There are ways to improve fellatio without insulting her technique. Take her fingers into your mouth and show her how you would like her to perform oral sex. Show her how much contact with her teeth you can tolerate. Then ask her for tips on improving cunnilingus. She can use the folds of skin between your thumb and forefinger to demonstrate. Do this in a restaurant so the rest of us can learn something.

What's wrong with you men? Give you what you ask for and we get hell for it. I've been seeing a man for about a month. He suggested a *ménage à trois* with a friend of his, another guy. The thought of two hairy, muscular men at one time was a turn-on. So we did it. It was great. I won't bore you with the details. However, it was definitely a one-time event. The other guy just wasn't into it. The trouble started the next time my boyfriend came over. He was bent out of shape because I'd enjoyed myself with his friend. What bothered him—and, believe me, it bothered him a lot—was that I'd tongued his friend's feet. I heard my boyfriend yell, "You licked his feet!" until I thought I was going to scream. The *ménage à trois* was his idea, not mine or his friend's. Can you explain why my boyfriend is acting this way?—Miss B. D., Dallas, Texas.

Fantasy comes from the strong part of your sexuality, jealousy from the weak. The two halves almost never communicate with each other until it's too late. Ask your boyfriend what it was about the specific act that bothered him. Or just say, "Why don't you take your foot out of your mouth and let me put it in mine?" The two of you covered a lot of ground in a month—you may have just discovered that you aren't on the same wave length, after all.

Shopping for a camera is enough to drive even a technophile over the edge. The new auto-focus, auto-exposure, auto-everything cameras now boast something called automatic exposure bracketing. You can set the camera to take a picture at the proper exposure,

and then a series of under- and overexposed shots. It seems to me that the only people this will make happy are the film companies—you eat film at three to seven times the pace. Do your photographers use automatic exposure bracketing?—D. Q., Atlanta, Georgia.

Most Playboy *shoots occur in a controlled environment. Once the lighting is set up and metered, the photographer sets the exposure and concentrates on composition, communicating with the model, etc. Even in outdoor settings, most tend to work the exposure out for the given shot. When you are paid to pay attention to light, this becomes a point of pride and not an insignificant skill. In shifting conditions—backlit shots or where the rising or setting sun is playing havoc with the light—our photographers will bracket, but usually by hand. In our style of photography, the decisive moment lasts for hours. (We create a mood and work within that.) Other photographers don't have our leeway. The automatic bracketing is fast enough to offer insurance to people who have to catch a shot—the winning goal, the tossing of the bouquet, baby's first credit-card purchase, a speaker's finest moment. Before you buy, review your own requirements. If you shoot black-and-white film, it has a lot of latitude—you can save the shot in the lab. If you shoot color film, exposure is more critical. You may welcome the insurance of bracketing. One final word: As long as you can turn the feature off, it doesn't hurt to have it.*

I have a question regarding tequila etiquette. When doing shots, I lick the salt off my hand, drink a shot of tequila, then suck a lemon. Now I see various T-shirts touting, LICK IT, SUCK IT, SHOOT IT, while others exhort, LICK IT, SHOOT IT, SUCK IT. What is the correct way to drink tequila?—M. S., Berea, Kentucky.

Tequila etiquette is a contradiction in terms. Most of the surviving experts say the proper sequence is lick, shoot, suck—either a lemon or a lime.

When my boyfriend found that by caressing my clitoris correctly he could make me giggle as I climaxed, he got hooked on making me laugh in bed. Now he teases me with feathers. We've tried different types, but the best is a fan made of feathers that, when kept closed, makes an amazing tickler. My boyfriend uses it on me from head to toe. Of course, certain parts get special attention. He holds my arms over my head and runs the fan from one nipple to the other and back again until I'm nearly breathless, then across my ribs and belly down to my clitoris. This is followed by the hottest boffing session you could imagine. If there were anything better than this, I'd never live through it. The one problem is that the combination of body oils, perspiration and other natural juices eventually destroys the feathers. Washing the fan stiffens them. Do you have any advice on how to keep my ticklers soft and pliable? Finding feathers with the right features—soft edges with a stiff spine—is difficult. Any suggestions?—Miss K. O., Miami, Florida.

Sure. Use a live bird; it is self-cleaning. Just kidding. We've heard good reports about badminton shuttlecocks (the nonplastic variety), volley birds and feather boas. When you find something that works, buy a dozen. For cleaning, take your fan to a professional dry cleaner and ask him to hand-clean it with perchloroethylene (the recommended solvent for ostrich feathers).

I recently attended a party where the host had programed an entire evening of great dance music. When I went over to his entertainment center, I got the shock of my life. The only source for the music was his VCR. He had recorded on video tape! Have you ever heard of this?—B. P., Dallas, Texas.

The first we heard of it was an article on making esoteric tape anthologies that ran in Stereo Review. *Many VCRs have better sound than a middle-of-the-road cassette deck. If you set the VCR at SLP, you can tape up to six hours of audio—just route your signal through the audio inputs on the back of the VCR.*

My girlfriend is very ticklish. The slightest touch makes her move with the quickness of a cat. She tries to contain herself but is always unsuccessful. When we are sexually close, the slightest touch of her stomach, arms, thighs, breasts,

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MUKAI

etc., makes her move abruptly. This can really ruin the mood. Is she trying to pull away? Is it me? Please help us.—C. T., Little Rock, Arkansas.

Some people embrace ticklishness (and enjoy the loss of control—see earlier letter), while for others, it reveals a struggle for control. No one can tickle himself. You might try something called hand riding. Have her place her hand on top of yours. She can move your hand from her shoulder to her breast, across her belly, down her thighs—at her own pace. She can convey to you when a light touch is desired, when a heavy touch is preferred. You should be able to outwit the flinch mechanism and move on to full-body contact.

I am a female with a question that's not a problem. My partners say they have never experienced a situation like this before: When I'm lying on my back having an orgasm, I arch strongly—enough to lift my partner for the duration of the climax. Is this common?—Miss J. O., Denver, Colorado.

It's called myotonia, or muscle tension. In "For Each Other," therapist Lonnie Barbach describes the range of motion: "As sexual tension mounts, the body becomes more and more tense. Some women find that their legs begin to vibrate, their hands and feet may tense up; in some cases, a woman's back may arch, her pelvic area or her whole body may begin to move up and down, back and forth or in a circular motion. She might find that she is breathing heavily or panting. Meanwhile, sighs or moans may involuntarily escape her lips. Some women misinterpret this tension to mean that they are feeling anxious rather than recognizing it as an appropriate response to the build-up of sexual pleasure. While these signs of increased sexual tension are typical, all of them are rarely experienced by one woman." It's nice to know that since Gilley's closed down and retired the mechanical bull, your partners have been lucky to find a replacement.

A few months ago, you suggested in a response to a reader that radar-detector detectors were a mind game. Now my latest newsletter from RADAR (Radio Association Defending Airwave Rights, Inc.) tells me that our paranoia was justified. They are out to get us. According to the newsletter, the Canadians have invented a device called Interceptor VG-2 that can detect the presence of operating radar detectors. Yikes! Say it isn't so.—C. C., Putnam, Connecticut.

The safety Nazis have a new toy. The Insurance Institute for Highway Safety apparently took an Interceptor VG-2 and turned it on vehicles. It found that 40 percent of the trucks tested used detectors. According to RADAR, the institute found that "30 percent of detector-equipped tractor trailers were traveling in excess of 65 mph on 55-mph interstate highways, while 16 percent of detectorless trucks were exceeding 65 mph. The percentages exceeding 70 mph were six percent among detector-using trucks and three percent without." You can read these statistics several ways. Having a detector makes it twice as likely that you will speed. Or that the majority of truck drivers—with or without detectors—drive within the limit. The study did not establish that speed (or the presence of detectors) contributed to accidents. The Interceptor gives law enforcement a tool to enforce laws prohibiting detectors. We might suggest it be used for prostate exams. For more information, subscribe to the "RADAR Reporter" (write to 4949 South 25A, Tipp City, Ohio 45371, or call 513-667-5472). The newsletter costs $20 a year.

My girlfriend refuses to use a vibrator. She said that she tried one once but that it ruined sex for her, giving her the female equivalent of premature ejaculation. Is she abnormal? Should I try to persuade her to use one?—R. C., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

In the second edition of "Human Sexuality," sex researchers Masters, Johnson and Kolodny warn about the down side of vibrators: "The vibrator's intensity helps many women reach orgasm quickly and easily during self-stimulation. For this reason, the vibrator has become a popular teaching aid for women who have never experienced orgasm. Even for women who have no difficulty reaching orgasms on their own, the reliable and rather effortless use of the vibrator is often a matter of convenience and satisfaction. However, the 'instant orgasm' of the vibrator-induced variety may create problems. If a woman consistently uses intense mechanical means to achieve orgasm quickly, she will not appreciate the various stages of build-up to her release of sexual tension. Her pleasure may actually diminish, leaving her with a sense of restlessness or frustration. A woman who fails to be orgasmic with a partner the first time she tries, after long and continued success with a vibrator, could incorrectly interpret that failure as evidence of her own sexual inadequacy. She may not realize that another person cannot duplicate the focused physical stimulation of the vibrator and she may overlook other possible explanations of this situation—not relating well to her partner (or vice versa), being self-conscious or nervous or trying too hard. In addition, some women seem to feel that orgasms resulting from vibrators are 'artificial' and therefore not as good as the 'authentic' version." One out of four women prefers vibrators for masturbation; almost half let their fingers do the walking. Don't try to persuade your girlfriend to change or you'll create a problem when there is none.

I like hot food—the hotter the better. I came across a mustard in a Japanese restaurant that made smoke come out of my ears. I loved it. How do I go about getting some so I can smoke away at home?—T. S., Boulder, Colorado.

What you're talking about is the Japanese condiment wasabi. It's not mustard, nor is it horseradish (which it resembles) but the root of a riverside plant. Wasabi may be obtained in specialty food shops and in retail food outlets catering to Asians. It comes in two forms: a thick paste in a jar, fully prepared and ready to use, and a powder that has to be prepared before use. Directions are given on the package.

Most advice columnists argue against having sex with a co-worker. My company does not have an explicit policy outlawing such affairs, but common sense dictates that special care be taken. Have you ever published guidelines for dating within a company?—J. K., Detroit, Michigan.

We came across some rules in "Winning Office Politics," by Andrew DuBrin: 1. Act very professional with one another. Avoid any public displays of affection. 2. Don't waste time or publicize your relationship by making frequent calls or sending love notes through electronic mail to each other. 3. Maintain a high level of productivity so that you can't be accused of having your romance negatively affect your performance. 4. Don't arrive and leave with your lover, and don't rave about your off-work trysts together to co-workers. 5. Be especially discreet if you're on a business trip together and there are other company members present. Take separate rooms, preferably on different floors. 6. Don't have lunch together too often—eat with other co-workers more frequently than with each other. 7. Consider keeping your relationship a secret unless it's a committed one. Don't be the subject of office gossip for a short-term fling. 8. If you feel the relationship is a committed one but don't want to sacrifice your job, transfer to a different department or division. 9. Remember that a mediocre relationship is worth less than one great job. Don't proceed beyond the first date if you are convinced the relationship won't last three weeks. Why break an organizational taboo for a brief surge of excitement, followed by a sense of embarrassment and defeat? 10. Remember that a great relationship is worth more than one mediocre job. For other guidelines to office sex, see "Sexual Harassment" in this month's "Playboy Forum."

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

Hear Playmates' dating experiences and have them answer your dating questions and more on the Playboy Hotline. Call ***1-900-740-3311*** *today; only two dollars per minute.*

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN ADOLESCENCE AND RESPONSIBILITY.

FRIDAY, 7 P.M.

At the end of a hectic week, just the thought of getting on the highway should be enough to give you goose bumps. With that in mind, we've built a car for you. The Volkswagen Corrado. Its G60 supercharged, intercooled engine will really get your adrenalin pumping. And its speed-activated spoiler automatically extends at 45 mph to help you keep things steady. But you've got obligations. Friends, a dog, maybe some kids. Not to worry, we've built a car for you. The Volkswagen Corrado. It comes standard with air-conditioning, AM/FM stereo cassette, disc brakes and a height-adjustable steering column. And it has room for four adults with their luggage. You won't see mony cars that look like this one. Corrado is handcrafted at the exclusive Karmann Coachworks. No detail has been spared. Like every Volkswagen, Corrado lets you experience Fahrvergnügen. Its power and spirit will excite you. Its versotility and practicality will make you feel secure. And the combination will provide you with an exhilarating Fahrvergnügen experience. But be forewarned. You may never want the weekend to end.

FAHRVERGNÜGEN. IT'S WHAT MAKES A CAR A VOLKSWAGEN.

Seatbelts save lives. Don't drink and drive.

©1990 Volkswagen. For details, call 1-800-444-VWUS.

J&B

Ordering a J&B.

J&B Scotch Whisky. Blended and bottled in Scotland by Justerini & Brooks, fine wine and spirit merchants since 1749.

J&B Blended Scotch Whisky, 43% Alc. by Vol., Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Ft. Lee, NJ © 1990.

SEXUAL HARASSMENT

when does policy become propaganda?

In the beginning was the word, and the word was the E.E.O.C. In 1980, the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission issued guidelines on sexual harassment to help corporations conform to the fair employment practices detailed in Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

The E.E.O.C. distinguishes between two types of sexual harassment. The most obvious type of harassment is called *quid pro quo*—something for something. Imagine a scenario in which a woman is coerced into sex with an employer in order to avoid suspension, demotion or termination. "Meet me after work in my office (apartment, whatever)," the script runs, "and you'll keep your job."

It is a situation we rightly think of as wrong, ugly, an abuse of power, as unsubtle as a rapist wielding a knife or a teenager threatening to abandon a date on a highway unless she puts out. From the victim's standpoint, a supervisor represents the power structure. She may have no recourse when conflicts arise and may rightfully fear reprisal if she does complain. E.E.O.C. policy and case law justly make the corporation liable for the acts of its supervisors. (For interesting test cases, see the accompanying article by Robert Giddings.)

The E.E.O.C. also recognizes a second, subtler type of harassment called "environmental." A hostile sexual environment occurs, goes a 1988 elaboration, "[when] unwelcome sexual conduct unreasonably interfer[es] with an individual's job performance or creates an 'intimidating, hostile or offensive working environment'. . . even if it leads to no tangible or economic job consequences." In the first category, *quid pro quo*, sex is the goal of the harassment; in the second, it is the tool of the harassment.

The E.E.O.C. felt it crucial to fine-tune its definition of sexual harassment: "Only unwelcome sexual conduct that is a term or condition of employment constitutes a violation."

"Because sexual attraction may often play a role in the day-to-day social exchange between employees," wrote the commission, "'the distinction between invited, uninvited but welcome, offensive but tolerated and flatly rejected' sexual advances may well be difficult to discern . . . but this distinction is essential, because sexual conduct becomes unlawful only when it is unwelcome . . . 'in the sense that the employee did not solicit or incite it, and in the sense that the employee regarded the conduct as undesirable or offensive.'"

Emphatically, the E.E.O.C. stressed that harassment should be evaluated from the standpoint of a reasonable person: *"Title VII does not serve 'as a vehicle for vindicating the petty slights suffered by the hypersensitive.'"*

Pretty strong language—even for the Feds—but not strong enough. Despite the E.E.O.C.'s stringent efforts to draft clear guidelines that nearly anybody could understand and despite its attempt to deter those who would misuse the guidelines, sexual harassment is now the latest bogeyman for the hypersensitive elite—antisex feminists and corporate lawyers who fear lawsuits of any kind, even the unjustified.

THE NEW SEX POLICE

John Leo, a columnist for *U.S. News & World Report*, was one of the first to call attention to the new Big Brother/Big Sister sex police: "Driven by feminist ideology, we have constantly extended the definition of what constitutes illicit male behavior. Very ambiguous incidents are now routinely flattened out into male predation."

"The code," Leo explains, "is a rich compost of antisex messages: Males are predatory; sex is so dangerous that chitchat about it can get you brought up on charges; hormone-driven gazing at girls will bring the adult world down on your neck. The most harmful message, perhaps, is that women are victims, incapable of dismissing creeps with a simple 'Buzz off, Bozo.' They must be encouraged to run to the administration and say, 'Someone was looking at me.'"

Sexual-harassment propaganda has created a new class of victims and an entirely new class of perpetrators. Consider the following hypothetical situations, gleaned from a *Working Woman* survey of some Fortune 500 companies:

"A manager is having an affair with her boss but wants to break up. He says that she will not get the promotion she's been expecting if she does so." Almost everyone surveyed—99.5 percent—called the incident sexual harassment; 98 percent called it severe.

"A female worker repeatedly is patted on the behind by a male co-worker." One hundred percent of the people who responded to the survey thought this was sexual harassment; 87 percent called it severe.

"Two men and a woman enter an elevator. The men make comments about the woman's anatomy." Again, 99.5 percent called it sexual harassment; almost

half—46.5 percent—called it severe.

"A male supervisor asks a female staff member out on a date. Although she refuses, he continues to ask her." Ninety-seven percent said it was harassment; 23 percent thought it severe.

The lynch-mob mentality evident in the survey seems to suggest that all sex is unwanted. There are scenarios that fit the last two incidents, for example, that could be intended not as harassment—complimenting a woman returning from the gym on her abs or a woman returning from the hair salon on her new style; or repeating an offer for dinner to a co-worker who said she was busy the first time.

SURVEY SILLINESS

The lazy, all-inclusive definition of sexual harassment makes most surveys virtually useless. They make for great headlines; they contribute to the appearance of an epidemic, but they are also hopelessly skewed.

For example, a survey of women employees of the city of Los Angeles found that 31 percent had been victims of sexual harassment during one year. Mayor Tom Bradley called in the cavalry: He hired outside specialists to draw up a harassment program.

Did the survey indicate that all of those women had been coerced into having sex by a supervisor? Hardly—seven percent had experienced "propositions," seven percent "physical contact," 15 percent sexual references, 14 percent "profane language" and nine percent "offensive visual material." Furthermore, not all of the harassment came from co-workers—some was from the public (do meter maids view the motorist who gives them the finger as a sexual harasser?).

A study by the Project on the Status and Education of Women of the Association of American Colleges found that 20 to 30 percent of undergraduate women claim to have been victims of sexual harassment; the figure rises to 30 to 40 percent for graduate students. And only two percent of undergraduate women had ever experienced direct threats or bribes for sexual favors.

The *Working Woman* study, for all its hoopla, reported that 90 percent of the companies had received *one* complaint in 1988. Overall, the complaints averaged 1.4 per 1000 working women.

In the decade since the category was created, 38,500 cases have been filed with the E.E.O.C. It does not break that figure down into *quid pro quo* versus hostile-environment cases. It does not keep a win/lose record, so we have no way of knowing how many complaints are valid.

SEX ED: 1990

A well-intentioned policy has been subverted by propagandists. As Leo pointed out, this stern new "femino-puritanism seems to be reaching down into the high schools." If you are a student at Amherst-Pelham Regional School District in Massachusetts, you live under the protective umbrella of a school policy that states: "Sexual harassment is *unwanted* sexual attention from peers, teachers, staff or anyone the victim may interact with in order to fulfill school duties where the victim's responses may be restrained for fear of reprisals."

Good enough so far. But then the

SURVEY RESULTS

SEXUAL HARASSMENT IN THE FORTUNE 500

How top policymakers at America's giant corporations see (or refuse to see) the harassment of women employees: A major report from a groundbreaking new survey.

policy lists the following prohibited behaviors: "Staring or leering with sexual overtones. Spreading sexual gossip. Unwanted sexual comments. Pressure for sexual activity. Any unwanted contact of a sexual nature." The code makes being a teenager against the law.

Leo phoned the superintendent. "How much gazing or leering would it take to be brought up on sexual-harassment charges? There is no time limit, he said. A single stare might do it.

"And what if a student told a friend, 'I think Marcie and Allen have something going'? 'That would qualify as sexual harassment,' the superintendent replied."

So for staring at the object of his desire, a student faces the dreaded parent conference, the prospect of apologizing to his heartthrob or detention, suspension or expulsion or referred to the police. This is sex education in the Nineties—the message is that all sexual yearning is criminal. It creates a network of snitches and sex police. The final arbiter of your freedom is someone who runs to the principal's office to squeal.

COLLEGE DAZE

It doesn't get any better in college. During opening week at Yale, incoming students receive a brochure explaining the existence of the Yale College Grievance Board for Student Complaints of Sexual Harassment. It says, "Sexual harassment is antithetical to academic values and to a work environment free from the fact or appearance of coercion. . . . Sexual harassment consists of nonconsensual sexual advances, requests for sexual favors or other verbal or physical conduct on or off campus. . . . Sexual harassment may be found in a single episode as well as in persistent behavior." Need more? The brochure goes on. "It would be difficult to describe the many and varied circumstances that constitute sexual harassment. In some instances, sexual harassment is obvious and may involve an overt action, a threat or a reprisal. In other instances, sexual harassment is subtle and indirect, possibly even unintentional with a coercive aspect that is unstated. . . . [If they are confused,] students are encouraged to discuss their concerns with a member of the grievance board."

Last year, three women students in a French class watched a video tape of a Parisian pick-up artist flirting with a beautiful girl sitting on a park bench. Later, the teacher asked members of the class to pretend they were picking up a pretty woman in the park. The three students filed a sexual-harassment grievance with the university. They charged that the course was so sexist it interfered with their ability to learn the language. "You're seeing the video tape through a male gaze," harrumphed a female teaching assistant to *The New York Times*. Supporters say that the camera "lingers on the actress' chest and bare legs."

NINE TO FIVE

The so-called real world isn't much better. In reaction to a few well-publicized lawsuits, corporations have rushed through sexual-harassment policies and guidelines—designed to cover the corporation's ass, not yours. An entire industry of specialists has arisen to conduct training programs. The new etiquette culled from one seminar outlaws "sexual teasing, jokes, remarks or gestures, pressure for dates, letters, phone calls or material of a sexual nature, sexually suggestive looks or gestures, deliberate touching, leaning over, cornering or pinching, pressure for sexual favors, actual or attempted rape or sexual assault." Notice

how the list of what could be normal courtship behavior is lashed to the anchor of actual abuse. If you can't court in school or at work, what's left?

Zealots have turned sexual-harassment guidelines into weapons of censorship. The San Diego Fire Department, for example, told its personnel that "no person shall knowingly place, maintain or display or allow or cause to be placed, maintained or displayed in any fire-department work site . . . any pictorial material which exposes to the view of unwilling fellow employees: any statement or words describing sexual conduct, sex organs or excrement where such statements or words have as their purpose or effect sexual arousal, gratification or affront, or which create or tend to create a hostile work environment, or any picture or illustration depicting nudity or sexual conduct where such picture or illustration has as its purpose or effect sexual arousal, gratification or affront or which creates or tends to create a hostile work environment."

MIXED MESSAGE

Enough is enough. An aggressively vehement sexual-harassment policy, whether in the workplace, on campus or in high school, spreads a message that there is something intrinsically evil about male sexuality. It preaches that men must keep their reactions (and their erections) bottled up tightly, that any remnant of that sexuality (in the form of a look, a comment, a gesture, even a declaration of interest) is potentially dangerous, hurtful and, now, criminal.

Think about the potential effect on women. Instead of empowering them, such codes seem to send an almost Victorian message—that women are weak, frail, neurasthenic creatures who could be irreparably traumatized by a stray comment. Yes, workplace sexual harassment exists—and it can be a problem. It appears most often as a sustained campaign (often in a newly integrated yet still mostly male workplace such as a construction site). There, the perpetrators know they are making a woman's work highly unpleasant but persist, often with the goal of driving her from her job. Still, these situations can be handled just as well by the existing laws and workplace codes designed to ensure civility and to punish the abuse of power in coercive sex. There will always be rude individuals and downright assholes. Must we all be bound by their restraining rope?

The coed workplace is here to stay. Let it be one where men and women feel free to be themselves, a place where a full human spectrum (masculinity, femininity, humor and affection) is expressed.

—STEPHANIE GUTMANN, author of "Date Rape," *Playboy Forum*, October 1990

YOU BE THE JUDGE

How much do you really know about sexual harassment? What follows are actual case scenarios. Did sexual harassment occur? If so, what relief did the court order?

YOU DECIDE

1. A male supervisor sat on his female subordinates' laps, made lewd comments and touched their knees. He licked one woman's glasses and suggested what else he could do with his tongue. He told other women that he hadn't had any sex lately and made jokes about the length of his penis.

He teased one subordinate about the size of her breasts and remarked in the presence of others that women "have shit for brains" and "should be barefoot and pregnant."

Other employees told dirty stories and jokes at each other's offices. There, some of the women would roll up a male supervisor's pants legs, roll down his socks, untie his shoes and snap his waistband and belt. The supervisor had sex on the premises with one of his female subordinates and had sex with a second on a business trip.

The plaintiff took no part in this activity but was exposed to it. She sued. Did she win?

ANSWER: Yes. Witnesses testified that the sexual activities were unwelcome. However, because the plaintiff did not demonstrate any tangible loss as a result of her supervisor's conduct, the court awarded her only one dollar in damages.

2. A male company president touched the plaintiff's shoulder and rubbed her arm and back, hugged her and, on one occasion, put his hand under her coat and fondled her breast—behavior that the plaintiff did not welcome. Beyond that, he made no sexual overtures. "This world needs a lot more touching," the supervisor explained. "[It] is a friendly thing, a way of saying I like you." Some female employees found his touching offensive; others thought it indicated a warm family atmosphere. The plaintiff complained and was told to either be silent or be fired. She resigned and sued.

Did she win?

ANSWER: Yes. The plaintiff established a *quid pro quo* claim, because the company conditioned her employment on her tolerating the conduct. Also, the number of incidents was sufficient to create an intimidating and hostile work environment. The court awarded damages of more than $33,000.

3. The plaintiff worked for a chain of fashion stores. She voluntarily

engaged in sexual relations with the president of the company at least once before she left in 1978. She was rehired again in 1982, having since married, and this time refused his overtures. Later, she found a sealed envelope on her desk marked PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL; it contained a newspaper report on a seminar about "extramarital affairs without guilt" and $7.50 in cash. During her business trips with the president, he often entered her hotel room wearing a bathrobe and attempted to climb into her bed or asked her to shower with him. Once, wearing a bathrobe, he attempted to massage her neck and body and get her to lie down with him. Another time, he gave her a pornographic magazine.

When the plaintiff balked at accompanying him on any more trips, the president threatened to fire her. Her health deteriorated. She resigned and sued.

Did the plaintiff win?

ANSWER: Yes. She proved sexual harassment by showing that her employer's conduct created a hostile environment.

4. The plaintiff was a 33-year-old single woman employed by a large metropolitan housing authority. During her probation, her supervisor touched her knee, arm and shoulder, kissed her on the neck and called her a "jerk, scatterbrain and dingbat." A week later, he again kissed her on the neck and she protested. He threatened to fail her on her probation report. The following day, the supervisor suggested they meet outside the office and again tried to kiss her. This time, she hit him with a ruler and knocked his glasses off. On a later review, the supervisor gave her an unsatisfactory performance rating. She sued.

Did the plaintiff win?

ANSWER: Yes. The court found a hostile environment. But it awarded only attorney's fees and not damages, because the plaintiff failed to prove pain and suffering or any wage loss. The court did order the housing authority to reassign the plaintiff to a new supervisor and to ensure that she would not be harassed again. This case illustrates that a "tough" victim, who is not overtly harmed by sexual harassment, may not collect much.

5. The plaintiff lost out on a promotion to supervisory nurse when the position was awarded to another woman who was having an affair with the chief medical officer. The plaintiff proved that her work surpassed that of the other woman, who had a record of unprofessional and dishonest conduct. She could not directly prove that the two had had sex. However, witnesses supported her story. She sued, claiming that having sex with a supervisor constituted a term or condition of promotion.

Did the plaintiff win?

ANSWER: Yes. The court held that a woman could prove sexual harassment by showing that an atmosphere of sexual conduct so permeated the workplace that promotion was based on dispensing sexual favors rather than on merit. It was not necessary to prove that actual sexual intercourse had taken place; testimony that the two held hands and kissed sufficed. The court awarded the plaintiff her promotion, back pay and consideration of other relief. In similar cases, other courts have disagreed.

6. A fellow supervisor customarily made obscene comments about women and directed some of them to the plaintiff. Management was aware of his vulgarity but chose not to interfere. Other male employees displayed nude or seminude posters of women in their offices. One desk plaque read, EVEN MALE CHAUVINIST PIGS NEED LOVE. This supervisor regularly referred to women as "whores," "cunt," "pussy" and "tits." He said, referring to the plaintiff, "All that bitch needs is a good lay" and called her a "fat ass." She was terminated.

"The United States Supreme Court ruled that 'voluntary' sex is not necessarily 'welcome' sex."

Did the plaintiff win?

ANSWER: No. The court found that the obscenities, though annoying, did not seriously affect the plaintiff or other female employees. The posters, the court ruled, were not outrageous in the context of a society that condones erotica in movies and at the newsstands. One judge dissented, in part, arguing that the obscenities did create an antifemale and hostile environment.

7. The plaintiff, an employee at a mining camp, charged her supervisor with the following acts of sexual harassment: (1) He invited her to an out-of-state football game; she declined; (2) he invited her to the company cabin for a drink; she declined; (3) he appeared in her office to take a telephone call with only a towel wrapped around his waist and suggested that she scrub his back; she declined; (4) he persistently told explicit and suggestive jokes and stories in front of her, even though she requested that he not do so; and (5) he told her that he dreamed of being with or married to a dark-haired, slender woman like the plaintiff. She went on maternity leave, and when she informed the company of her return date, was told that no position was available. The plaintiff was then discharged.

Did she win?

ANSWER: No. The alleged acts of sexual harassment were not intended as acts of harassment, and there was no connection between them and her termination.

8. The plaintiff started as a bank teller and eventually rose to assistant branch manager solely on merit. She then alleged that her branch manager took her to dinner and invited her to a motel for sex. She resisted, but he told her she "owed" him, because he had originally hired her. They had sex at the motel, and then 40 or 50 times over the next two years in the bank vault and other rooms, during and after business hours. She testified that the branch manager also fondled her breasts and buttocks, sometimes in public, and exposed himself in the ladies' room. He promised her a promotion. The plaintiff never complained about his conduct to anyone at the bank, claiming that she was afraid of him. The branch manager denied any sexual relationship, claiming that the plaintiff had fabricated the story because of a job-related argument between the two. He discharged the plaintiff when she failed to return from indefinite sick leave. The plaintiff sued.

Did she win?

ANSWER: Yes. The United States Supreme Court ruled that "voluntary" sex is not necessarily "welcome" sex; a woman can have sex against her will, for example, out of fear. The Court left open the possibility that the bank might be held liable, even if its officers had no knowledge of the incidents.

—ROBERT GIDDING, an employment lawyer in Philadelphia

THE LADY IN THE LOCKER ROOM

welcome to the club

On September 17, 1990, several New England Patriots football players allegedly hung their genitals out to dry in front of *Boston Herald* jock scribe Lisa Olson in the Patriots' locker room. One of the players may or may not have said, "Is this what you want? Is this what you're looking for?"

Olson averted her eyes, staring at the carpet. "Several of them approached me, positioned themselves inches away from my face and dared me to touch their private parts. I refused to give them the satisfaction of looking up, though I can positively say one of them was Zeke Mowatt." Mowatt passed a lie-detector test but was fined $2000, anyway.

Olson took to the warpath in print and on television, repeating her litany: "I felt humiliated, degraded. I've called it mind rape. I felt violated, disgusted; I was ready to scream, to cry or throw up." She threatened, and later filed, a lawsuit charging sexual harassment.

Olson, who says she never wanted to be the story, became the story and a feminist *cause célèbre*. The National Organization for Women declared her victim of the moment and announced a boycott against Patriots owner Victor Kiam's Remington shavers.

The press had a field day. Mary Garber, the first woman reporter allowed in a men's locker room, sniffed, "There is no reason why women can't be in the dressing room without any embarrassment to themselves or the athletes. Why can't athletes put towels around their waists or wear bathrobes?"

Sports Illustrated reporter Ron Fimrite was vehement: Locker rooms should be off limits to writers, forcing journalists to bring the game alive through the power of their prose (of course, he works on a weekly deadline).

Chicago Tribune columnist Bob Greene checked in with a solution: Have both the reporters and the subjects disrobe. Why stop with sportswriters? Imagine the trend—Deborah Norville doing celebrity puff pieces *au naturel*. On the other hand, the vision of Ted Koppel and Jesse Helms debating in the raw indicates that this is not a solution.

The point that is being missed is that the locker room is players' turf; anybody from the outside is considered an intruder and treated like one. It is a justifiably hostile environment. Can you think of any other profession where, as you dress or undress for work, you are surrounded by scores of people, many of whom you've never met, asking you sometimes inane or pointed questions you don't want to answer, particularly if you or the team is in a slump? Confession may be good for the soul; the locker-room interview is demonstrably not. If you clam up, you're called surly. If you shoot your mouth off, you may say something the cold reality of print won't let you forget.

Everyone wants to feel special, but, Lisa, what happened to you was, I'm afraid, just routine, and any reporter who has been around knows it. Oakland columnist Dave Newhouse tells of an incident a few years back involving an Oakland Raiders star who was peeved about an item the reporter had penned the previous day. After dogging Newhouse mercilessly in the locker room, the player kept at it on the plane heading home. In front of his teammates and the rest of the passengers, the player yelled at the top of his lungs, "Newhouse, you want to suck my genitals! You want to suck 'em!"

Deadpanned Newhouse, "Hey, man, I would never stoop so low."

I remember a moment from my early years when I was interviewing then–Detroit Tigers superstar Ron LeFlore. I was the first long-haired, non-leisure-suited reporter on the beat and took some heat. One of their so-called relief pitchers daintily proffered on his index finger a pair of pink scented women's panties. "Are these yours?" he asked. "Someone told me they belonged to you."

In an inspired moment, one of those in which God watches out for madmen and little children, I grabbed the panties from his finger, sniffed them inside and out and handed them back. "Naah," I said. "These belong to your momma. I remember the perfume from last night."

To say that Olson was singled out because she was a woman is a phony notion—she was getting equal treatment. As Robert Lipsyte said in *The New York Times*, "Most athletes think all reporters are girls, anyway."

Gene Upshaw, executive director of the N.F.L. Players' Association, focused on the real issue—the rights of players. Owners treat them like plantation slaves; reporters treat them the way piranha treat pigs that fall into the Amazon. "People deserve to be treated with respect and dignity whether they are male or female, pro football players or members of the media," said Upshaw. "N.F.L. players should be afforded absolute privacy in their locker rooms. They should not be expected or required to participate in media interviews unless fully clothed. The most reasonable accommodation of the needs of the media and the needs of the players is to provide a separate area, removed from the locker room, where all players would be available on an equal basis to all accredited members of the media, male or female."

—KEN KELLEY

© KING FEATURES.

READER

DOUBLE STANDARD OR *MACHO* MYOPIA?

While it was flattering to find the Sarah Murnen, Annette Perot and Donn Byrne survey discussed in the November *Playboy Forum* ("Date Rape: Part II"), our enthusiasm was somewhat diminished by the presence of such pejorative terms as double standard and bias. Although our investigation dealt only with females, that limitation does not in any way imply that males cannot also be victims. In general, there has been greater interest in female victims of rape, sexual harassment, incest and various other sexual crimes because (whatever the explanation) the perpetrators of such acts are preponderantly male, whereas the targets are preponderantly female. This fact represents not an instance of double standards but of gender differences. More disturbing is the apparent bias of your writer in describing our work as well as that of Mary P. Koss, Christine A. Gidycz and Nadine Wisniewski. He (or possibly she) clearly assumes that date rape is a misnomer unless the interaction includes the use of physical force or the threat of such force. It is further suggested that in order to qualify as a criminal act rather than merely unwanted sex, the experience must be described as a rape by the target person. *Playboy*'s coverage of this topic does more harm than good when it serves to perpetuate the sophomoric *machismo* myth that no great harm is done unless unwilling sexual partners are coerced by physical means. Acquaintance rape (and, more generally, sexual harassment) seldom fits that description. The basic point of most educational campaigns designed to discourage coercive sexuality is to convince both the perpetrators and the victims that employing emotional, economic or psychological pressure, making false professions of love, using alcohol to reduce resistance and other sexually callous techniques are as unacceptable as any of the more primitive, coercive acts. If ethical and moral concerns fail to persuade the instigator to stop when the other person says no, legal remedies are now available to punish the offender. Our civilization has gradually reached the conclusion that all is not fair in either love or war.

Donn Byrne, Ph.D., President-Elect
Society for the Scientific Study of Sex
University at Albany
Albany, New York

You missed the point. If you expand the term rape to include all unwanted sex (which you apparently do), then you must recognize the Muehlenhard-Cook study that shows that both sexes experience roughly equal amounts of unwanted sex. So much for your theory of a preponderance of male perpetrators and female targets. We suspect that you are more interested in female victims because it plays to all of the old ethics—that females need protection, that unwanted sex is really wanted by males, that male sexuality is predatory and that sex is harmful to women (because it traumatizes them, spoils their virtue, reduces their self-esteem—if self-esteem can be measured only by abstinence or virginity—whatever the jargon of the times). There are ways of looking at college courtship rituals—as opposed to coercive sex—that do not use the words perpetrator or victim, that do not invoke the old patriarchal need to punish sexual experimentation, that are balanced and objective. The revolution that allowed such a view is neither sophomoric nor mere machismo *myth (your bias is showing). What you've produced is great political science, not social science. It fits the prevailing propaganda—which you call education. We are not callous about rape—we think it such a serious offense that we don't want to see the term trivialized by applying it to all forms of sexual negotiation.*

FOR THE RECORD

THE MASTER'S VOICE

"WEA [Warner/Electra/Asylum records] and others: You will either listen to me or you will listen to Luther and Sinéad and Axl and Frank, as in Zappa. Government is listening to the parents I have listened to, and you need to know that these parents will use government, through law enforcement and civil litigation, to hit you upside the head unless you use your head.

"All your clever lawyers cannot erase the consequences of distributing obscenity to children whose parents are appropriately armed for revenge."

—JACK THOMPSON, Florida-based attorney and instigator of the 2 Live Crew obscenity investigation, in a commentary for *Billboard* magazine

TAKING ON TANNER

I truly enjoyed your article "What Kind of Man Hates Sex?" (*The Playboy Forum*, November). I can tell you that state's attorney John Tanner has bitten off more than he can chew. Video dealers and concerned citizens across central Florida have organized Friends of the First Amendment to oppose censorship. The amount of negative publicity Tanner has attracted in his antiporn crusade has been directly responsible for the thrashing of fundamentalist candidates at the polls. Video dealers have conducted voter-registration drives and are fighting back.

David Wasserman, Executive Director
Friends of the First Amendment
Altamonte Springs, Florida

NC-17 NIXED

I see that only days after the Motion Picture Association of America approved the NC-17 rating, a movie theater in Dedham, Massachusetts, was forced to cancel a showing of *Henry & June*, the first movie to receive the new NC-17 stamp. Dedham selectman Frank Geishecker told the press that he would consider revoking the theater's license if it showed the sexually explicit film but added, "We are not censors. All we care is that we preserve the community standards of

the town of Dedham." I disagree heartily with Geishecker's statement. By any definition, he and his fellow assemblymen *are* censors. The act of preventing a movie from being shown simply because the board is offended by its content seems to me to be a crowning act of censorship. I feel sorry for the townspeople of Dedham. Are they so ignorant that they need politicians to tell them what movies they can watch?

Donald Vaughan
Greenacres, Florida

2 LIVE CREW UNSHACKLED

I'm sure that *Playboy* readers will rejoice at the not-guilty verdict turned in by a jury of old ladies and young white males in the 2 Live Crew trial. The prosecution was a waste of taxpayers' money, a comedy of errors from the start. I was encouraged when the jury asked the court for permission to laugh at the Keystone capers. I was offended when the prosecutor admitted that he was worried by one of the jurors, a 76-year-old sociologist. He told *The New York Times*, "She hated me. I could just feel it. She was extremely liberal. She was a sociologist and I don't like sociologists. They try to reason things out too much."

Barry Talcott
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Yeah, if you let sociologists reason things out, soon every American will want to. The Florida obscenity cases sent a mixed message: On the one hand, it appears that Luther Campbell and the boys will be able to exercise their freedom of expression. But Charles Freeman, the shopkeeper who sold their album, was found guilty. It raises the question, If a tree falls in the middle of the forest, and the record company can't get local stores to sell a CD of the event, does it make a sound? The labeling controversy has taken the pressure off the artist and put it on the middleman. The result? A loss of access to free expression.

"COPS AND ARTISTS"

I have been following the National Endowment of the Arts funding controversy and your own anticensorship campaign for some time. It appears to me that you and all the other self-righteous defenders of freedom of expression may have missed a salient point. Don't get me wrong—I love pictures of well-developed naked women, and I admire pictures of well-developed naked men and I enjoy pictures of well-developed naked men and women engaged in sexual activity. I wish you would publish more of the last. But pictures of naked five-year-old girls and boys? You seem to think that any photograph taken by a professional photographer is art. Wrong. Professionals can take photographs that are obscene by any standards. Maybe you First Amendment fanatics should consider the possibility that Robert Mapplethorpe and Jock Sturges (see "Cops and Artists," *The Playboy Forum*, November) did take some obscene pictures that don't deserve to see the light of day.

Jon K. Evans
Sherman Oaks, California

It is often said that obscenity is in the eye of the beholder. Both Mapplethorpe and Sturges saw innocence in the nakedness of children. Any reasonable person looking at their pictures would see the same thing—the jury in Cincinnati found the Mapplethorpe photos to be morally innocent. But your letter shows the same primitive, but no less legitimate, fear as the censors': You have a sexual response to pictures of naked well-developed men and women. The question is, Are you reacting to the nakedness or to the development? Obviously, most of us have a different sexual response to adults than to children. If you don't respond sexually to children, don't expect to respond to pictures of children. To label photos of children obscene simply because the subjects are naked is dangerous and destructive.

STEINBECK
GRAPES OF WRATH
PLAYBOY
Tarzan of the Apes
Edgar Rice Burroughs
Kurt Vonnegut
Welcome to the Monkey House
GEORGE CARLIN'S
CLASS CLOWN
Which One Has Been
CENSORED?
Every one of these works has been censored somewhere in the United States. Censorship comes in many forms. Whenever a school board, librarian, newspaper editor, politician, or storeowner tries to take away your right to decide what you want to see, hear, or read, that is censorship.
The American Civil Liberties Union opposes all forms of censorship. We believe people should decide for themselves. For 200 years, the right to choose what to see and hear has been our most cherished freedom.
THE CATCHER IN THE RYE
J.D. SALINGER
Little Red Riding Hood
Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary
BLACK BOY
RICHARD WRIGHT
GIVE THOSE NYMPHS SOME HOOTERS!
A DOONESBURY BOOK
ALL OF THEM
ACLU

This A.C.L.U. poster presents a new endangered-species roster of books, magazines, cartoons, albums and artwork.

Reprinted with permission of the American Civil Liberties Union. © All rights reserved.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CONDOM CAPERS

MOSCOW—*Protesting the Soviet Union's shortage of birth-control devices, members of the country's newly formed Libertarian Party gathered outside Moscow's Intourist*

Hotel and tossed hundreds of American-made condoms into the air. As scores of rubber-starved onlookers went into a feeding frenzy, the group unfurled a banner reading ONE NUCLEAR SUBMARINE EQUALS FIVE BILLION CONDOMS, *suggesting that rubbers are worth big rubles in the U.S.S.R. and that nuclear subs aren't.*

NEW YORK CITY—*Reversing previous school-board policy, and with the support of Mayor David Dinkins, Chancellor Joseph A. Fernandez is planning to distribute condoms to students in New York City's junior and senior high schools as a means of combating teenage pregnancies and the rapid spread of AIDS.*

MONTGOMERY, MARYLAND—*A dozen residents are opposing Montgomery's school-board policy allowing the display of contraceptives in sex-education classes, calling this the equivalent of handing out how-to manuals.*

ATTENTION, SHOPPERS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The use of pot and coke by teenagers is down 27 percent and 44 percent, respectively, according to a poll conducted in 1990. A national market-research firm invited teens in shopping malls to drop responses into locked boxes. Only 21 percent of teens surveyed said they had smoked marijuana in 1990 (down from 29 percent in 1989). Only 5.9 percent of the teens said they had tried cocaine (down from 10.6 percent in 1989). Half of the teens surveyed agreed that "people on drugs act stupidly and foolishly." Of course, people not on drugs never do.*

ROAD WARRIORS

SANTA CLARITA, CALIFORNIA—*Authorities have charged an irate van driver with violating obscenity laws by displaying a sign that offended the deputy sheriff who issued him a ticket. The misdemeanor charges include one of advertising obscene matter and another of disturbing the peace by offensive language. The district attorney canceled a third charge of soliciting a person to engage in lewd conduct. The defendant claims that the police photograph of his sign was misleading, and that the offending sign read* SUCK MY DUCK.

Meanwhile, a poll of Southern California drivers by the Los Angeles Times *found that 38 percent had made indecent gestures toward other motorists, 11 percent had gotten into disputes (one percent, physically) and five percent had carried guns in their cars. The Sacred Heart Auto League is trying to combat such belligerence with TV ads that say things such as "Drive with peace—use your driving time to show Christ's love."*

THEY LIKE TO WATCH

SIMCOE, ONTARIO—*A Canadian judge fined a young couple $600 for having sex on a Lake Erie public beach, then ordered the two to take out a classified ad in the local paper apologizing to both the police and the citizens of the community. The cops were called by a woman who saw the couple in action. When the police arrived, they had to run off several young spectators. The couple declared themselves "totally embarrassed."*

TEEN-SEX BAILOUT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A study by the Center for Population Options has calculated that teenage pregnancies cost U.S. taxpayers 21.6 billion dollars annually. The study covered Federal expenses in 1989 for all families that started with a birth to a teenage mother within the past several years and included the cost of food stamps, Aid to Families with Dependent Children and Medicaid. Not included were Federal outlays for housing subsidies, special education, foster care and day care or money spent by the states. The center reports that as of 1988, the birth rate for girls ages 15 to 19 had climbed to 53.6 per 1000.*

SIN TAX

AUSTIN, TEXAS—*Several states impose a tax on illegal drugs, mostly to give drug dealers additional charges to worry about. Apparently, Texas is making a serious effort to collect. Since the tax was passed in 1989, the state comptroller's office has billed 397 people for more than $180,000,000 in unpaid drug taxes—and has actually collected nearly $40,000 of it from people arrested for possession of drugs without tax stamps on their containers. Incidentally, the state has also collected $10,614 for tax stamps presumably purchased by collectors.*

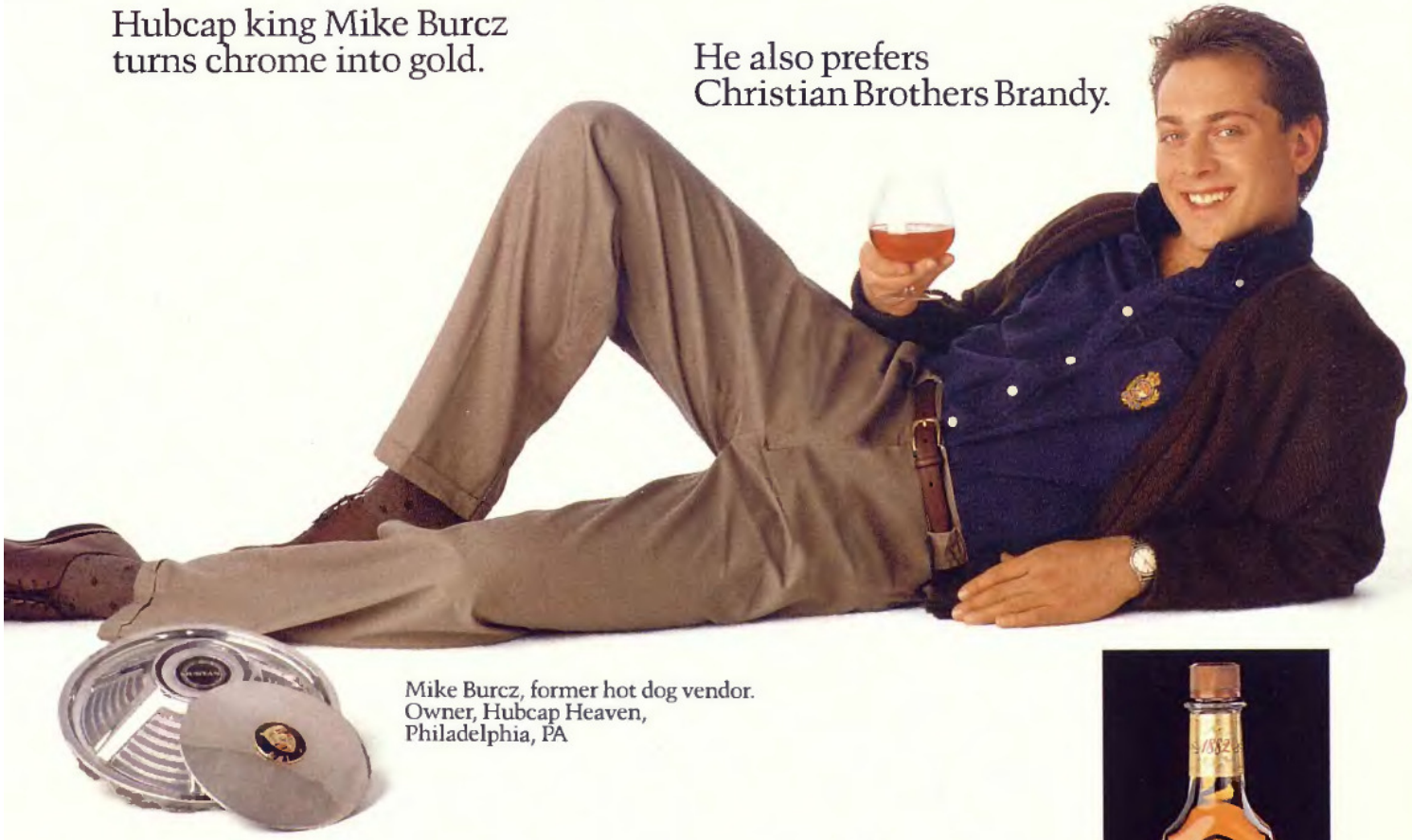
EMASCULATED ART

BALTIMORE—*The BAUhouse Gallery recently held an exhibition of art that had been censored at some time. The show included "before" and "after" photos of an outdoor sculpture of a reclining male that Arlington County officials had decided*

was too anatomically explicit. To make them happy, the director of the sculpture project had taken a knife and whacked off an inch of the offending penis. Said a county official at the time, "It was a very well-endowed male. No doubt about it."

Hubcap king Mike Burcz
turns chrome into gold.

He also prefers
Christian Brothers Brandy.



Mike Burcz, former hot dog vendor.
Owner, Hubcap Heaven,
Philadelphia, PA

the Christian Brothers®
When you know better.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS BRANDY. 40% ALC. BY VOL. (80 PROOF)
© 1990. CB VINEYARDS, MENLO PARK, CA.

Perhaps The Best Way To Judge Elite A/V Amplifiers Is By The Company They Keep.

It's no coincidence that more and more Elite® amplifiers are appearing in the company of the Elite CLD-92, the world's finest combination CD/LaserDisc Player. You see, with the purest audio and video signals available, only the most advanced amplifiers are able to deliver the full impact and realism of the CLD-92. Which is why people who want only the truest A/V reproduction possible are choosing the Elite C-72 preamp and M-72 power amp, the heart of a sophisticated Home Theater system. The C-72 features extensive switching capabilities, S-video inputs and Multi-Room capability for easy operation from any room. And the clean, powerful M-72 gives you the flexibility of two or four channel operation, which can be used in combination with outboard sound field or Dolby® Pro-Logic processors. Together, these components provide a Home Theater experience that delivers an exciting new level of audio and video reproduction. All of which explains the other kind of company Elite amplifiers are keeping: the most discriminating audiences around.

ELITE
BY PIONEER

Call 1-800-421-1404 for the Elite dealer nearest you. © 1990 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA

GOING GUSHY ON OIL

fear of an energy crisis fuels myth and turns sane minds soft. here are the hard facts on what we need, and what we don't, from the arabs

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

The subject of oil is like a hallucinogenic drug, making people crazy with paranoiac, apocalyptic and self-righteous visions. Mention oil problems and otherwise sober people predict disaster with a zeal that, decade after decade, is undiminished by the fact that their dire predictions of blackmail prices and economic collapse are never borne out.

The energy crises of 1973 and 1979 have one thing in common: They had no lasting effect on the world economy. Each time, the price increase was short-lived and was followed by a lengthy period of cheap oil. In both extreme cases (a boycott in 1973 and the collapse of Iranian production in 1979), world oil supplies dropped by only three to four percent, because other exporters stepped in to boost production—just as they did in 1990. The Iraqi invasion of Kuwait prompted a startling rise in oil prices but, in fact, merely brought oil back to the price, in real dollar terms after discounting for inflation, that it had been back in 1973.

Another way to look at it is that most of the time, oil has been cheap, and it is only when that is the case for some years that a brief eruption of high prices occurs. Low prices are the norm and high prices the aberration. OPEC, for all its scary press, has never been able to get its act together and hold prices at a markup comparable to what the member countries have to pay for the computers, autos and other finished goods that they import with their oil revenue.

We assume that because oil comes out of the ground, there is something inherently wicked about charging as much as can be got for the stuff. OPEC, for example, was thought to be an enemy of the free market, when what its members were attempting to do—rather pathetically, it turns out—was play in the market the way other oligopolistic producers do. Except they weren't as consistently good at it as the people who manipulate the prices of gold, diamonds, medical lasers and top-of-the-line computers.

Anti-Arab chauvinism makes the evil sheiks an easy target, but if OPEC is a conspiracy, it didn't begin with Arabs. The pro-Western democratic government of Venezuela launched OPEC in 1960 as part of an effort to enhance the revenue of its dwindling oil reserves.

The next big push in oil pricing came in the late Sixties from another strong U.S. ally, the shah of Iran, who had been put in power by the CIA after it overthrew Mohammad Mossadeq, an Iranian nationalist who had dared to move to nationalize his country's oil in 1951.

Iran and another former Western friend, Iraq, with a substantial number of mouths and soldiers to feed and smaller long-term reserves, have consistently supported higher prices, while the Gulf Arabs, led by Saudi Arabia, have sought to push the price down. There is no conspiracy here but, rather, a long-running civil war within the cartel that erupted so dramatically with Iraq's invasion of Kuwait.

Iraq's power grab was driven not by grand global designs, as President Bush insisted, but by a more mundane concern about the price of oil. Oil, which is Iraq's sole revenue earner, and which is particularly crucial after its costly war with Iran, had been on a slide for five years, when Kuwait started dumping it to drive down the price. Saddam Hussein, meanwhile, was leading the effort to raise oil to $20 a barrel, still well below what the price would have been if it had followed the inflationary trend of the past two decades. Kuwait added insult to injury by dumping oil that, in part, was siphoned from contested fields on its Iraqi border.

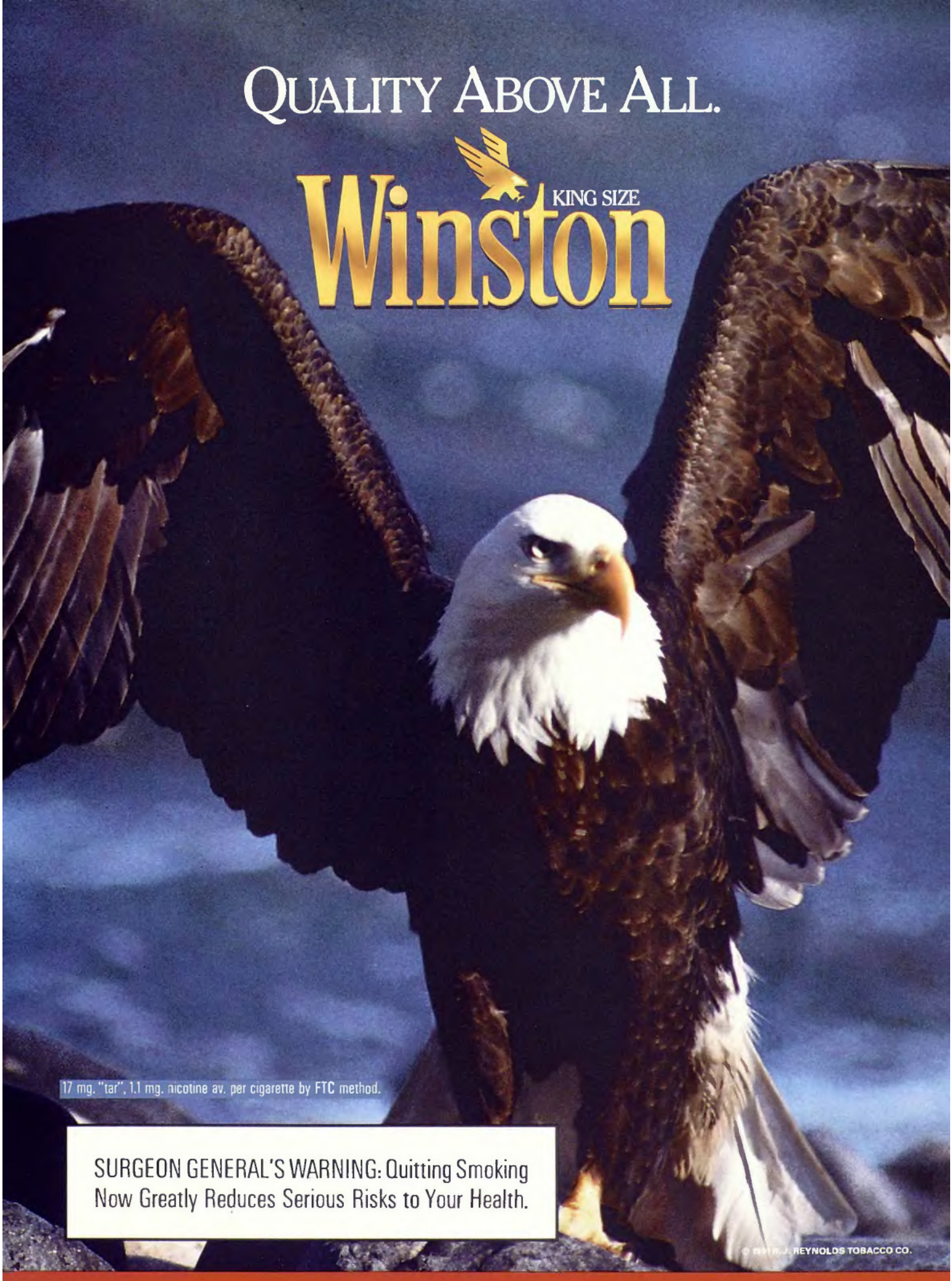
Kuwait's motives remain obscure. Some view the dumping as consistent with a long-standing policy of assuring the West of a stable and low-priced energy source, while others see it as aimed at weakening Kuwait's former ally Iraq once Iran was no longer a threat.

Not to go easy on Saddam, who seems despicable enough, but his motives seemed clear—certainly more straightforward and market-oriented than the Hitlerian overtones President Bush has given them. Villainy and oil are historically interwoven, and whether it's John D. Rockefeller or Saddam Hussein, anyone near oil becomes the center of maddening fantasies. In the end, the competition of the oil barons sets limits to their greed, and in the larger world economy, they are not the only strong players. Trust that Mitsubishi and Nissan will find someone to sell them oil at a reasonable price or they will simply invent a cheaper substitute.

The search for alternatives stagnated precisely because oil was so cheap. President Nixon declared Operation Independence in the wake of the 1973 crisis, when the U.S. was importing 30 percent of its oil, and by the time the 1979 crisis occurred, we were importing 40 percent. This was no conspiracy; because the price of oil had been low in the intervening six years, the bucks just weren't there for investment in U.S. production. Increasing domestic production and finding alternative fuels are dependent upon maintaining a high price for oil for enough years to warrant the investment.

Another hoax concerns the purported need for energy independence. Suddenly, it is wrong to import a key commodity, as if we are not already dependent for our survival on access to an international market. The U.S. has enormous energy resources—coal, oil, natural gas, geothermal steam—that we don't fully tap into, because they're cheaper to buy abroad. When costs abroad run high, new production clicks in in this country. When oil costs ten dollars a barrel, Texas oil fields are not viable; but at $25 a barrel, they become important. It was a rundown of oil prices, not any conspiracy, that caused American domestic production to sag to a 29-year low. The gloom-and-doom people ignore this obvious fact of the market. If we ever do get into a sustained energy crunch, such a crisis will provide an enormous boost to a switch to natural gas. The U.S. has a virtually inexhaustible supply, and natural gas can take over many of the functions of petroleum, including running automobile engines.

Energy independence is the odd cry of liberals and conservatives alike, though neither can agree on whether that means more nuclear power plants, offshore drilling or strip mining, to name just a few of the more controversial means that may lead to independence. It would be stupid to sponsor that sort of crash program when oil, even at $40 a barrel, remains cheaper and far less disastrous for the environment. Some other alternatives, such as more efficient autos and—heaven


QUALITY ABOVE ALL.
KING SIZE
Winston
17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
© R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Today's Winston means an open dialogue with our smokers.

To assure your complete satisfaction, we have a special consumer hotline on every pack.

It's all part of our commitment to be the best.

Today.
And tomorrow.

forbid—mass transit, should be pursued anyway. If thinking crisis helps, fine. But the crisis of relatively high oil prices will pass, and once again, we will be left with the flotsam of all those schemes for energy independence, such as the thousands of rusting windmills on the hills of Altamont Pass of California.

Of course, the entire problem of oil insecurity can be solved by declaring Saudi Arabia the 51st state. But that's not necessary. The interests of Saudi Arabia and the U.S. are so tightly interwoven that the Saudis' despotic theocracy would never do anything to disturb the U.S. markets. Their portfolio is too heavily invested here.

As Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani put it, "We had money to invest, so we invested it heavily in the West. It stands to reason that when you invest in a country, the way we did in the United States, then the prosperity of that country becomes your concern." To which he added accurately enough, "The theme for consuming countries has always been security of supplies and cheaper prices. Our theme has never been dissimilar."

Which is why Bush sent troops to protect Saudi Arabia. Ever since the mid-Thirties, when Standard Oil of California discovered the Saudi oil reserves, the symbiotic relation with the House of Saudi has been as clear as it is tight. The Western consortium of Arabian American Oil Company (ARAMCO) provided the experts who did everything but wipe the noses of the royal family, and maybe they did that, too. These camel-herding Bedouins have been provided with all they need, from farms to airports, in exchange for cheap oil. And they have consistently kept up their end of the bargain. Indeed, now that Saudi Arabia not only owns ARAMCO but is involved in the "downstream" refining and sales part of the oil business—it owns half interest in three Texaco refineries and 11,450 U.S. service stations—its interests and those of Western oil companies are truly identical.

Which raises a troubling point for those concerned about high-priced oil. In their new situation as sellers of the finished product, the Saudis may abandon their traditional obligation to provide the West with cheap oil. Now they are on the opposite side and their partners, the Western oil companies, benefit enormously from higher oil prices. For ARCO, which is a big oil producer, it is estimated that a one-dollar rise in the price of crude adds $140,000,000 to the company's after-tax profits. For Exxon, it's $272,000,000 in additional profit for each new dollar on crude. These profits, along with direct investment by the oil-exporting countries, boost the Western economies dramatically.

So why the hysteria? It's a palliative for other economic wounds. The debacle of the budget summit occurred in the midst of the Iraqi invasion, demonstrating that our economic problems are far more basic and intractable than can be explained by the determinism of oil pricing. But for demagogic purposes, oil hysteria works splendidly as a way to divert attention from more profound issues.

Let's take up just one: the more prudent use of all of the world's nonrenewable resources, including oil, by the nations that are the major users. Obviously, no progress will be made in this area without some dramatic change in the consumption pattern. In the case of oil, even children know by now that reliance on the private auto must give way to more efficient forms of mass transportation. In Japan and western Europe, there is evidence of a serious commitment to just that. But in the U.S., forget it. In 1973, transportation accounted for 53 percent of oil use, and by 1990, it had grown to 63 percent.

The solution most often advanced, as it was in the Bush budget, is to increase the tax at the gas pump. *The New York Times* went so far as to suggest that we add "25 to 50 cents to the price of a gallon of gasoline." Fine, if you're going to work in Manhattan, where the auto is already useless and mass-transit alternatives, not to mention walking, abound. But for the rest of the country, we'd be imposing a regressive tax on people who have no other way to go to their job sites.

In the midst of this latest energy crisis, when the U.S. Government was grandly forgiving billions of dollars in debt and throwing around military aid and troop-deployment costs, money for Amtrak was threatened by the budget impasse. For me, the biggest surprise in reading about that was to discover that the entire Federal subsidy for developing a national rail system comes to $632,000,000 a year. By the standards of the billions that we throw at Egypt alone to ensure the stability of Mideast politics and oil prices, that's not even carfare.

Let's be serious. If dependency on foreign oil is a concern, there are obvious practical solutions to the problem. They are not followed because the politicians who wail so balefully during an energy crisis are not serious about providing long-run alternatives. They fear high prices and an oil shortage less than they welcome it as a specter to explain away larger failures in the U.S. economy.

The fact that Japan and Germany, the two countries most dependent on foreign oil, have also been the most successful economically during the past 20 years of oil-price fluctuations gives the lie to energy-crisis hysteria. Why don't we just get off this scapegoating kick and get on with doing what the other Western economic powers do right—produce stuff the world market wants to buy?

From the Preducer of THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER.
The only thing they can count on is each other.
flight of the intruder
Danny Glover ★ Willem Dafoe ★ Brad Jehnsen
PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENTS A MACE NEUFELD AND ROBERT REHME PRODUCTION A JOHN MILIUS FILM DANNY GLOVER WILLEM DAFOE BRAD JOHNSON
FLIGHT OF THE INTRUDER ROSANNA ARQUETTE TOM SIZEMORE MUSIC BY BASIL POLEDOURIS EDITED BY C. TIMOTHY O'MEARA PRODUCTION DESIGNER JACK T. COLLIS DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY FRED J. KOENEKAMP, A.S.C. EXECUTIVE PRODUCER ORIAN FRANKISH
PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 13
SCREENPLAY BY ROBERT DILLON AND DAVID SHABER BASED ON THE NOVEL BY STEPHEN COONTS PRODUCED BY MACE NEUFELD DIRECTED BY JOHN MILIUS
READ THE NOVEL PUBLISHED BY PUCKETBOOKS
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
A PARAMOUNT COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY
OPENS FRIDAY JANUARY 18

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SISKEL & EBERT

a candid conversation with film's cattiest critics as they take on the stars, the studios, the ratings and—most of all—each other

It's Wednesday morning and Roger Ebert is running late. Wednesday is the day he and Gene Siskel tape "Siskel & Ebert," their syndicated movie-review show, and movies are on his mind when he arrives at executive producer Larry Dieckhaus' office. Ebert mumbles something about Spike Lee's "Mo' Better Blues"—"It could lose the ending. Spike got careless"—and glances at the Hollywood trade papers. "See, I'm late, but Gene isn't even here yet," he says triumphantly. It's up to Dieckhaus to break the bad news. "Gene's been here," he calmly tells him. "He's in makeup now." Ebert seems slightly disappointed—in the never-ending competition that is the trademark of their partnership, Siskel has won a small victory simply by getting to the studio first.

Later, Siskel—the tall, balding one—and Ebert—the overweight one with glasses—walk into a studio where they sit in mock theater seats and get ready to challenge each other's opinions of several current films. They are both wearing sweaters under their sports jackets, something they've done for the 15 years they've been doing this show in its various incarnations. Sometimes they release their energies (and hostilities) by playing Pease Porridge Hot, clapping their hands and making contact with each other just before they're ready to roll.

The show's first mistake comes early and it's Siskel who has the honor of making it. He mistakenly reads one of Ebert's lines off the TelePrompTer. Ebert is disgusted. "See the line above that?" he asks. "It says ROGER. *Doesn't that mean you're not supposed to read it?"*

As Ebert begins his thumbs-up review of "The Unbelievable Truth," one of the staff comments, "Now I understand why Roger liked it—it reminded him of David Lynch. Talk about a major waste of time. Talk about amateurish acting."

So even here, where Siskel and Ebert do the show that has made them the most powerful and famous movie critics in the country, they're being contradicted by their own staff. But, of course, in America, everyone is a movie critic, which makes the million-dollar success of a pair of Chicago-based newspaper journalists all the more remarkable.

It takes less than an hour to tape the show, which is carried on a staggering 200 stations. But for Siskel and Ebert, the show lives on. They're invited to speak at various functions; they are frequent guests on "The Tonight Show," "Late Night with David Letterman" and "The Oprah Winfrey Show." Today, they'll visit Northwestern University, just north of Chicago, to talk to 60 media-wise students about journalism.

As soon as they arrive, they're informed that the students aren't journalism majors; they're simply interested in working in TV. "If you want to get into TV," Ebert advises the gathering, "begin with print. Or you'll become the laughingstock of whatever small station you wind up in."

Siskel agrees heartily. "Everything I want I get by writing. I wrote a one-sentence job application. I wrote my marriage proposal."

Having heard the stories of each other's lives so often, they decide to change roles. Ebert will tell Siskel's life story; Siskel, Ebert's. Of course, Ebert is only two sentences into his tale of Siskel's life when Siskel interrupts to protest Ebert's hyperbole. Ebert calls his partner "RoboCritic," because Siskel often paces and points his finger as if he were a lawyer trying a case, though Ebert volunteers that he'd hire Siskel to defend him if Siskel were a lawyer. That causes Siskel to wonder aloud what crime Ebert might commit.

"Probably murder," Ebert answers. "Unfortunately, after I'd committed it, you wouldn't be around to defend me."

Siskel starts in on Ebert's story—how Roger was a smart child, and how very secure he was in his view of the world. "As an only child, he was paid attention to," says Siskel. When Ebert interjects that he was also editor of the school paper and president of his senior class, Siskel expresses surprise that Ebert might have been popular as well as overweight.

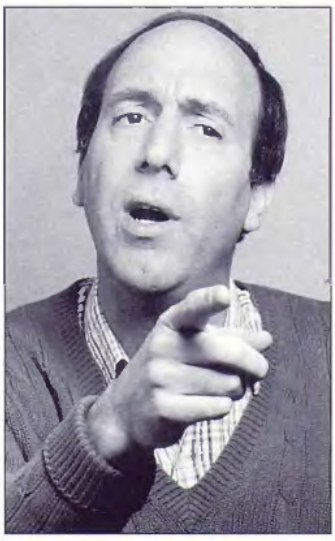
"I wasn't that fat when I was in high school," Ebert fires back. "I was on the swimming team."

It's an opening too wide for Siskel to ignore. "Well, we know you could float."

The audience laughs. After all, if you come to hear Siskel and Ebert, you expect arguing, humor and a few well-placed barbs. Their contentious relationship is a large part of their appeal, and their competitive nature is

"Roger has a need to prove to himself that he is better than me, not only as a film critic but as a human being. He's like a dog with a bone, and I'm the bone."

"What Gene can't figure out is that, despite all his efforts, I always wind up on top. I'm smarter, funnier, I'm a better writer, a better talker, I'm better on TV."



"Roger's a tyrant all the time, with everybody. I'm one of the few people in this world who can stand up to him, and that must frustrate him terribly. Terribly."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE CONWAY

"He prides himself on being incompetent. The story of Gene's life is a constant trail of computers that lost his file, malfunctioning machines, late flights, delays."

genuine and intense.

After a couple of hours of advice, stories and insults, Ebert calls for an audience vote. "Who likes me more than Gene?" A few hands go up. "Who likes Gene more?" A few other hands are raised. "A lot of you didn't vote," he complains. "I really want you to like me."

Then it's Siskel's turn. "Who do you think you know better?" he asks, and this time, the vote is more in his favor, which surprises—and pleases—him.

What few people know is that Siskel and Ebert were locked in serious competition for years before they did their first TV show. As journalists for competing Chicago newspapers, Ebert (Sun-Times) *and Siskel* (Tribune) *spent six years trying to outscoop, outwrite and outclass each other before they became a team. They are highly intelligent, at times quick-witted, yet they squawk and bicker over the most petty matters. Only to them, nothing is petty. They are men obsessed: with movies, with themselves, with how they are perceived by others, with who is better, smarter, funnier. And they are forever reviewing their own performances.*

When the meeting with the students concludes, Siskel tells them, "I'll never have another forum like [our show] in my life. It's fabulous." And he positively glows when one audience member comes up to him afterward and asks, "How can you stand working with Roger? He's so opinionated."

It's just that reason, of course, that makes "Siskel & Ebert" so watchable. While Siskel will often try to explain himself, Ebert feels there is nothing to explain. He comes across as sure and all-knowing—an arrogance that can annoy some and be pure enjoyment to others. When the two disagree—which isn't as often as most people think—it can make for great television.

Ebert was born in 1942 in Urbana, Illinois. Siskel was born in 1946 in Chicago. Ebert was a precocious only child; Siskel had two older siblings and, after both parents died before he was ten, the three Siskel children went to live with an aunt, an uncle and three cousins. Ebert filled his imagination with books; Siskel filled his with numbers, having the ability to multiply at four and to double numbers up to 1,000,000 soon after. By 15, Ebert was a sportswriter for a local paper and published a science-fiction magazine called Stymie. *Siskel attended military school and was so judgmental he was constantly grading his own signature.*

Ebert went to the University of Illinois, where he edited first an alternative paper and then the college newspaper. He also joined the Campus Film Society, where he began his serious involvement with film. He went to graduate school at the University of Capetown in South Africa for a year and at the University of Chicago, but he never passed French or finished his doctoral dissertation on critics Dwight MacDonald, Edmund Wilson and Paul Goodman. In 1966, at 24, he became a general-assignment reporter at the Chicago Sun-Times *and later its movie critic. He also reviews movies for Chicago's local ABC-TV affiliate and teaches a film class at the University of Chicago's extension division.*

Siskel attended Yale, where he majored in philosophy and planned to become a trial lawyer. He won a public-affairs fellowship and went to California to work on a political campaign, then joined the Army Reserve, where he got into journalism. He was 23 in 1969 when he joined the Chicago Tribune *as a neighborhood-news reporter. He was promoted to reviewing films for the paper and hired by Chicago's CBS-TV affiliate as the movie critic on the local news.*

In 1975, the local public-TV station teamed them for a show about movies, called "Opening Soon at a Theater Near You." That evolved into "Sneak Previews," which was shown nationwide on PBS. The duo went commercial in 1982 with "At the Movies" and followed that with "Siskel & Ebert & the Movies," which is now simply known as "Siskel & Ebert." The show is popular enough to have spawned several anemic imitators and influential enough to give the pair real clout. Their thumbs up are worth more than their combined body weight in gold, and their thumbs down are feared and respected.

Both men still write for their respective newspapers and their work is syndicated widely. Ebert, who won a Pulitzer Prize in 1975, revises his "Roger Ebert's Movie Home Companion" each year and has also published a collection of his movie-related essays ("A Kiss Is Still a Kiss") and a journal of the Cannes Film Festival ("Two Weeks in the Midday Sun"). Siskel reports on the movie industry for "CBS This Morning."

Ebert is single and has homes in Chicago and Michigan. Siskel is married and has two daughters, ages four and seven, and lives in Chicago. To find out what's on the minds of America's two most popular film critics and to see if they like or hate each other, Playboy *sent Contributing Editor* **Lawrence Grobel** *(whose last interview was with Robert De Niro) to talk with them in Los Angeles and Chicago. His report:*

"Each one warned me about the other. Roger said Gene would never sit still, would pace, make phone calls, shake his finger at me every time he made a point, take forever to make that point and be unable to tell a joke without blowing the punch line. Gene said Roger would never ask me anything about myself and would answer every question as if he were the absolute authority, even though the majority of his stories would be embellished.

"Sure enough, both men proved right. Gene never did sit still—he would pace around the room as he pointed his finger and took two sentences where one would do. He tried to tell one joke and, yes, he blew the punch line. Roger did speak with a sureness of his own convictions and he never did ask me about myself, though in Chicago, he did get points by asking me to autograph a copy of my book 'The Hustons.'

"Of course, given the competitiveness between the two, it wouldn't surprise me at all if Gene, after reading this, picks up a copy of the book and sends it to me with an apology for his oversight. He'll probably send a second copy for me to sign for his wife. Roger and Gene's relationship is truly that competitive. And that may well be the secret to their extraordinary success."

"They are men obsessed: with movies, with themselves, with how they are perceived by others, with who is better, smarter, funnier."

PLAYBOY: Do you think a lot of people who watch you think, These guys have to be an act; in real life, they're probably best friends?

EBERT: Anyone who would look at our show and think that should get a brain transplant.

PLAYBOY: You mean you really dislike each other?

EBERT: Sometimes we do really dislike each other.

SISKEL: And sometimes we don't.

EBERT: And it differs from show to show, and sometimes during the show. On most shows, we like each other. Sometimes during a show, something will be said that will make the hairs on the back of the neck curl. And anybody can see when that happens and when it doesn't happen. It's not manufactured.

SISKEL: I don't think we would have been on the air as long as we have been if people were convinced it was a fraud of some sort. When people ask me, "What *is* your relationship like?" the best answer I can give is, it's what you see. If you see a little bit of dislike, there's probably a lot going on.

EBERT: In other words, it's probably *more* intense.

PLAYBOY: But, in a sense, it *is* an act. Don't you force yourselves to be more antagonistic in front of the camera?

SISKEL: I'll tell you honestly that *nothing* like that is conscious.

EBERT: My nature is to be antagonistic at times, especially with Gene, who brings out the antagonistic in me.

PLAYBOY: What about when you're not on TV, when you're just hanging out after the show?

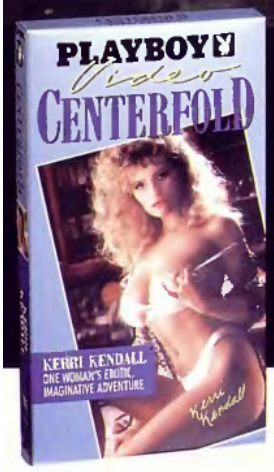
EBERT: We have decided that for the good of the show, it's better for us to be apart except when we're doing the show. I don't *ever* discuss movies with Gene except on our show.

SISKEL: There's a very practical reason. I was told this at my newspaper a long time ago—"Write it, don't talk it." If we were to talk it out, it wouldn't be as good as it is on the air.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't everyone have two

PLAYBOY

KERRI KENDALL VIDEO CENTERFOLD



$19.99

Kerri Kendall, a lone adventurer on a voyage through her own sensuous fantasies—startling encounters with macho men, a spectacular waterfall pool, a strobe-lit studio, a "magical" bedroom and more. It's a surreal centerfold with exciting nude scenes backed by an extraordinary musical track that puts you in the midst of excitement. Plus, enjoy revealing vignettes starring Miss Septembers of the '80s including Connie Brighton, Barbara Edwards, Kim Evenson, Venice Kong, Rebekka Armstrong and Laura Richmond. Approx. 50 min. VHS only.

Order Toll-Free 1-800-345-6066

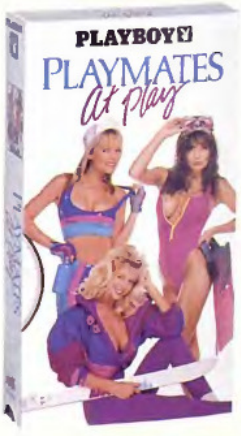
Charge to your VISA, MasterCard, Optima or American Express. Ask for Kerri Kendall Video Centerfold, item #FL1715V (VHS only). There is a $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source Code 09051)

Order By Mail

We honor VISA, MasterCard, Optima and American Express. If you wish to charge your order, be sure to specify which credit card and include your account number and expiration date. Or, enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy for $19.99 plus $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order and specify Kerri Kendall Video Centerfold, item #FL1715V (VHS only). Illinois residents add 7% sales tax. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional per video. Sorry, no other foreign orders. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 1554, Dept. 09051, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009.

Also . . . Playmates at Play Video

They're healthy, hearty, wholesome . . . and hot! More than a dozen stunning Playmates in sensuous nude scenes. Meet the sensational centerfolds from PLAYBOY Magazine in adventures that make the great outdoors even greater and indoor sports really spectacular. Approx. 55 min. Only $19.99. Be sure to ask for item #FL1618V (VHS only) when ordering.

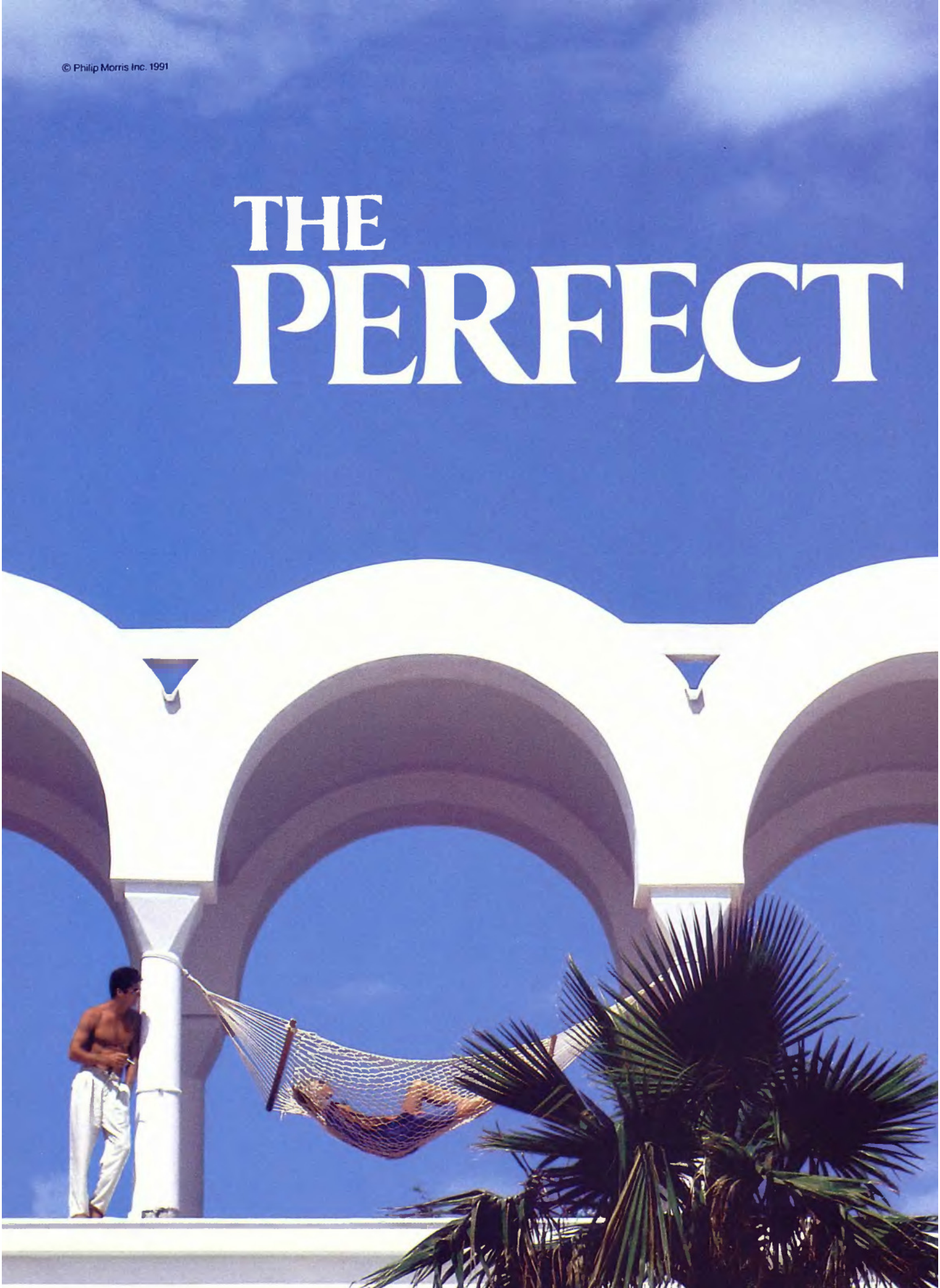


Also available wherever video is sold.

©1991 Playboy.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1991

THE PERFECT



PARLIAMENT
Lights

RECESS

9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

PLAYBOY
Sexy Lingerie II VIDEO

If you enjoyed the first Sexy Lingerie Video, you'll want to order the all new Sexy Lingerie II video. This exciting new video showcases incomparable women in and out of satiny silk and luscious lace. Experience the pleasure of beautiful women and fabulous lingerie. Approx. 50 min.

Order Toll-Free
1-800-345-6066

Charge to your VISA, MasterCard, Optima or American Express. Ask for item #GA1620V (VHS only). There is a $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source Code 19005)

Order By Mail

We honor VISA, MasterCard, Optima and American Express. If you wish to charge your order, be sure to specify which credit card and include your account number and expiration date. Or, enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy for $19.99 plus $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order and specify item #GA1620V (VHS only). (Illinois residents add 7% sales tax. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional per video. Sorry, no other foreign orders.) Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 1554, Dept. 19005, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009.

PLAYBOY Secrets of EuroMassage

Four sexy nude couples demonstrate the sensual secrets of European massage. See a languid morning massage in the bedroom, water massage in the shower, spa and rock waterfall, and a provocative late night massage in a romantic erotic setting. Approx. 50 min. Only $39.99. Be sure to ask for item #FM1619V (VHS only) when ordering. Call Toll-Free 1-800-345-6066 or mail to address above.

Also available wherever video is sold.

© 1991 Playboy. In some instances, video packages shown may differ from the actual video package. Contents, however, are the same.

ACT NOW! To Receive A Virtually FREE LAS VEGAS VACATION

"Best deal in town" PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

A fabulous 3-day, 2-night vacation in Las Vegas! Lavish accommodations, two spectacular shows, unlimited drinks, a valuable gift, even chips to gamble with! The vacation of a lifetime virtually FREE if you act now

You will receive over $1500 in casino action upon arrival

BENEFITS PER COUPLE

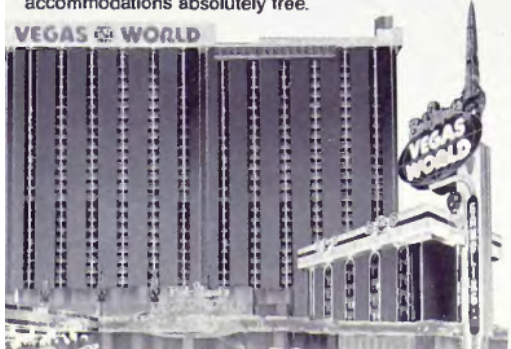
- A deluxe room for two for 3 days and 2 nights at Vegas World Hotel and Casino, which offers every amenity, including individually controlled air conditioning, direct dial telephones and color television.

$1500.00 CASINO ACTION (as follows)

- $800 LIVE ACTION — 600 one dollar chips to gamble with as you wish. Each chip is good for ONE PLAY, (win or lose), on all even money bets for any table game (craps, blackjack, roulette, etc.). That's 600 chances to win, and you may wager from one to as many chips as you like on each wager.
- $500 IN DOLLAR SLOT MACHINE ACTION good on all of our "Fabulous Frequency" machines. We call them that because these machines pay out so often, among the highest in Las Vegas, an average payout of 1 in every 5 pulls. Win up to $1000.00 on every pull.
- FOUR $100 ENTRIES IN OUR MILLION DOLLAR SLOT TOURNAMENT played every day. Maggie Smith of Chesterland, Ohio, was our last million dollar winner!
- FREE FINE GIFT from among those shown here.
- 4 Keno plays. Win up to $12,500.00 each.
- GUARANTEED WINNER on first slot bet. Win from 2 to 2000 coins, GUARANTEED.
- SHOW RESERVATION SERVICE to *all* Las Vegas shows — even the hard-to-get ones.
- SHOW TICKETS for two to TWO fabulous Las Vegas shows to make your stay truly exciting.
- UNLIMITED DRINKS of your choice (valid in all casino bars and lounges).
- Two chances to win ONE MILLION DOLLARS instantly—one of the world's largest jackpots.
- FREE GAMBLING GUIDE to assist you in playing the various table games.
- A pair of genuine Vegas World dice.
- A deck of casino quality playing cards.
- A souvenir photo of yourself with ONE MILLION DOLLARS CASH.
- All winnings paid in CASH. Keep what you win.
- You receive all of the above with no obligation to gamble with any of your own money.
- No additional charges of any kind.

SPECIAL MID-WEEK BONUS

If you arrive on Sunday or Tuesday to avoid weekend crowds, we'll give you a choice of an extra $100.00 in "Fabulous Frequency" Slot Action OR an extra night's accommodations absolutely free.



FREE GIFT

For a limited time, if you accept our invitation, you will receive one of the valuable gifts below—guaranteed. Selection by random drawing upon arrival for your vacation. (Shipping included.)

13" Sylvania color TV with touch channel selection. Value: $189

Zenith VCR with remote. Value: $299

U.S. currency—a five hundred dollar bill. Value: $500

Real Slot Mechine plus $300 in quarters. Value: $1,395

Rodeo Drive Tennis Bracelet. 20 brilliant genuine diamonds contrasted by fine midnight blue sapphires. 10 carats T.W. Value: $595

You'll stay at the famous Vegas World Hotel-Casino on the fabulous "Strip."

A Mega-Million dollar 1000+ room spaceage hotel-casino extravaganza. Featured twice on "60 Minutes," the Merv Griffin Show and Ripley's Believe It Or Not. Enjoy action, entertainment, excitement and resort accommodations virtually free as part of the VIP package. Reservations for this special Gift/Vacation are extremely limited.

Offer Expires January 18, 1991

Accept your invitation now

by calling our toll free number or fill out and mail the coupon. A redeemable reservation fee of $244 per person is required. For this fee, you will receive chips, scrip and one of the valuable gifts shown making your vacation virtually free.

Act before January 18, 1991
Vacation anytime until May 1, 1992

PRIVILEGES AND PROVISIONS

1. Valid seven days a week until **May 1, 1992** except holidays and major holiday weekends. Reservations can be made now or later, but all reservations must be made at least 20 days before arrival.
2. A reservation fee of $244 per person (total $488) must be mailed to guarantee your arrival. For your reservation fee you will receive, upon arrival, all of the benefits as described.
3. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE — We guarantee you reservations on the dates you choose or your reservation fee will be refunded in full.
4. RESERVATIONS — No Thursday or Saturday arrivals. Rescheduling of reservations must be received in our office 72 hours prior to planned check-in time or this offer and your reservation fee will be forfeited. Your invitation is also completely transferable to anyone you choose.
5. Transportation and any other individual expenses are not included.
6. Terms and conditions may in no way be altered. So we may adequately plan room and free gift availability, you must act before **January 18, 1991.**

FOR MORE INFORMATION OR TO ORDER BY PHONE

CALL TOLL FREE 24 HOURS A DAY **1·800·634·6301**

Bob Stupak's VEGAS WORLD HOTEL CASINO

YES I wish to take advantage of your Las Vegas VIP Vacation/Gift opportunity. I have enclosed my reservation fee (check or money order) for $488 for two people. I understand I have **until May 1, 1992** to take my vacation, and that during my stay, I will receive all of the benefits listed. Limit one gift per couple. (Please make check payable to: Vegas World Vacation Club.)

Mail to: VEGAS WORLD Hotel-Casino
Dept. VC, 2000 Las Vegas Blvd. South, Las Veges, NV 89104

Please read the "Privileges and Provisions" of your invitation thoroughly to make the most of your vacation and to know exactly what you're entitled to receive.

Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover ☐ Americen Express

Acct. No. _____ **Exp. Dete** _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

I wish to make my reservation for the following arrival date:

_____, 19___

☐ I will make my reservation at a later date.

Signature _____

OFFER EXPIRES MIDNIGHT JANUARY 18, 1991 C9187 PB

jobs—his own and criticizing movies?

SISKEL: It's also said about sportswriters. We're talking about popular culture, and people feel free enough to comment.

EBERT: Everyone who goes to see a movie certainly has an opinion about the movie. It's interesting: I would never think to question our music critic's review. But he wouldn't hesitate to come in and say, "I think you were wrong about the new Woody Allen picture." And why not, as long as you're talking about your own reaction? Which is all a critic really does.

PLAYBOY: What qualities should a great critic have?

SISKEL: In criticism, there is a certain rigor implied: having principles, holding to them, measuring what you're saying, trying to be accurate.

EBERT: A critic should be honest in expressing his own feelings, have a good background in his subject matter, have passion and love for the movies, be able to write clearly and entertainingly and have a great deal of stamina.

PLAYBOY: How do you stack up to such criteria, Gene?

SISKEL: As a critic, I try very hard to say exactly what I think. And in a medium in which we are well-known for the binary thumbs up and thumbs down, I try to be able to give the mixed review. But most pictures fall into that middle ground, so I wrestle over which way my thumb is going to turn. It's not flip.

EBERT: I actually respect Gene—he's an extremely good, highly competent and skilled journalist. He's always on the phone and he usually knows things, like, Who's in town? When can I get to them? How can I do this without his finding out?

PLAYBOY: You praise his reporting, but the question was about Gene as a critic.

EBERT: To my way of thinking, he's lacking in enthusiasm. He's just a little bit too standoffish and cold about the movies. He thinks the movie is going to be shit, and if it is, that just confirms his suspicions. I go to the movies anticipating a good time. Gene goes fearing a bad time. My glass is half full, his glass is half empty. These are two fundamentally different personalities at work, and they reflect themselves in our reviewing.

SISKEL: I've heard Roger say that before and I don't believe it's true. I *want* movies to be good. I'd have to be a masochist to want them to be bad. But if you were to stop me any day and say, "Gene, do you expect to see a good movie or a bad movie today?" I would tell you I'm expecting to see a bad movie. The reason is that most of the movies I see *are* bad. I'm being practical in telling you that most of the things that people create aren't all that interesting, and that's too bad. What keeps me going is that I have a strong desire to see something great. And when I see it, it lasts for a long time.

EBERT: One of the big differences between Gene and me is in the area of competence. Gene prides himself on being incompetent when it comes to anything technical. He actually becomes retrograde. No human being alive has had more trouble with computers than Gene Siskel has.

PLAYBOY: Is it as bad as he says?

SISKEL: It's bad. Yes. I have never successfully programed my VCR.

EBERT: He's never successfully installed his answering machine, either.

SISKEL: That's correct. And I still write with the same little computer that I learned on. In addition to not having a natural facility for it, I think I have a disinterest in it.

EBERT: What frustrates me is that Gene could make life so much easier for himself and save himself so much trouble if he would get himself a Macintosh computer. But he doesn't want to make the effort to save himself the effort.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you buy him one?

EBERT: I'm not going to give him no Macintosh as a present!

SISKEL: Beautifully elegant sentence.

EBERT: I think there's a streak of masochism in it. If you look at Gene real carefully, you'll find that he almost always finds a way to make things harder for himself while saying that it makes it easier. The story of Gene's life is just a constant trail of computers that lost his file, malfunctioning machines, malfunctioning alarm clocks, late flights, delays, misunderstandings, bad communication. . . .

SISKEL: For some reason, Roger has a need to prove to himself, and maybe to the rest of the world, that he is better than me in every single facet of his life, not only as a film critic but as a human being. He's like a dog with a bone, and I'm the bone. The person he just described sounds like a totally incompetent boob who would be lucky to be employed by anyone. The contrary facts are that I've been employed by the *Chicago Tribune* for twenty-one years, by WBBM-TV, which he refers to as Channel Two, for sixteen years and I have just been hired for a job with *CBS This Morning*. I've received offers from other people of significant stature recently. And I've done the show with Roger for fifteen years. I'm sure everybody has his method, but I think I'm a pretty good worker.

PLAYBOY: All right, Gene, what are Roger's strengths and weaknesses?

SISKEL: Roger is very good on story construction. He can break the story down with the genre. His other strength is that he's a beautiful writer. He writes first draft and it's readable, printable. You have to rework my copy; I'm not a natural that way.

A weakness of his is that sometimes he goes with the first draft too easily. His thinking is a little glib, a little sloppy.

EBERT: I produce twice as much work as he does. He thinks of me as lazy because I make it easy for myself. He thinks of himself as a workaholic, but most of his workaholism consists of spinning his wheels. I review every major movie for the *Sun-Times*, and I have a piece in the newspaper every Sunday. He does little one-paragraph minireviews for the *Tribune* and he has a piece in about once a month. I've written four books. I teach a film class at the University of Chicago. And yet he thinks that he works harder than I do. Somehow, Gene thinks it means you're working harder if you arrange to work all night long. The question is not how hard you work but how much you produce, and I'm much more productive than he is.

SISKEL: Roger's a furious worker. He's an elegant worker. But compulsive. I do not view myself as a workaholic but as basically lazy. I don't have the greatest work habits. I'm not a natural, like him; I'm more of a plugger. I have a set of responsibilities that Roger doesn't have, and that's my family. It's the sustaining pleasure of my life. And if that means that I can't work as much as he, I'll take that deal any time.

PLAYBOY: Who's smarter?

SISKEL: I think I'm a little bit more intellectually rigorous and a little bit more circumspect. I'm not glib, as he can be. Which is why, maybe, I'm the better critic. I don't think I'm any smarter about movies. About oneself? I would say yes, and I don't say that with bravado or particular pleasure. About life? Probably not appreciably. And I suspect that Roger will say that he is smarter than I am about every one of those things.

EBERT: People ask which one is the intellectual and which one is the populist. My answer is, I've got him surrounded. I am *both* more intellectual *and* more populist than he is. He is Mr. Middle of the Road.

SISKEL: Roger, lighten up. You've got a great mind—lean back, enjoy it. I'm no threat to you, big guy. You know, if it were true that I was as incompetent, malfunctioning, as pedestrian as you're claiming I am, I should be basically shot.

PLAYBOY: Before this turns into a duel, let's focus for a while on the movies. Why should we care about them?

SISKEL: For all kinds of reasons. They have the potential to be one of the most visceral art forms. And the most democratic, not having a pretense around them that pushes people away. I think that everybody can easily get lost in them. Even if you go with your mate, you can have a private experience with a film. I feel that I'm covering the national dream beat.

EBERT: They're the only art form that records the way people look, move and speak in what approaches lifelike accuracy. Imagine what it would be like if we had movies from the Elizabethan period. Wouldn't you like to see a British

film from the Crimean War? Or an adventure set in India during the Raj? Five hundred years from now, the fact that these movies exist is going to be incredibly interesting to people.

SISKEL: Also, everyone that I talk to in all fields—music, TV, writing—they all want to make it in the movies. Writers get all gooey when their work is going to be made into a movie. I learned that from Paul McCartney when I was the first to tell him that *Give My Regards to Broad Street* was an awful picture. He asked me, "What did you think?" Meeting McCartney was very exciting for me, but I said, "Well, you never lied to us. I can't lie to you. I thought it was terrible, everything about it." He was shocked. He got very angry; he almost threw a glass of orange juice in my face. I said, "Is it true that the movies are the biggest thing, even for you?" He said, "Yeah."

PLAYBOY: Why are we all so star-struck?

EBERT: Robert Mitchum was being hounded by autograph hunters and he said to his wife, "Why do they think I'm such a big deal?" And she answered, "Because they're smaller than your nostril." And that's it. We have this very lifelike, voyeuristic, escapist experience involving these larger-than-life Beautiful People who have been made up, costumed, scripted, directed and photographed to look as attractive and interesting as possible. So, of course, they carry some of that aura around with them in everyday life.

PLAYBOY: Which stars made you feel larger than life by just being with them?

SISKEL: On my thirtieth birthday, in 1976, Cary Grant invited me to join him in Palm Springs. He didn't know it was my birthday. I had done an interview with him for the paper over two days. And it was fabulous. *Fabulous.* That was probably as much fun as I've ever had on an interview. We talked about LSD and other stuff. When it's really good like that, you believe you're in the movie with them. He had a favorite Mexican restaurant and he had a few too many margaritas and we went back and he put his arm around me. You feel debonair. You feel witty. Or you hear the piano and Cole Porter is playing. It's too much. John Wayne also had that effect on me. It has to do in part with what he represented, which was a *big* movie star when I was a little boy.

EBERT: John Wayne was the first big star I ever interviewed. It was in Fort Benning, Georgia, on the set of *The Green Berets*. Wayne came walking toward me in full battle gear in the hot, blazing Georgia sun, stuck out his hand and said, "John Wayne"—the two most superfluous words in the English language at that point. He was a very funny guy, a master of the put-on. There was a British journalist there who was trying to get the angle that Wayne was this right-winger who was in favor of the Vietnam war. So he said, "What do you think about Nixon's conduct of the war?" Wayne looked at him and said, "I think that Nixon has conducted the war with honor, and there's only one thing better than honor: inner."

Robert Mitchum has also always seemed bigger than life to me. Once we got lost driving to a movie location in Pennsylvania—Mitchum was smoking pot the whole time—and we went back and forth across the river several times, seeking help from people like snowplow operators—and *everybody* knew Mitch. I was in an elevator with him once, coming down from his office in L.A. A woman got on and saw who it was, and she couldn't look at him again. She just stared at his tie. When we got to the ground floor, as the door was opening, Mitchum said to her, "Thunderstruck, or just like the tie?"

PLAYBOY: What about younger stars? Do they have any effect on you?

EBERT: I have also gone on record—now, this is a sore point between us—as having great admiration for Katherine Herrold. And once when we were doing our show and we were reviewing a horror film that she starred in, in which I thought she was very effective, Gene said, "Instead of reviewing her movie, why don't you ask her to dinner?" Later, I received a letter from Katherine Herrold saying that she had seen the show and was very flattered, and the next time I was in New York, we should have dinner together. I asked Gene if he had sent me this letter as a joke, and he said yes. It was only two years later that I found out he had *not* sent me the letter. [*They laugh*]

SISKEL: You believed me?

EBERT: Oh, yes, of course I did.

SISKEL: I was very clever, I guess.

EBERT: It turns out that Katherine Herrold thinks I'm extremely rude because I never answered her letter. Because Siskel told me that it was from him.

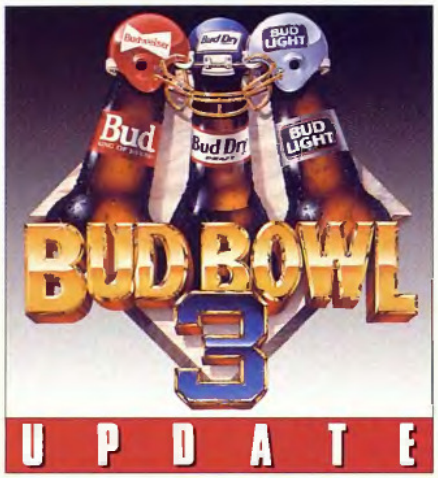
PLAYBOY: Would you have gone out with her?

SISKEL: Of course he would have!

EBERT: Sure.

PLAYBOY: Who has been the easiest star or film maker to talk with?

EBERT: Woody Allen is one of the easiest for me because he's so smart. Another one is Mel Brooks, who is always on. If you talk with Mel Brooks for thirty minutes, you have thirty-five minutes of material. As far as conversation and good humor, the best in the business is Michael Caine. He is a true raconteur. He is *lots* of fun to be around. In terms of positive vibes and good feeling, Dolly Parton actually has the aura that you would associate with a faith healer. If you're in a room with her, you come out

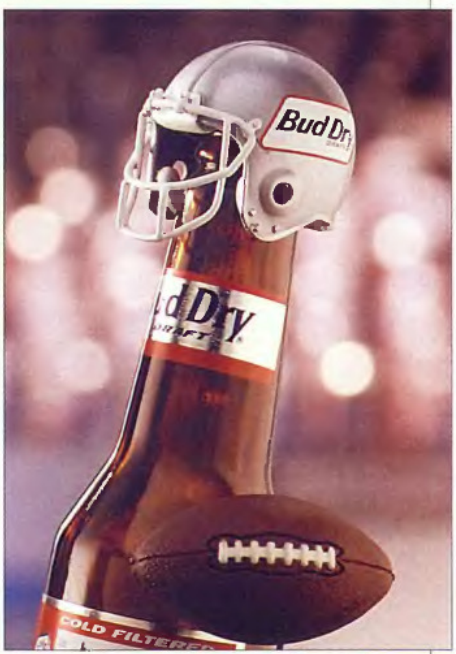


CONTROVERSY BREWING OVER TOP DRAFT CHOICE.

Bud Light®'s bid to end its Bud Bowl drought got a big boost at the Budweiser® Football League draft.

Their top draft choice: quarterback sensation Bud Dry®, an All-Natural athlete who lettered in football, baseball, track, swimming and golf at Yeast Texas State.

Bud Dry could be the most refreshing new player in the league. But signing him may not be easy. His agent was heard to comment, "If they want their beer, they're gonna have to pay for it." Bud Bowl® 3 airs January 27 on ABC.



Bud Light fans thirsty for a Bud Bowl victory have chanted, "Why ask why? Sign Bud Dry."

© 1990 ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC., BREWERS OF BUDWEISER, ®BUD DRY® AND BUD LIGHT® BEER • ST. LOUIS, MO

CALL THE PLAYBOY HOTLINE—ANY TIME.

1-900-740-3311

GET A LOT CLOSER TO MISS FEBRUARY!

PLAYMATES ON-THE-AIR

Sensational Cristy Thom, Miss February, and other surprise Playmates share their secrets and reveal themselves to you. Leave your favorite Playmate a personal message!

PLAYMATES ON-LINE LIVE

Have *you* had a private talk with a Playmate yet? Each month, hundreds of lucky callers do! Call today to find out how.

Call Cristy Thom, Miss February!

ALL-NEW FOR HOTLINE CALLERS: OUR PLAYMATE ACTION-ADVENTURE GAME!

It's you and three beautiful Playmates vs. the bad guys! Test your reflexes, survival skills and knowledge about the world of Playboy!

PLAYBOY'S DATING TUTORIAL

What do our Playmates know about dating? Plenty! Get their inside advice on how to make advances—without taking chances!

PLAYMATE COMPATIBILITY QUIZ

Discover your romantic compatibility with the girl you wish lived next door!

Call today to find out how to get a one-of-kind, Autographed Playmate Photo & Letter—FREE! Plus Great Bonus Gifts for frequent Hotline Callers!

© 1991 Playboy Enterprises, Inc. Only $2 a minute.

feeling better. I don't know how she does it, but I just walked out and it was like I'd been strapped to an ozone machine. Oddly enough, Gene has said the same thing.

SISKEL: Yeah, she's a delightful person. Another interview that I liked was Meryl Streep. I asked her on camera in a live-television situation if she could teach me something about acting. I said, I'll say a line and you critique me. So I said, "I love you, Meryl," and she said, "All wrong." I said, "Why?" She said, "Because when you said 'I love you' to me, you were thinking about how you were saying 'I love you.' You were presenting it to me. In a real acting situation, and in real life, if you're saying 'I love you' to someone, you're not thinking about how you're saying 'I love you.' In that moment, you're thinking about one thing: Do they love *you*? That's where the center of your energy should be." That is a great instruction about the nature of acting. I've told that to other actors and they've said you're not going to get better advice than that—that acting is seeking the truth of the moment.

EBERT: You have to understand that one of Gene's real strengths as an interviewer is telling people what he thinks. It's just amazing. When he had Tom Cruise on Channel Two, he told Cruise all about how he, Gene Siskel, felt the first time he met John Wayne. I congratulated him. I said, "Gene, that was a fabulous interview Tom Cruise had with you, in which he got you to talk about your relationship with John Wayne."

PLAYBOY: Speaking of Cruise—is he the biggest star today?

SISKEL: Right now, Tom Cruise is just about as hot as anybody in the movie business. I saw it at the Oscars last year. With fifteen minutes to go, every big star was in, and no one moved because one star hadn't arrived. Everybody—the fans, the press, everyone—was waiting for Cruise. It was fascinating to me. When I did that TV interview, there were a hundred fifty people standing around, watching him. I hadn't seen anything like it in a long, long time.

EBERT: Tom Cruise is the biggest star in America today, but we seem to inflate him into the greatest actor in history in order to get him onto the covers of magazines. I am utterly bored by celebrity interviews. Most celebrities are devoid of interest. Who wants to read a [lengthy] interview with Tom Cruise? I don't—and I write them! Life is too short to want to know about Bruce Willis.

PLAYBOY: So besides yourselves, who has the biggest ego in the business?

SISKEL: I'm sure it's a sixty-way tie.

EBERT: When you say, "Who has the biggest ego," there's an implicit criticism. You're actually asking who's the biggest asshole. I would say that the biggest ego of anyone I've spoken to in the movies belongs to Ingmar Bergman.

but I would want that to be heard as praise. He has a very highly developed sense of self, of who he is, what he thinks and what he cares about. He's one of the most impressive people I've ever met. Woody Allen has an extremely well-developed and healthy ego. That does not mean he's conceited; it doesn't mean he's insufferable. It just means that he takes himself seriously, and he should.

In terms of dynamic energy and infectious enthusiasm, very few people are the match of Martin Scorsese. I gave him his first print review. It was his first film, *Who's That Knocking at My Door?* I said, "In ten years, he'll be the American Fellini." Well, of course, that was wrong, because there's nothing similar between Scorsese and Fellini. But he called me up and said, "Geez, do you think it's gonna take that long?"

PLAYBOY: The critic John Simon says, "Without criticism, the artist receives no serious answer." Does an artist need a serious answer?

EBERT: Some do, some don't. I still believe that the critic primarily writes for other people interested in the same art form. The proof of that is that much of the great criticism has been written about people who are dead. Samuel Johnson was certainly not hoping to help Shakespeare when he did his edition of Shakespeare's plays. But what he was trying to do was bring Shakespeare's plays to his contemporaries and to reinterpret him. That's what a critic can do.

SISKEL: I think that it can be healthy.

PLAYBOY: Simon often takes offense at what an actor looks like. He has been known to criticize Streisand because of her nose. Is that healthy criticism?

SISKEL: I'm one of his few defenders. Here's why: These actors use their bodies. They'll always tell you that's their instrument. OK. If that instrument is distracting to you, I think you do have an obligation to report it.

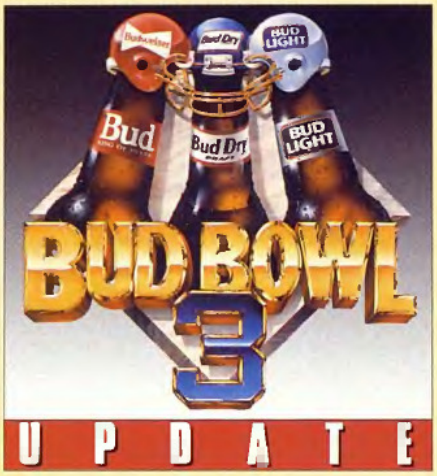
PLAYBOY: But Barbra Streisand can't do anything about her nose.

SISKEL: We all know that they can do anything they want these days. You can cut down a nose.

PLAYBOY: You'd recommend an actress permanently alter her face so certain critics might like her better?

SISKEL: I believe that somebody can be cast wrong physically. That's really the nut of what Simon's saying, and that's what I subscribe to: that somebody can be physically wrong for a part.

EBERT: His contention is that if we are being asked to pay money to look at someone, we have the right to say why we don't want to look at him. A certain amount of tact is necessary. I don't think I would mention Streisand's nose in print any more than I would mention it to her in person. I generally feel that what makes people interesting is the spirit that shines through.



HIGH-TECH HELMET TO SHOW BEER'S-EYE VIEW.

First came instant replay. Now, making its debut in Bud Bowl® 3: HelmetCam®.

With a video camera fused to a football helmet, armchair quarterbacks will see all the action on the field *from* the field.

HelmetCam is the brainchild of Dr. Albert Beerstein, scientific consultant to the B.F.L. "Developing ze HelmetCam is ze yeast I can do for zis game," Beerstein said.

Budweiser®'s Beechwood backs, Billy Bud and Bobby Bud, have been tapped to wear HelmetCams in Bud Bowl 3, January 27 on ABC.

Look for HelmetCam to bring a whole new perspective to Bud Bowl 3.

© 1990 ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC., BREWERS OF BUDWEISER® BUDDRY® AND BUD LIGHT® BEER · ST. LOUIS, MO

PLAYBOY: *Spy* magazine recently said that you were the two most powerful movie critics in the country, and that Siskel was the powerhouse of the two of you. Did that bother you, Roger?

EBERT: That was all tongue in cheek; their criteria for judgment were completely silly and goofy—which everyone will agree to. In other words, the article is completely meaningless. Besides, Gene wanted to win. I don't care, really, except I do care, because he always manages to manipulate these guys. He gets some writer from *Spy* magazine and talks to him until the guy will do anything to make him stop talking. Gene's telephone conversations are famous for being endless. Anybody who's engaged in negotiations with him finally tells him things like, "I'll do anything you want if you'll just stop calling me." It must be said that Gene lobbied furiously to win and that I would have placed first if it hadn't been for Gene's telephone calls to that publication.

SISKEL: Now I think I've figured out what the trigger may have been for Roger's wild overstatements of everything about me. What's been bothering him is that *Spy* magazine thing.

EBERT: What Gene can't figure out is that, despite all of his efforts, I always seem to wind up on top. I'm smarter, funnier, I'm a better writer, I'm a better talker, I'm better on television. It's just astonishing. For all of his efforts. Now, I'm sure that Gene would be happy to tell you that he's smarter, that he's a better critic, that he's better on television.

PLAYBOY: Gene, how much power do you think you wield?

SISKEL: Because of the *Spy* magazine thing and because people are now bringing it up to me, I'm a little bit more aware of it than I have been in the past. I live in Chicago, I work in Chicago. I don't travel that much, so I'm not in the media centers of the country where I would hear more about my power. So I haven't been all that aware of it. I guess that we can sell a considerable number of tickets and possibly prevent as many people from going to see a film. When I go out to L.A., I get treated pretty well by these people, and that's why I should get home quick. I don't need any more power, and I don't need any more money. I don't need any more fame. And I know who's really big, and I'm not.

PLAYBOY: You two have been parodied in movies such as *Hollywood Shuffle*, *Summer School* and *Back to the Beach*. What's it like being the brunt of the joke?

EBERT: Well, the most amazing parody, the one that had Gene and myself picking our jaws up off the floor, was Danny Thomas and Bob Hope doing us on one of the Bob Hope specials. I mean, when you grow up with Bob Hope, it's like if

we were to look up at Mount Rushmore and there were two more guys up there, and it was Siskel and Ebert. Bob Hope and Danny Thomas! It was just——

SISKEL: Shocking.

EBERT: It was stupendous! It was amazing. So that was a high point. Another landmark for both of us was being satirized in *Mad* magazine, because we grew up with it. You know you've arrived when *Mad* magazine does a parody of you.

PLAYBOY: How much of a landmark was it to appear on *The Tonight Show*?

EBERT: I would have to be on *The Tonight Show* a great many times before I would get over the shock of being interviewed by Johnny Carson.

SISKEL: When we're behind the curtain for one of these things, particularly with the Carson show, we will often say we should be *watching* the show. When I saw Johnny walk through the door—it was a jaw drop for me.

EBERT: Before I saw Johnny, I saw Ed McMahon and Doc Severinson and my knees were already jelly. Then the band started to play. I was thinking, *Get me outa here!* We were so frightened. There's even a picture of us holding on to each other. I was saying, "Gene, we're a couple of Midwestern boys who belong back in the Midwest." There was no way that we belonged on the Johnny Carson show. We were way out of our depth.

SISKEL: I did all of the hick things in connection with that show. I took a picture sitting in Johnny's chair after the show was over. I took a picture with my daughter sitting in Johnny's chair and my wife and I as the guests. I took home a cue card for one of Carson's jokes.

PLAYBOY: Since everything between you is so overly analyzed, how are you feeling right now about each other?

EBERT: It's just maddening sometimes to work with Gene. And I think that he probably is kind of tired of working with me on occasion, too.

SISKEL: I've felt estranged from Roger in the past month or two. On our scale of getting along or not getting along, I feel we've been drifting apart a bit.

PLAYBOY: Like it or not, you two are linked like Siamese twins. What are your gut feelings about being known as "Siskbert"?

EBERT: I'm very proud of the things that I do as Roger Ebert. I really, really, *really* resent references that seem to link us together as two halves of one opinion. And I am at pains to suggest that the *Siskel & Ebert* program is something that I do once a week with Gene, and I come to the show as a complete entity and interact with him for half an hour. But the two of us are not in any way, shape or form a critical team.

The other thing that pisses me off is that a lot of people seem to think I'm Siskel, and Siskel claims that *nobody* ever thinks that he's Ebert. I think he's lying; I think he does it to push my buttons. I think he must occasionally be called Ebert by somebody. People call me Siskel at least half of the time. It's the deal with the Devil: "The good news is, I'm going to make you famous. The bad news is, nobody will know who you are."

SISKEL: It doesn't bother me if somebody calls me Ebert. What's fascinating to me is that that would mean something to him. That a perfect stranger didn't know his name? Or got confused? These are not issues to be annoyed over. I feel I'm secure in my own identity as a critic and I don't try to reach a middle position with Roger at any time. At the same time, I recognize that the power I've been given to act independently and have a resonance, and to be sought out for opinion, is due not entirely—and not even halfly, if you will—to the fact that we work together.

PLAYBOY: But together, you're much more powerful. Do you think that we would be sitting here talking with you if you were not a team?

SISKEL: No, you wouldn't be. I think I have a real good fix on what the situation is. It doesn't in any way diminish me if people view me as part of a program. It's *enhanced* me. And every week, I separate myself from him; I have no problem with that.

EBERT: One of the things that get me is that we're usually quoted as "Two thumbs up!" I liked it better before we had the thumbs. Then, at least, you were allowed to have an opinion, like "I enjoyed this movie" or "a hilarious film." It's almost as if the two of us are little jack-in-the-boxes and all we can say is "Two thumbs up!" "Two thumbs up!—Siskel and Ebert."

PLAYBOY: Do you pay much attention to your reviews being quoted in ads?

EBERT: I don't care whether I'm quoted in ads. I don't read them to see if I'm quoted.

SISKEL: I don't have to ever see my name in an ad again. It's embarrassing. When I saw the size of type that they used in *Die Hard 2*, I thought, *Gulp!*

PLAYBOY: How often do you feel ambivalent about giving a film a thumbs up or a thumbs down?

EBERT: We have plenty of reviews that are somewhere around the middle. You just have to jump one way or the other because of this idiotic business of being able to vote only thumbs up or thumbs down. I'd like to give a sideways thumb occasionally.

PLAYBOY: Who are the critics who have most influenced you?

SISKEL: I'm of the age that Pauline Kael and Andrew Sarris had a big influence on my life. Kael with her enthusiasm and attention to detail and finding the relevant detail to illustrate the point. And Sarris for his Americanization of the *auteur* theory and giving these film directors their due as artists and as authors. Of the people who are working now, they're the ones who have to get the lion's share of the credit.

EBERT: I've always been a big fan of Pauline Kael's. I like Stanley Kaufman, Manny Farber. I don't read other critics for their opinions; I read them for their style and for what they see in a movie. I don't read Gene's reviews, because I don't want to know anything about his opinion of a movie before we tape the show. I don't want to know what he's said before.

PLAYBOY: Have studios or directors ever given you scripts to read?

EBERT: I won't read them. I have a form letter. A film critic is the last predator in the food chain. He should review the movie after it's made; he shouldn't be rewriting it before it's been sold.

PLAYBOY: Roger, you spent your time farther down the food chain when you wrote *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* for director Russ Meyer in 1969. And you've been very critical of Twentieth Century Fox for the way it handled the film, right?

EBERT: Fox just wants to dissociate itself from that film. I mean, any studio that would make *The Adventures of Ford Fairlane* and doesn't want to acknowledge *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* is badly confused. *Ford Fairlane* is a failed attempt to deal with some of the same material in *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, which is a camp rock-and-roll horror exploitation musical. Still, it's the movie that won't die. It could be as successful as *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* if Fox got behind it and showed it at midnight.

PLAYBOY: How much did you get paid?

EBERT: Fifteen thousand dollars. Pretty good in 1969. I've written about five or six screenplays for Russ. *Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens* was the only other one produced. He's got a screenplay that he's trying to sell right now that I wrote in 1976 called *Up the Valley of the Beyond*. Only now there's a conflict issue involved. The way I handled it was to never review any other Russ Meyer movie after *Vixens*. As I became a national film critic, I got out of the screenplay business altogether. I don't believe that a film critic has any business having his screenplays on the desks at the studios.

PLAYBOY: Well, Gene, here's your chance: Want to review Roger's movie?

SISKEL: I haven't seen *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* in twenty years. I thought it was gratuitously violent. And it didn't make me laugh. Somebody sticks a gun in somebody's mouth and it kind of linked sex and violence in a not particularly healthy way. I thought it was distasteful. That was my reaction to it. I gave it a negative review.

EBERT: I think it was pretty sensational. Even today it plays like gangbusters.

PLAYBOY: Dwight MacDonald decided to stop being a film critic when he felt that

"as the years go by, one has already reviewed, under another title, almost every new film one sees." Has either of you gotten close to that point yet?

EBERT: I've never been bored with the job, but I've always felt there has to be a finite length of time that I want to make it my business to process every major commercial movie in the world.

SISKEL: I'm still as enthusiastic about movies as I was twenty-one years ago. The good ones will let you run through bad ones for a long time. When I saw a picture like *Do the Right Thing*, I was still going to see it a year later. That picture had about five months of active life in my head. *Die Hard 2* was another. I sat there enthralled.

PLAYBOY: You often bring up *Do the Right Thing*, Gene. What is it about that film that so captivated you?

SISKEL: I particularly was impressed with it in the year that *Driving Miss Daisy*, a film allegedly about racial issues, was the most celebrated film of the year. I wanted to say, No, no, no, no; look over here and you'll see a beautifully made film that's much more real. *New York* magazine ran a cover story called "Race: the Issue." It was referring to the mayoral campaigns of David Dinkins and Ed Koch. But I believe that statement—"Race is the issue"—applies to all of America at all times. Race is really the issue, and we will be judged on how we handle the racial issue in this country. To me, *Do the Right Thing* is the picture that best reflects and illuminates the racial conflict in America. Better than any other picture I've seen.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about *Siskel & Ebert*. What has kept it fresh over the years?

EBERT: The fact that we have not gotten bored with doing it and that we are still highly attuned to each other's opinions. If Gene disagrees with me, I take it personally, and vice versa. We are still very competitive. We know how to push each other's buttons in such a way that there is a real feeling of risk when we're taping. For both of us.

SISKEL: We're in a profession where a lot of people don't confront competition. Journalists will crap on each other in bars, in restaurants, to their colleagues—but they won't face their competition in any real way. We do, and you've got to learn from that.

PLAYBOY: Did you know each other before you started doing a show together?

EBERT: We had had no meaningful conversation on any subject.

SISKEL: We had just sort of glancingly observed each other. The fact is that there was only one guy who could really hurt me professionally other than myself, and that was Roger, because he could beat me on a story. Or write a better review. Roger is the guy I feared the most.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever critiqued your show?

EBERT: Today, if I look back on tapes of the early shows, I find it startling that Gene and I agreed to work with a trained dog. And I find it even more startling that we later agreed to substitute a trained skunk. I feel that something fundamental inside of me has changed in such a way that I could never again work on TV with a dog or a skunk. And even at the time, Gene and I used to ask each other, "Do you think Pauline Kael would appear on television with a trained animal?"

SISKEL: I've asked Warren Beatty and Steven Spielberg what they would do to improve our show. Both of them said that they would spend more time on a movie. I think we should do that. I would like to see a show devoted to one film. We did it about ten years ago, and we ought to do it again. I think we could spend a little more time on detailed analysis. Let the argument go on a little longer, not make it so snappy. Let it get uncomfortable.

EBERT: Sometimes we're criticized for not dealing in high-level, in-depth film criticism. And that's true; we are not a high-level, in-depth film-criticism show. This is two people talking about the movies. But we have a lot of younger viewers who watch the show, and it seems to me that what we're telling them every week is that there are standards and that it is your job to make up your own mind about what you think of a movie. It's OK to have an opinion; it's OK to disagree with someone.

PLAYBOY: Do you think most people are watching you because of your opinions or because of the potential for watching two people argue with each other on television?

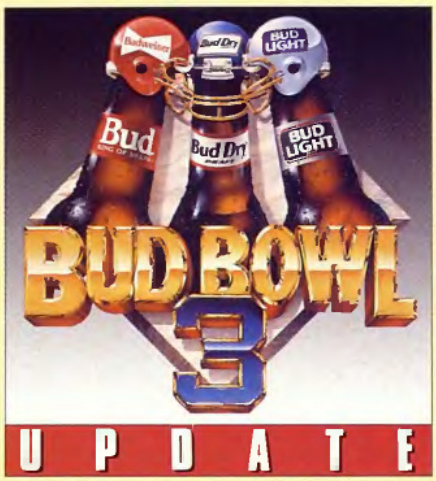
EBERT: We don't argue that much.

SISKEL: And we don't disagree to be disagreeable. We probably agree seventy percent of the time.

EBERT: I'll tell you where I think people get that idea: There's hardly any disagreement or any real conversation on television. In the early days of television, there were open-ended talk shows with people like David Susskind, Irv Kupcinet and others on which people who disagreed with each other came on the air and fought. Then, for a long time, that disappeared and there was all this blandness. Now you have some confrontational stuff on TV, especially on some of the cable stations. But still, basically, it's very rare for anyone on a polite show to express disagreement.

PLAYBOY: Is a movie on TV still a movie?

SISKEL: No, you're seeing television when you watch a movie on TV, not a movie. The thing that is so wonderful about film and made such a big impression on me as a kid is the scale. You know all the theories: You enter the dreamlike state; the light comes from



BUDWAY JOE TO HANG UP LABEL?

He was once the toast of the town. But Bud Light® signal caller Budway Joe may have thrown his last spiral.

During practice for Bud Bowl® 3, Budway Joe limped off the field. Team doctor Bud Sidemanner issued this statement: "Budway Joe has injured his *glassius maximus*. He will not see action in Bud Bowl 3."

"Maybe I'll become an announcer," said Budway Joe. "They can always use another pretty face in the broadcast booth." Watch Bud Bowl 3, January 27 on ABC.

When injury struck, Budway Joe was leading the league in TDs, completions and coolness.

© 1990 ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC., BREWERS OF BUDWEISER, ® BUD DRY® AND BUD LIGHT® BEER • ST. LOUIS, MO

©1990 Volkswagen

Ah, the stuff that dreams are made of. Tight curves, steep hills and endless winding roads.

In some cars this would be a nightmare.

But in a Volkswagen Jetta you'll feel what it's like to be in control. Because the Jetta has 4-wheel independent suspension to help smooth out the roughest road. And a track-correcting rear axle that will help hold onto even unruly curves. It also comes equipped with power rack-and-pinion steering and power front disc brakes because every road comes equipped with surprises.

And of course, every Jetta, like every Volkswagen, has Fahrvergnügen.™ (Which loosely translated means: "It's my turn to drive!") And what more could you ask of a dream car?

THE 1991 JETTA

FAHRVERGNÜGEN. IT'S WHAT MAKES A CAR A VOLKSWAGEN.

For details, call 1-800-444-VWUS.

Seatbelts save lives. Don't drink and drive.

behind your head; you surrender to the image; you're pulled around like in a dream. It's just the opposite of home video, where you're, in effect, the projectionist. You run the movie, you control the lights.

EBERT: The bigger the screen, the better the sound, the better the experience.

SISKEL: The shoe-box theaters really hurt the movies. Younger audiences see movies as enlarged TV, so they won't demand that the movies be that much different from TV. They won't know the difference and it will all fall into the main slop bucket of entertainment.

PLAYBOY: Roger, you won a Pulitzer Prize. What did that mean to you?

EBERT: It relieved me a great deal, because two years earlier, Ron Powers, the *Sun-Times* TV critic, won the Pulitzer. So I spent twenty-four months in suicidal depression before I won it myself. I don't bring up my Pulitzer on the show very often, because I'm sure it's constantly on Gene's mind.

PLAYBOY: Gene, are you envious?

SISKEL: Of course. I would have loved to win one. My editors entered me a number of times and I didn't win. At the time Roger won his, we were in such a binary competition that it hurt.

PLAYBOY: We know that your competition is intense. How do you handle it?

SISKEL: Once, we were doing *Saturday Night Live* for the first time. We were both pretty scared. It was live television. The rehearsal had gone badly. We had never worked off cue cards. We were blowing it left and right. It was just humiliating. Then it came time to cut lines. We got into a situation where Roger was counting lines and saying, "You have more lines than I do." I began belching nervously. We were hostile and felt we were both going to go down in flames. We did the show, and we did OK.

EBERT: The key thing you have to remember about Gene is that in situations involving fear, his defense mechanism involves anger. Before live audiences, he becomes extremely rigid and abrupt. We were in a room with a typewriter, and Gene grew concerned that the cuts would diminish his role. I started counting words to prove to him that that was not the case. He went ballistic. So by the time we went on the air, we were both complete basket cases.

SISKEL: What about your behavior during this? You described my behavior, but what about your own?

EBERT: I was the one with the typewriter who was writing the script. Gene was stalking around dictating. I just couldn't reason with him. It happened most recently the last time we were on the *Arsenio Hall Show*. Gene was told by some functionary what we were supposed to do. Later, the executive producer gave us different instructions. When I tried to inform Gene, he said that he already knew exactly what he was supposed to do. Then, when I tried to say "No, Gene, it's been changed," he said, "Very well, do whatever you want," and he clammed up. That is what he often does. There's enormous tension before we go out, which leaves me uptight, and once we get on the air, he's relaxed. My way to deal with this is to have no contact with him whatsoever until we go out to do such a show. I absolutely don't want to see him or talk to him, because then I won't get any of the bad vibes.

PLAYBOY: What was the all-time low in your relationship for each of you?

SISKEL: Roger taught me a rummy game on an airplane once. It involved a discard pile and a meld pile. As soon as he taught me the game, I began beating him regularly. At one point, he thought that I had discarded something when I had just conveniently put something down on the little plastic tables they have on airplanes. It became such a big deal with him. He starts raising his voice: "I'm never playing with you again!" and he throws the table up. I was in shock. The stakes we were playing for were pennies. That was an all-time low, because it was so trivial.

EBERT: I'll give you one of my examples: We were once on the *Letterman* show. Letterman said, "We'll give you a limousine and we'll bring you from the airport to the studio. We'll tape the show and we'll take you back to the airport." This is fine with me. Gene is immediately thinking, Maybe I could go to this art gallery while I'm here. So he goes upstairs at *Letterman* and says, "Can you arrange another limousine?" They say yes. We go back downstairs. The original limousine is still waiting. The second limousine has not arrived. Gene gets into it and tells the driver to take him to the art gallery. I'm standing in the middle of the street, trying to block the limousine and saying, "Look, I didn't change any plans. I want to go to the airport. You're the guy who changed your plans, wait for your limousine." Gene's response to that was to roll up the electric windows and tell the guy to drive off. The second limousine never arrived and I took a taxi to the airport.

PLAYBOY: Did you confront Gene about it?

EBERT: Oh, God, I'm still talking about it now, and that was eight years ago! Oh, I talk to him. He will not respond. He just goes into the stone-faced routine. Gene's response to criticism is silence and deafness. He has often said that when we get mad, I explode and he implodes. The madder I am, the louder I get; the madder he is, the quieter he gets.

SISKEL: [*Laughs*] Jesus Christ! My recollection is that I had a limited amount of time to get where I was going. I had been told to take that limousine, and they were ordering another limousine for Roger. There was time for him to make it to the airport. I think that's a fact he left out. I felt under duress, because he was getting angry. When he gets angry, it can be very unpleasant. It's easier to cave in when he throws a tantrum. I guess that day I felt I'd had enough of being bullied. I just didn't feel like caving in. I wasn't gleeful when I did it. I felt bad doing it. Roger's had people give in to him all his life. He's a tyrant all the time, with everybody. I'm one of the few people in this world who can stand up to him, and that must frustrate him terribly. *Terribly*. The story is interesting in that you're dealing with someone who always got his way, as opposed to me, who grew up in a big family and didn't always get his way. I think I'm the sibling he never had. The best definition I've seen of our relationship is that it's a sibling rivalry and we both think we're the smarter older brother.

EBERT: You've talked with both of us for hours. Which of us do you think has a greater need to always be right?

PLAYBOY: To be diplomatic about this, we would say that perhaps Gene *wants* to be right more but that you think you *are* right more. You don't have the *need* to be.

EBERT: I have more innate confidence in the fact that I am right. I just assume I'm right, partially out of conviction and partially as a pose, because it drives Gene up the wall.

PLAYBOY: After all these years, Roger, have you changed to outmaneuver Gene?

EBERT: Yeah. I think I was a sweeter and more trusting guy earlier on. I always feel that Gene is thinking of the angle, so I have to think of the angle, too. And I always feel like I lose. He always gets the angle on me. He gets the limousine.

PLAYBOY: But you got the Pulitzer Prize.

EBERT: Yeah. That's my only consolation.

PLAYBOY: And he gets *Spy* magazine.

EBERT: He manipulated *Spy* magazine.

PLAYBOY: Before we start *that* again, let's go back to your childhoods and see if we can get to the bottom of this bickering.

EBERT: Maybe in Gene's life, he had too many people telling him when to shut up. A lot of his behavior may come out of military school.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back even further, Gene. You were probably too young to have many memories of your father, but do you remember being told of your mother's death?

SISKEL: I was told, apparently, while I was watching a baseball game—and I denied it. It didn't register. I thought she was still alive for a significant time after she was dead. I couldn't handle it, obviously. I used to pray for her to get

(continued on page 70)

Harry Connick, Jr., Gets the BIG BREAK

is the funky white boy from new orleans going to save jazz, or is jazz going to save him?

ON THE PRINCIPLE that nobody goes there anymore, it's too crowded, Harry Connick, Jr., the rear-guard jazz pianist and—*le mot juste*—crooner, has become so celebrated that some people have started to resent him. He is, to be sure, young (23), white, talented and successful—all offensive qualities. He also comes from New Orleans, a city with many musical heroes, most of whom suffered from lack of worldly acclaim. But he can't help where he's from or what he is, and although he may seem to have come a long way in a short time, all he has gained is a chance at life in the music business, which is no assurance of anything. Clearly, Connick knows how to wear a suit and tie a necktie; he has the right heroes—Eubie Blake, Errol Garner, Thelonious Monk, James Booker, Ellis Marsalis; he can sing in tune; and he possesses considerable piano technique. He comes on the scene at a time when the accepted convention is for young middle-class white men to mimic performers who are poor, old and black. It may seem odd that someone devotes himself to a kind of music—stride piano—supposedly dead before he was born, but it is, in fact, a lot less strange for Connick to emulate Hoagy Carmichael than for Eric Clapton to emulate Robert Johnson. It's just that, in the current cultural context, when someone behaves as if Bob Dylan had never existed, people wonder what it means.

One thing it means is that because of Connick, people who might not otherwise will hear songs that employ more than three chords, with lyrics in Standard English, songs by men such as Cole Porter and the Gershwins. It is true that Connick as a singer may not be the equal of Frank Sinatra or Tony Bennett, but he plays piano better than either. If he suffers by comparison with Nat Cole, so does everybody else.

The question is not whether Connick can make the world safe for

article By Stanley Booth

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

jazz but whether jazz can make the world safe for Connick. Looking at him, it's hard not to recall the lost promise of performers such as Johnny Mathis and Barbra Streisand, who seemed in their early careers to possess the individuality of jazz artists but whose music became less interesting as it became more popular. The time to dislike Connick will be when he sells his talent short. It seems likely that he will have the popular support to do original work if he has it in him. For now, he is, as music writer Chris Albertson called him, "an artist of immense promise."

Anyone wondering what it would be like if H. G. Wells's time machine actually existed had but to buy a ticket last fall to Connick's big-band concert tour. From Connick's opening notes—"Shoo, fly, don't bother me"—to his final scat-singing solo, he taxed listeners' ears with nothing more modern than mid-Fifties Monk. At times, the Harry Connick, Jr., Orchestra—a dozen horns, plus rhythm section—sounded like Duke Ellington's Washingtonians of the Twenties. Connick performed songs associated with Frank Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald, Nat Cole, Fred Astaire—all of whom had done them better, but not lately.

Connick's audiences, contrary to the tradition of the past 20-odd years, are not redolent of marijuana. They dress Republican and consist of older people grateful for a chance to hear their kind of music and young folk who, having never heard or seen anything like it, respond to it as a novelty.

At a Connick concert, the lights go up to reveal the band, all in dark suits, neckties and short haircuts, playing a brief fanfare. Then the clean-cut Connick, in blue blazer (belted back), gray slacks, black loafers and white open-collar shirt, snaps his fingers, exchanges musical jokes with black drummer Shannon Powell, his friend of 16 years, and has a fine time doing such songs as the 66-year-old *It Had to Be You*, the mainstay tune of his score for *When Harry Met Sally . . .*, which has spent more than a year on the charts.

"I had never heard anything as original and inventive," said Rob Reiner, the film's director, of Connick's music. "The fact that he was only twenty-one was astounding."

Success seems to have brought Connick a rare degree of artistic freedom. Columbia Records spokesman Arthur Levy said, "We don't have much to say about what he does. When an artist sells seven hundred fifty thousand units, thank God, especially a jazz artist, he attains a stature over which the record company has very little influence." So enthusiastic is Columbia about Connick that it has taken to releasing albums by him two at a time, most recently a big-band vocal album and a piano-jazz-trio record that, with the movie sound track, bring his catalog total to five unusually popular collections.

Jazz has suffered so much abuse in the past 50 years the miracle is that it exists at all. Once, listening to Billie Holiday sing with a small Teddy Wilson group of the Thirties, Jim Dickinson, the Memphis record producer and pianist who has recorded with everyone from Sam Phillips to the Rolling Stones to the Replacements, said, "They had music so nice—why'd they have to go and change it?"

Someone once said that New Orleans was not one of the southernmost cities in the United States but one of the northernmost cities of Guatemala. A New Orleans man was shot recently over a plate of macaroni. It is, whatever else, a city, as the travelog cliché goes, of contrasts: political conservatism, music, parades. Connick is the product of a prominent Irish Catholic family, his mother a judge who died when he was 13, his father a music lover who last October was re-elected city D.A., a post he has held for 15 years. Connick's background is the stuff of romance: His parents met in Casablanca, where she was taking the grand tour and he, a journalist, was studying bullfighting. Later, the music-loving Connicks sent themselves to law school with the proceeds from a couple of record stores they owned in New Orleans. There are home movies of nine-year-old Junior playing with 93-year-old Eubie Blake.

From the time he was 13 until he graduated from high school and went to New York City, Connick studied with pianist Ellis Marsalis, father of musical progeny Wynton, Branford and Delfeayo. Branford, seven years Connick's senior, says that "Harry Connick can go in any direction he feels like. That's how good he is. It's not technique. Technique is bullshit. It's half the battle. He's one of those rare people who can hear music and internalize it, whatever it is. Harry has it all. He's genuinely funny, six feet two and handsome as hell. The two things that most of his audience will never know about him is how funny he really is and how great a musician he is. Because the thing that has made him successful doesn't really highlight his musical ability. Pick any style—stride, modern—he can play all of them. I can't say enough about him as a musician. He doesn't know himself how good a musician he is."

Legendary New Orleans pianist Mac Rebennack, alias Dr. John, who recorded a track and a video with Connick, says he "got to hear him play in a couple of settin's, and I was real impressed. I liked that he was takin' stuff his own way—he'd play some real New Orleans stuff, some Monk stuff, some Ellington stuff, and he does 'em good. He tickled me, 'cause on the tune we did together, he snuck in some James Booker stuff with his left hand. I think that's beautiful that he can mix in some stuff from Monk or Booker, different cats that's unrelatable, in a way, but he can draw 'em together.

"I'll tell you something James Booker told me, and that is, you draw offa all the guys you can and you put 'em together and that's how you find yourself. I really believe that's what Harry's doin'. And I think he finds hisself here and there, 'cause every now and then, I hear somethin' come out of him that ain't from them other cats, and maybe it's from some cat I ain't heard, but I got a feelin' that's just Harry's stuff."

Connick, like the members of his band, seems to have grown up in a refined environment where babies are taught to love Lester Young. It does seem odd, though, that except for a few recent compositions—"Here's a song I wrote with my uncle when I was fourteen"—the whole big-band set could have been done by Bobby Darin 25 years ago. No shadow of Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane or—God forbid—Jimi Hendrix penetrates this blue-blazered realm. "I like a Zeppelin tune," Connick sang in *How About You*, and for a moment, one could see the similarity between him and Zeppelin-era Jimmy Page, both young players incapable of reaching the depths of the music that fascinated them. It was revelatory of a couple of things, one being the goodness of Connick's heart, that the high point of his concert in Houston was two songs performed by the venerable blues singer Sam McClean, a New Orleansian transplanted to Texas. McClean, a Bobby Bland sound-alike (who better?), received a standing ovation. At the concert's end, Connick and the band got another standing ovation, did one encore with Connick on drums and Powell on piano—this band may have profound historical roots, but it also has a lot of fun—and called it a night.

Backstage, seated at a folding table in T-shirt and jeans, Connick was the

(concluded on page 134)

"Winter has come, babe. Time to cover it all up until next summer."

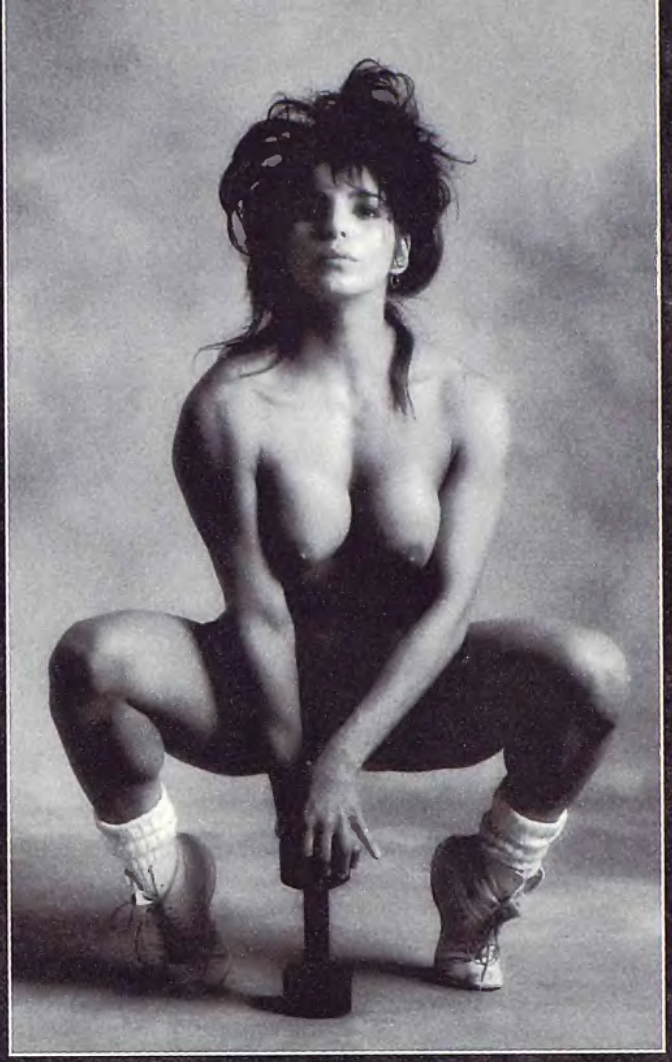
FLEX APPEAL

A PUMPED-UP PORTFOLIO OF BEAUTIFUL BODYBUILDERS

In his rippling, sinewy new novel *Body*, Harry Crews describes his protagonist, Sheree Dupont, as "a single shining muscle of a girl." He sees the women's bodybuilding community this way: "All around them, in the pool, in chaise longues, were . . . women without body fat, their skin diaphanous, their movements languid and deliberate, abdominal walls ridged with rows of muscle so sharply defined as to seem unreal, the mad imaginings of a mad artist." Crews obviously sees eye to eye with photographer Paul B. Goode, who since the early Eighties has focused on the exquisitely developed forms of female bodybuilders. Goode likes women who enhance—not distort—the feminine shape through weight training. These beautifully wrought women—Monica Mercedes (left) of Venice, California, and L. Toni Dee (above) of Vallejo, California, among them—know that the curve of muscle packs a powerful sensuous appeal, and that a well-tuned body responds most generously to stimulation.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL B. GOODE

Having a ball below is April Johnson of Mansfield, Ohio. April enjoys body massages, if you have the hands to manage it. Monica Mercedes (right), featured on the opening spread, tells us, "My father is a former dictator, my mother a former spy." Lynn, Massachusetts', own Carla Dunlap (bottom) rejoices that "finally *Playboy* is recognizing different shapes of women."



Playing Atlas at the far left is L. Toni Dee, also pictured on the opener. Toni practices weight, persanal and dog training. Give the word, Tani: We'll sit up and beg. Brooklyn girl Julia Kover (left) was born in Budapest (glad she didn't stay Hungary) and traveled the world with her dad, an economics advisor to the Soviets. Obviously, she learned how to handle heavy situations.

SISKEL & EBERT *(continued from page 61)*

"Today, you couldn't get '2001' made; you couldn't get 'Taxi Driver' made—it's not violent enough."

better, after she was dead.

PLAYBOY: Since this interview is mainly concentrating on the relationship between you and Roger and your relationship to the movies, let's focus on how the movies influenced your childhood.

SISKEL: I would walk eight blocks to the theater every Saturday with my friends. A big theater. A Mediterranean-themed palace with lighthouses and twinkling stars on the ceiling. Red velvet all over the joint. One picture that made an impression on me was *A Star Is Born* with Judy Garland. I remember the colors were richer than I had seen before. I remember being taken to a drive-in to see *A Streetcar Named Desire*. I remember being in the back seat and hearing people on the screen yell and scream. I grew up in a very happy home and didn't hear that. The movies, there was something potent there. It was adult. That's what movies meant to me, plus one other thing: Admission was a quarter and I was given two quarters so I could buy my refreshments. That was the first time in my life I was really turned loose. I could choose my food. I wasn't served by my parents, the selection was mine.

The movie with the strongest emotional pull of my youth—and it has to do with my psychological history—was *Dumbo*. The separation from the mother was terrifying to me. And also Dumbo's flying. It was like my whole ego was riding right on his trunk when he had to fly and believe in that mouse. I felt that I had big ears and I think most people feel that they have big ears stashed somewhere in their life.

EBERT: With me, my life centered on the Princess Theater on Main Street in Urbana. For nine cents, you got a double feature, color cartoons, a newsreel, a serial, the coming attractions, the advertisements and, twice a year, Dan Dan the Yo-Yo Man came and had a yo-yo contest. You could win a Schwinn bicycle. I wanted to be a yo-yo professional.

PLAYBOY: Your father also died when you were young, didn't he?

EBERT: He died of lung cancer in 1960, when I was a freshman in college. He had been an electrician at the University of Illinois and my mother, who died three years ago, was a bookkeeper. Two weeks before my father died, I won the Associated Press sportswriting contest for the state of Illinois. Because he knew that I won that, that award is really more important to me than the Pulitzer Prize.

PLAYBOY: How different are movies today from when you were kids?

EBERT: When I went to movies as a teenager, we went to see what adults did. Now adults go to the movies to see what teenagers do. People over the age of twenty-one hardly ever make love in the movies anymore. They sit around and tell the kids they shouldn't be doing it. It's amazing. And today, the best American directors are not trying to make great movies, they're trying to make successful movies. Today, you couldn't get *2001* made; you couldn't get *Taxi Driver* made—it doesn't have *enough* violence, and it has the wrong kind of violence. It's not escapist violence, it's introspective, meaningful violence. Even *Raging Bull*—it's the best film of the Eighties, but you couldn't get it made today. It didn't make much money and it never gets good ratings on TV.

PLAYBOY: Gene, you get personally involved with the movies, by collecting movie memorabilia, don't you?

SISKEL: I've got the white suit Travolta wore in *Saturday Night Fever*. I loved that picture and have seen it ten times.

PLAYBOY: What did it cost you at auction?

SISKEL: Two thousand dollars. In terms of what I was prepared to pay, it was a bargain. Now it's probably worth twenty times that. Sylvester Stallone says it's the most famous suit in the world. I've never put it on, but I don't have to worry about its being destroyed, it's polyester. It will outlive the plastic bag it's in. I'm also the proud owner of the boom box, the baseball bat and the pizza-delivery shirt from *Do the Right Thing*. And I have an early script of Scorsese's *Mean Streets*. That was an important film for me, just as the Nicholson pictures from *Five Easy Pieces* and *The King of Marvin Gardens* through *The Last Detail* were. But now, when you ask people who starred in those, nobody says Jack Nicholson. The dominant image of Nicholson for many people is the Joker and the Laker games. Smilin' Jack. Here is a man who, to his everlasting credit, gave us a portrayal of a modern American man that was unique. He made these pictures that really show an alienated modern guy in an exciting way. And the kids don't know it.

PLAYBOY: Gene, you've told us about some of your favorite movies. Roger, what are yours?

EBERT: *The Third Man*, *La Dolce Vita*, *Notorious*, *Citizen Kane*, *Taxi Driver* and *Gates of Heaven*, a documentary about a pet cemetery.

PLAYBOY: And who are your three favorite actors and actresses?

SISKEL: I hate that shit. *God*, do I hate that stuff!

PLAYBOY: All right, Gene, we'll note that you won't play. How about you, Roger?

EBERT: Robert Mitchum, because he embodies the soul of *film noir*. Robert De Niro, because he takes more chances than anybody else. Jack Nicholson, because he has a gift for making the audience into accomplices.

Ingrid Bergman, because of the ethereal quality of her persona. Marilyn Monroe, because there was never, ever anybody else like her; because she was able to convey carnality through innocence in a way that still remains a complete mystery. Meryl Streep, just because she tries so many kinds of things, so she never does the same thing twice.

PLAYBOY: What genre of film is the most review-proof?

SISKEL: It may be the comedy. It is very, very hard to argue someone out of a laugh, or into one.

EBERT: The sex film.

SISKEL: That, too.

EBERT: If people think it will turn them on, they don't care what anybody says about it. In fact, most sex films are never reviewed.

PLAYBOY: Are porno films healthy?

SISKEL: I know that they can be degrading, but I think that they possibly can have a therapeutic value, as well. I once interviewed a sex therapist who said that porno films were healthy for the reason that they show people who have never seen the anatomy, the organs, up close. Supposedly, a common fear is that the vagina has teeth. And someone could say, "No, it doesn't. Look!"

PLAYBOY: Are orgasms usually portrayed from the male or the female point of view in the movies?

SISKEL: I did a story on the visual grammar of sex scenes in American movies, and the orgasm is always from the point of view of the woman. Richard Gere is one of the few actors who has

(concluded on page 153)

"Are you sure it's ninety-nine percent safe with a diagram, Eddie? . . . Suppose it's the wrong diagram. . . . Is it the right way up?"

THE TERROR IN GAINESVILLE

in the modern history of serial murders, the evil that struck the university of florida campus was almost beyond imagining

article by
MICHAEL REYNOLDS

THE REAL FEAR—the one that transforms the ordinary and imbues everyday objects with palpable mortal threat—kicked in late Tuesday night while a bunch of cops and reporters stood outside apartment 113 of the Williamsburg complex, where the bodies of two University of Florida freshmen had been found two days earlier. Both girls had been butchered, mutilated with harrowing calculation, washed clean of their blood and left posed in an eerie Grand Guignol tableau sometime in the humid August night. A night not unlike this one. Now, as the cops made small talk, a Miami reporter pointed and said, "Look up there." Against the Venetian blinds in the upstairs apartment, two shadows moved in an odd angular pantomime. All eyes locked on the window until the reporter, with a nervous laugh, tried to make a joke of it. "Sinister, isn't it?"

Gainesville, Florida, had reason to be nervous. That morning, the fourth and fifth victims had been found in another off-campus apartment. Both were college students, both were murdered by multiple blade wounds, both were left in a pose to chill the onlooker. In normal times, Gainesville is home to one of the nation's most laid-back campuses, a sunny Eden where students stroll from class to class in tank tops and shorts and casually share coed apartments. Saturday Gator games and Daytona Beach, just two hours away, are the prime outdoor activities. The city itself invariably makes those lists of the most livable places in the United States, imbued as it is with youthful optimism and blissful self-absorption. But in the abrupt span of 72 hours at summer's end, this sprawl of lightly undulating greenery dashed by sylvan lakes and inviting residential parks had become the hunting ground of a demented killer, its 135,000 souls uprooted from all tethers to the good life and tossed into a twister of horror and fear. By Labor Day weekend, the streets were deserted, the students had fled. The only sign of life was the police cars sweeping the tree-lined blocks.

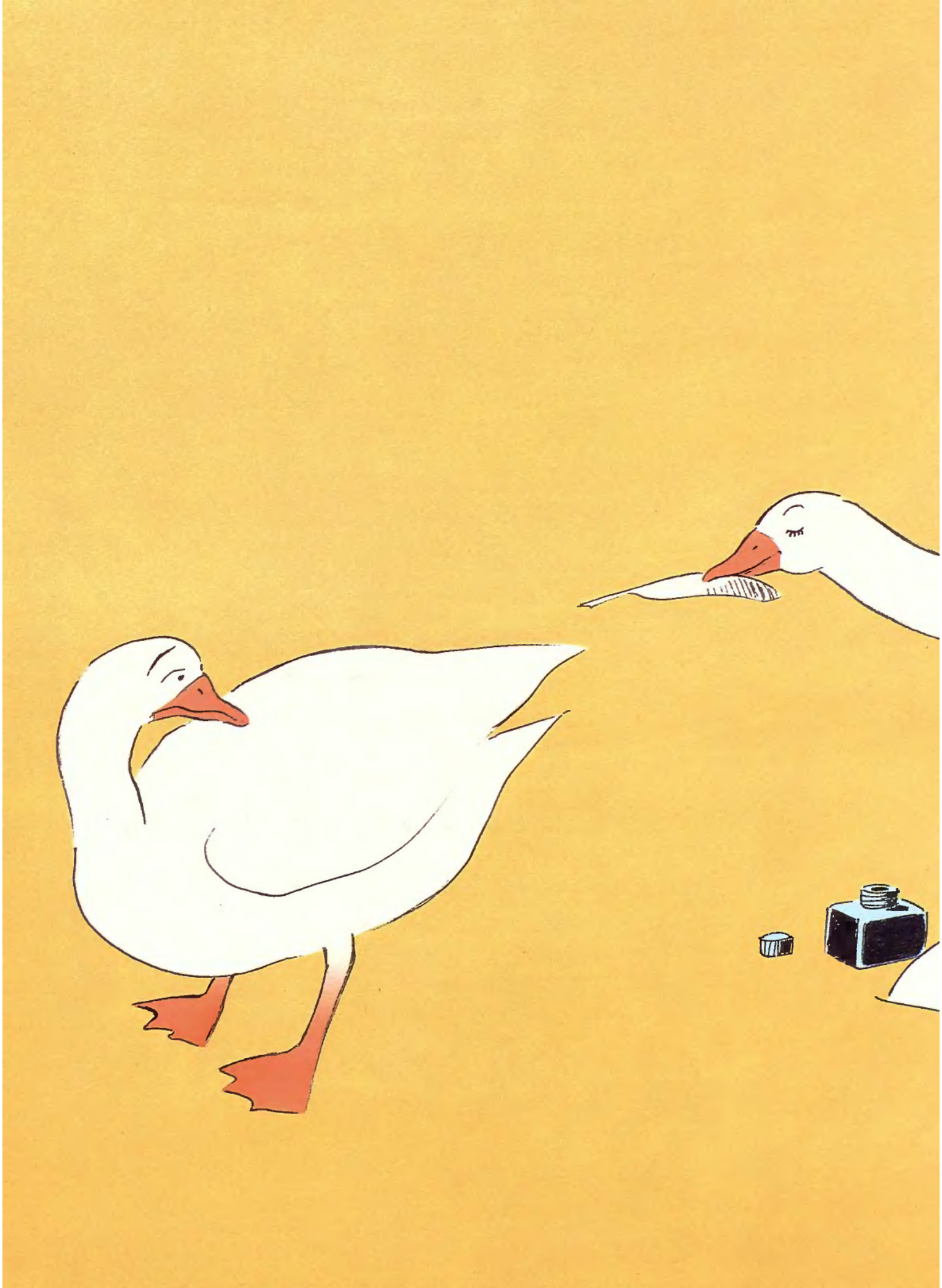
The university briefly threatened to close. Its president, John Lombardi, a man brought in to revamp a school beset with sports and money troubles and now sandbagged by a chain of student murders, likened the grisly events to "a natural disaster." Only Saddam Hussein and possible Armageddon in the Persian Gulf kept the Gainesville serial killings from the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*. Though for those familiar with the killings, the brutal horror in Florida was every bit as chilling as the worst excesses halfway around the world. The details, as they emerged, sickened all who heard them.

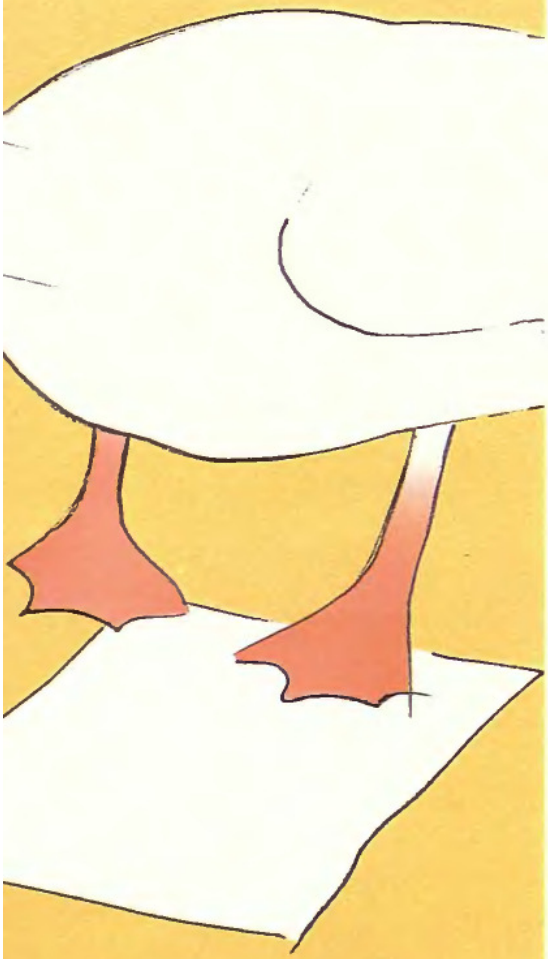
Sonja Larson and Christina Powell had begun moving into their Williamsburg apartment the week of August 20. Another roommate was expected to join them soon. Later, friends would use adjectives such as exuberant, bright and excited to describe the girls. The two spoke with their parents for the last time on Thursday, August 23. The last sound heard from their apartment was on Friday, the 24th—a new occupant in an adjacent apartment heard George Michael's *Faith* and "a kind of pounding or hammering or something." Then, only silence until Sunday afternoon around three o'clock, when Powell's parents, concerned that no one answered the phone, called police, who accompanied them to the girl's apartment.

The Williamsburg's maintenance man fingered his keys as he led the parents and a Gainesville cop up the short flight of stairs to their daughter's apartment. The door was locked. He unlocked it and stepped inside with the officer. In a glance that seemed to swell beyond the proportions of the stifling room, now hung with an odor not unlike soured milk, they wheeled about and blocked the couple from entering, then jerked the door shut on the fetid outrage within.

Lieutenant Sadie Darnell, a 12-year veteran of the Gainesville Police Department and its public-information officer, a dark brunette with wide-set eyes given to reading Faulkner and Joseph *(continued on page 130)*

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN





ZACK & JILL

honk if you love me. oh, i do, i do

fiction **By KEVIN COOK** Schreiber Cards wanted Jill. Not Zack. Zack smiled and said he was happy for her, and maybe he was, but his beer just went flat.

The pisser was not that Schreiber hated him. Zack knew that. With the help of three or four or six beers, he could live with it. What bugged him was that Schreiber liked Jill. If she was going to be a winner, Zack wasn't sure he could live with her.

Sitting with her at their usual table at the Clammer, hearing her tell all about her meeting with Schreiber, he had to smile. Worse, he had to thank her.

"Bo offered me this fab, fab job," Jill said, "but I stood up for my man."

"Thanks," Zack said.

"I talked about you."

"I said thanks."

Waving her chowder spoon, Jill told him how she had fought. How she had told Schreiber they were a team, Zack and Jill, like love and marriage, soup and sandwich. How she had said there was no deal without Zack. Schreiber had said. . . .

•

"No, no, no, no. I got thirteen scribes, *treize*. They do good work, too. Fast, lyrical work. Four cards a day and four times *treize*, I don't have to tell you, love, is fifty-two."

Bo Schreiber sat in his office at Erie and State, twisting a paper clip straight. He had a big corner office with a curved window. Behind him, the city curved out in the snow. He was average-sized and average-faced and, as if to compensate for his indistinction, too groomed. He *(continued on page 148)*

ILLUSTRATION BY GUY BILLOUT

The YEAR

the lowdown on who did

GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!

The gesture of the year: crotch grabbing, demonstrated here by a ballistically brassiered Madonna during her international Blond Ambition tour.

"I could take this home, Marilyn. This is something teenage boys might find of interest."

ADOLESCENT DICKHEAD

The pubescent male is Vice-President Dan Quayle; the well-hung doll, just like one he bought in Chile, is courtesy of *The Quayle Quarterly*; the condom cap's from the Funny Side Up catalog.

IVANA vs. MARLA Court Battle
Mistress: Ivana's A Lousy Mother — And a Bitch
Latest Bombshell In War of Trumps
SPLIT
'BEST SEX I'VE EVER HAD'

THE TRUMP SHUFFLE

Let's face it: Gossip columnists would have had pretty slim pickings in 1990 without the Trump triangle: Donald, Ivana and model Marla Maples. The Donald claimed that the publicity had been good for the careers of both ladies, but the commercial that Marla made for No Excuses jeans, in which she consigned the offending tabloids to the trash can, was nixed by some television networks as "unduly disparaging" and "airing of private disputes."

THE AXING OF X

After a summer of discontent in which movie after movie received the dreaded X rating from the Motion Picture Association of America's ratings board, the M.P.A.A. bowed to protests and gave Universal's picture *Henry & June* its first ever NC-17 classification.

IN SEX

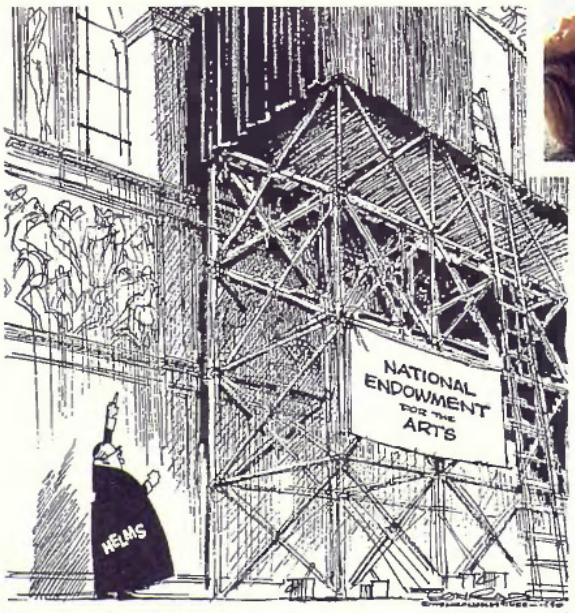
what to whom in 1990

MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR

Ilona "Cicciolina" Staller, Italy's porn star/parliament deputy, wants to make a swap with Iraq's Saddam Hussein. The deal: "I am willing to let him have his way with me if, in exchange, he frees the hostages."

CRIMES OF THE ARTS

As the art-*vs.*-bluenoses battle continued, anticensorship activists demonstrated in Boston, a Cincinnati gallery director beat obscenity charges after exhibiting the same controversial photos by the late Robert Mapplethorpe, Senator Jesse Helms and other conservatives threatened to cut funding of the National Endowment for the Arts and, in Fort Lauderdale, business improved when the Apropos gallery began specializing exclusively in erotic art. In its windows (right), nudes pose for artist/photographer Tom Kulagowski.



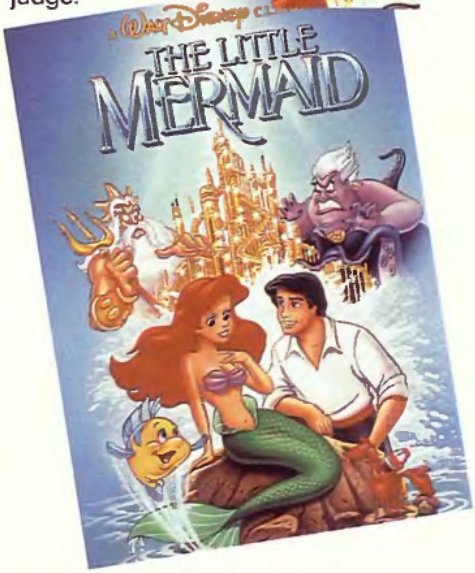
"NOT ANOTHER LIRA, MICHELANGELO, UNTIL YOU CLOTHE THESE NAKED BODIES!"

THAT'S WHAT WE CALL A STACKED DECK

Special-interest voyages being a hot item in seagoing travel, the liner Ocean Spirit set sail from St. Petersburg on a nude cruise. Here, Captain C. Lucas Master demonstrates the use of navigational devices.

DING DONG DISNEY?

Is that, perchance, a phallic symbol hidden in the castle on Disney's *The Little Mermaid* video? You judge.



GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!

Padres fans took offense when Roseanne Barr squawked the national anthem, then clutched her crotch in alleged imitation of practitioners of the national pastime.

WHY WE ♥ NEW YORK

Mooned by a topless blonde in an East River speedboat, Gov. Mario Cuomo noted, "In Queens, that never would've happened. For 50 years, we've been coming to Manhattan for excitement."

BIRDS OF A FEATHER, ALMOST

The plumaged performers at right are in the cast of *Skin Tight*, which its publicist bills, breathlessly, as "a lavish revue baring both the soul and the breasts of Manhattan's glittering night life," at The Blue Angel, New York's answer to Paris' Crazy Horse Saloon. By the way, the woman in the middle isn't.

POLITICAL DICKHEAD

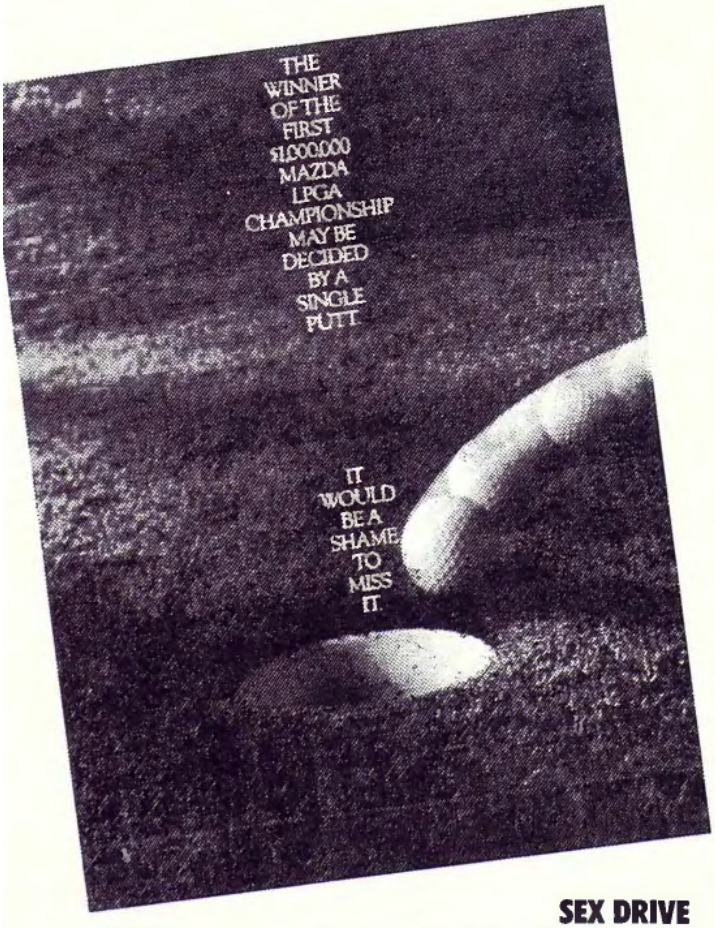
Despite a conviction for having sex with a minor, Representative Donald E. Lukens announced he'd run again. After new morals charges surfaced, he resigned.

GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!

Win a few, lose a few: One Florida jury found a 2 Live Crew album obscene; another jury found Crew members, including ball-bearing Luther Campbell, left, blameless for performing the same songs on stage.

WANTED: ONE VERY LARGE TOWEL

To celebrate its ninth birthday, Florida's Paradise Lakes Nudist Resort packed 307 folks into a hot tub in a bid for a *Guinness Book of World Records* mention.

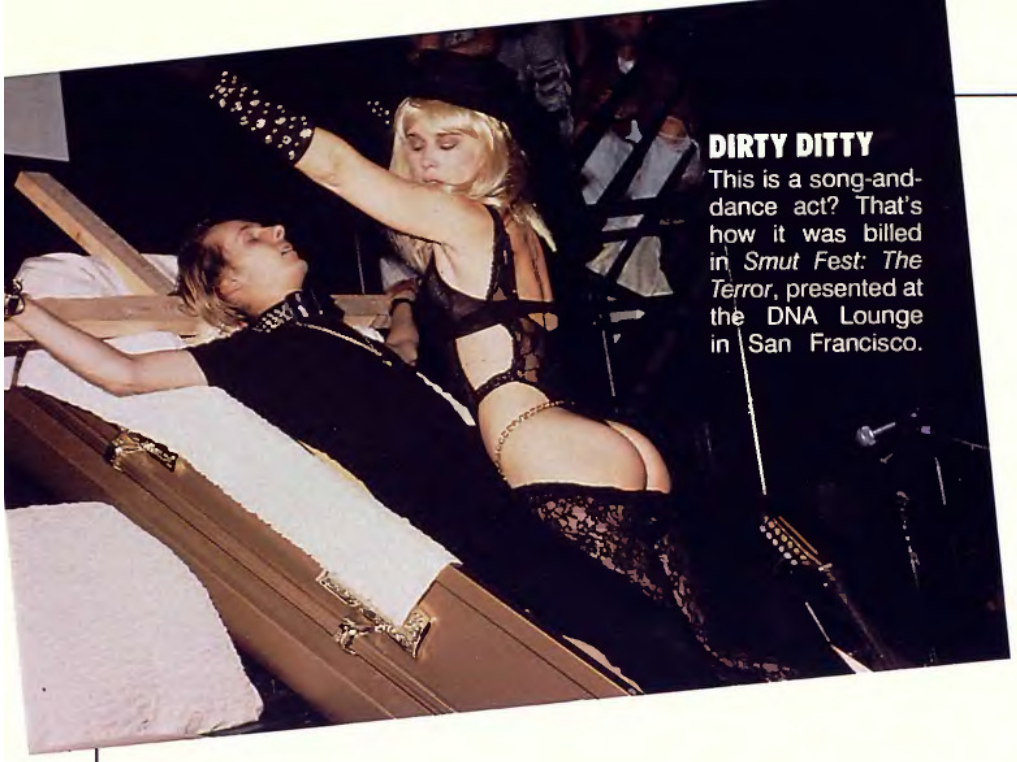


SEX DRIVE

Multiple-exposure photography of a golf ball created this possibly unintended effect in an advertisement for the telecast of a Ladies' Professional Golf Association tournament, which appeared in *USA Today* in July.

DEVASTATING BACKHAND

Model Nicole Meissner (in a shot from a German *Playboy* pictorial, below) has a baby whose father may or may not be—she named him twice, recanted once—Peter Graf, tennis star Steffi's father. The scandal, during which Nicole was briefly jailed on charges of having extorted $424,000 from Graf *père*, put Steffi (with dad, inset) off her usual championship game.



DIRTY DITTY

This is a song-and-dance act? That's how it was billed in *Smut Fest: The Terror*, presented at the DNA Lounge in San Francisco.

OFF-COLLAR STORY

The nation's first black archbishop, Atlanta's Eugene A. Marino, resigned after revelations of an affair with Vicki Long—who also claimed involvement with two other Catholic priests and a nun.

GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!

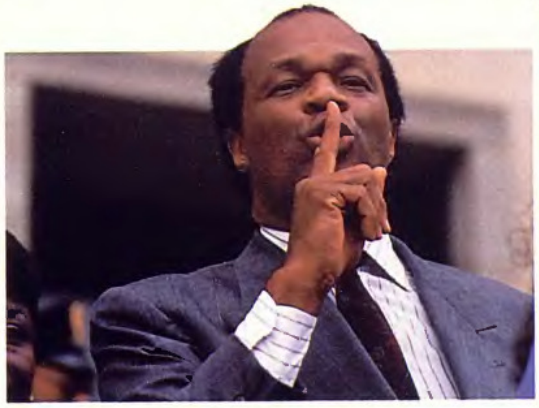
Here's a little something for Jesse Helms's Christmas stocking: the Annie Sprinkle Flashing Finger Puppet, souvenir of another *Smut Fest*. Wiggle your digits and Annie flashes.

WHY WE DON'T ♥ NEW YORK

Respondents in a poll conducted by the weekly newspaper *The New York Observer* preferred dinner (57 percent of the men, 85 percent of the women) and the theater (men, 51 percent; women, 84 percent) to having sex. But sex did beat out baseball.

ROAD HOGS: HANDLE WITH CARE

Truckers may boost their spirits—and their buns into the semi—with the Cab Companion handle from Joe Palmquist Enterprises of South Gate, California.



LOVE IS A TENDER TRAP

Washington, D.C., mayor Marion Barry was sentenced to serve six months in jail on misdemeanor charges but beat a felony rap despite a tape showing him smoking coke with Rasheeda Moore, a former flame who had been recruited by the FBI.

SEXIST DICKHEAD

Louisiana legislator Carl N. Gunter, Jr., rationalizes why he opposes abortions for incest victims.

"Inbreeding is how we get championship horses."

...IT'S EITHER THE PRIMITIVE SCRIBBLINGS OF EARLY CAVEMEN OR THE LOUISIANA LEGISLATURE'S 1990 AGENDA...
DUKE
WEB HANDELSMAN TRIB. MEDIA

GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!

When Roseanne Barr grabbed herself in San Diego, she said she was just doing what ballplayers do. Kansas City Royals' left fielder Bo Jackson proves her point.

A RACY DAY AT EPSOM DOWNS

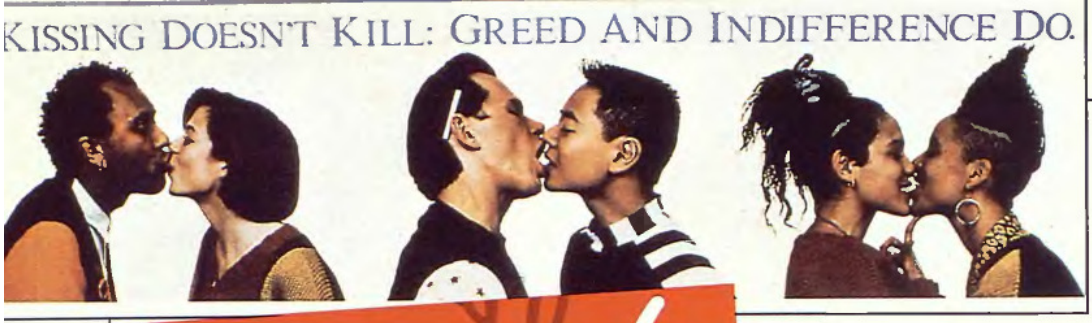
A mischievous breeze on Derby Day made Victoria Tucker's entrance at the race track grander, perhaps, than she had intended.

READ MY TITS

Don't look for this mural, commissioned by rocker Roth, on your next trip to Vancouver. Despite pleas to save it, city fathers ordered the work whitewashed from a recording-studio wall.

S'AZZ SINGS THE ST. LOUIS BLUES

Executives at *S'azz*, a new magazine aimed at the upscale black woman, claim that St. Louis supermarkets refused to display their launch issue because of this photo—but kept *Cosmo*'s nudes on the racks.



FUSS ON THE BUS

Anti-AIDS campaigns took public transportation in Chicago (above) and Massachusetts (left) and hit some potholes. Illinois politicos tried to outlaw the kissing posters, many of which were vandalized; Massachusetts' Catholic bishops said abstinence, not condoms, should be endorsed as the best method of disease prevention.

Next to the ball park, the rock concert is the best venue for crotch-clutcher sightings. Here, the Devil makes work for Billy's Idol hands.

GRAND OL' SOAP OPRY

The tale of the romance between Nashville's mayor and a country-music singer who bragged to the local press about his sexual stamina (he's good for seven consecutive hours of passion, she said) would have been funny enough, even if their names *hadn't* been Bill Boner and Traci Peel. Now that hizzoner has belatedly shed his third wife and wed the all-too-talkative thrush, we suppose she'd be correctly addressed as Traci Peel Boner.

TEDDY BARE PUTS OUT AT SEA

After examining a photo of nautical naughtiness off St.-Tropez that accompanied a startlingly unflattering *GQ* magazine profile of Massachusetts Senator Edward M. Kennedy, fellow solon Howell Heflin of Alabama observed, "Well, Teddy, I see you've changed your position on offshore drilling."

DOWN ON THE LEVY

Contemporary Ladies Godiva, like their legendary predecessor, strip to save the citizenry from taxes. The equestrienne rode in Winston-Salem; the banner bearer chained herself to a railing at the House of Lords car park, London.

NOTHING UP *HIS* SLEEVE!

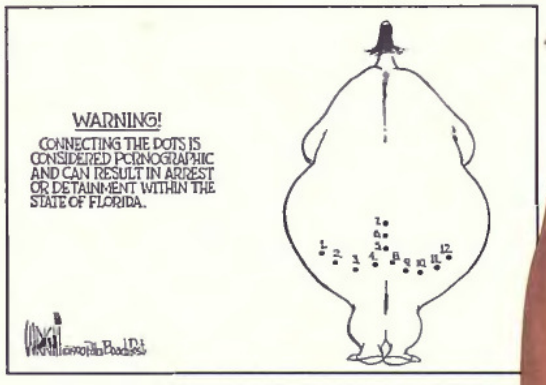
Paul Matthews claims he's Britain's first naked magician; sounds OK to us. Here he introduces his sleight-of-hand routine to some sun bathers on the nudist beach at Brighton.

LET'S HEAR IT FOR BEACH BUMS

When thong bathing suits were banned from some beaches in Florida, a veteran Loxahatchee activist, Toni Anne Wyner (above), was arrested for wrapping herself in the Constitution; cheeky West Palm Beach hot-dog vendor Gloria Gonzalez, whose barely bikinied buns help sell her wieners, marketed her likeness on a T-shirt supporting the ban's repeal; and cartoonists had a field day.

PEPSI DEGENERATION

Pop-company execs insist it was an accident that their summer Cool Cans could be stacked to spell SEX.


WARNING!
CONNECTING THE DOTS IS CONSIDERED PORNOGRAPHIC AND CAN RESULT IN ARREST OR DETAINMENT WITHIN THE STATE OF FLORIDA.

"They can wiggle their waggles in front of her face as far as I'm concerned."

ENTREPRENEURIAL DICKHEAD

New England Patriots owner Victor Kiam is the target of feminist ire for his take on proper locker-room behavior toward *Boston Herald* writer Lisa Olson.

article By JOHN REZEK

SURE-FIRE GIFTS FOR BABES

SHE SAYS she needs a new answering machine. You've heard her say it several times. So why, when you show up with one on her birthday, does she give you one of those not-so-brave little looks that indicate intimate relations are out of the question for the time being?

She may also need a vacuum cleaner. And, as someone who actually gave a nifty one to an overly emotional woman in my youth, let me tell you the result was not pretty. What she needs—no matter how many times she may say it—and what she wants are two very different things. Women take things, particularly presents, personally. What you give her tells her what you think of her in some profound and—if you screw up—disturbing way. Gifts become talismans, rather than tokens, of affection. That's not to say that women can't be forgiving in the face of gifts. It's just that they have *expectations*—think of them as untamed and camouflaged, roaming about in some feminine game preserve. What I'll try to do here is study the lessons of presents past and sort out the possibilities with which to gift the woman in your life.

IF YOU LISTEN, SHE WILL TELL YOU

There are occasions when you are expected to give a gift of some thoughtfulness. These include—but are not limited to—her birthday, Valentine's Day, Christmas (or a facsimile thereof), the anniversary of your first date or of the first consummation of your connubial bliss. These are dates you should be able to remember. Not remembering them works against you. Plan to spend time thinking about what you're going to do for her. Nothing is more transparent than, on February 12th, asking your true love, "So, little lotus sweetmeat of the people's struggle, which kind of chocolates do you like, hmmmm?"

Women give off hints as easily as they change outfits. They know exactly what they want. First, there are those things that they have been told they want: diamonds, furs, children, equity positions in major corporations. *(continued on page 142)*

IT'S JUST AS EASY TO GET HER THE RIGHT PRESENT. HERE'S HOW

ILLUSTRATION BY RENÉ GRUAU

THOM'S CRUISIN'

revving her engines on the road to stardom, cristy is in no mood to slow down

WHEN THE WAITER comes to take her order, Cristy Thom is ready. "Warm goat-cheese salad and iced tea," she says. The waiter scribbles on his pad, then looks at the black-eyed beauty sitting before him with one foot hiked up on a chair and an elbow hooked around her bare knee. He is clearly smitten. He leans in to light her cigarette. "Could you bring us some matches?" she asks, playing along. "And be nice to us—we're good tippers!" Cristy grins as the waiter hustles back into the kitchen. "I have an incredible effect on men," she says with a giggle. "God, does that sound stuck-up? I don't want to sound like I'm in love with myself." That's a job for others—the waiter, for example, or the two guys in suits at the next table who aren't even pretending to do business anymore, they're so captivated by Cristy. Eavesdrop on the exuberant Miss Thom—an L.A. native who's bound and determined to get her slice of movieland's pie—and listen to the exclamation points. "I have to be an actress! It's what I was put on the earth to do!" "I have to meet Sylvester Stallone! He's my total idol!" "I'm the all-time Scrabble champion of the earth!" "I'm the worst dancer in the world!" In a world of absolutes, Cristy Thom would rule absolutely. The woman knows her own mind. And she has the guts to gamble when her heart tells her to. Raised from the age of four by a mother thrown into the work force after a divorce, Cristy found out early that the world was a place for survivors, a place where you get what you can and move on. School wasn't for her. "I was a monster," she says. "I was a wild child." At the age of 15, she dropped out and went to work for her boyfriend, who owned an auto-parts business in the San Fernando Valley. Tripping from garage to garage with a headful of engine data and a handful of price sheets, Cristy was a welcome visitor. "I wore tight jeans and a little top. Those guys were hound dogs," she says with a lusty laugh. A quick study, Cristy soon outgrew sales, and that's when she came to *Playboy*. "As soon as I turned

As a kid, Cristy had a wild streak. "My best friend, Rachel, was my partner in crime." They cut classes together and pulled the usual teenage pranks—but Cristy has outgrown her youthful indulgences. "I want to be an actress and I know it's hard work," she says. "I'm ready for that."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

eighteen, I set up my camera, took some pictures and sent them in." Although a modeling career is hers for the taking, Cristy declines. "That's not for me," she says. "I need something more challenging." Miss February dreams of nothing less than movie stardom. "Like Jack Nicholson," she says, flaunting her own killer grin. "One of these days you're going to go to a Jack Nicholson movie and I'll be up there on the screen right next to him—even weirder than he is!" Believe her.

"I believe in like at first sight," says Cristy, who's still waiting for true love to came her way. "I can tell by the way a man looks and how he carries himself if I can relate to him. The men I'm attracted to are extremely intelligent and very masculine—smart, tough guys."

MISS FEBRUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Cristy Thom

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Cristy Thom

BUST: 36 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 9-8-71 BIRTHPLACE: Los Angeles

AMBITIONS: To become a big movie star, have much fame and fortune and be loved by all! (HA-HA :) Just Joking)

TURN-ONS: Wild, crazy nights, fast cars, intelligent men, purple roses, lots of romance and SYLVESTER STALLONE!

TURN-OFFS: Jealousy, ignorance, traffic, slow drivers and gossip.

I ADMIRE: Elton John, Jack Nicholson, Lucille Ball & Meg Ryan.

I WANT: To be taken seriously as an actress!

I MUST MEET: Sylvester Stallone! Judging from his interviews, he seems to be the perfect man. He's funny, very talented, SEXY, ambitious and-above all-he's extremely intelligent. What more could you ask for?

PERFECT VALENTINE'S DAY: Breakfast by the beach, followed by a romantic horseback ride, then dinner in PARIS!

IN MY FUTURE: I will sail the Greek Islands, visit Tahiti and Monaco, attend a major fight and drive a race car.

The real me (no make-up)

My "big" sis & I Hi, Sid!

Snap-On Tools girl

If Cristy could knock you over with o feother, you're not her type. "I hote being kissed up to," she soys. "Sometimes I need to be put in my ploce. I need someone who con push bock ond tell me, 'Thot's bull!' I like the sort of mon who will take control."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The network executive impatiently tapped a pencil as the producer tried to sell him the idea for a TV special.

"I got Sondheim to compose the music," the producer said.

"Stephen?"

"No, Maury Sondheim. Bright kid from UCLA. He's written a couple of jingles. And I got Coppola for director."

"Francis Ford?"

"No, Ernie Coppola. He's young, but you'll like him. And for the singer, I got Goulet."

"Robert?"

"Yeah."

"Oh, shit."

Three friends out for a night on the town lurched into their favorite saloon after many hours of bar hopping. After downing several more nightcaps, one suggested they tell one another something they'd never told anyone else. "OK," said one of his friends, "you first."

"All right," he said, clearing his throat. "I've never told anyone I'm gay."

When he recovered from the shock, the second fellow confessed, "I'm having a steamy affair with my boss's wife."

"Well," the third began, "I don't know how to say this. . . ."

"Oh, go on," his pals chorused. "Don't be embarrassed."

"Well . . . I can't keep a secret."

The automotive scuttlebutt is that G.M. is planning to build a new model made from all its previous engineering errors and call it Total Recall.

A German shepherd went into a Western Union office, took out a blank form and wrote, "Woof . . . woof . . . woof . . . woof . . . woof . . . woof . . . woof . . . woof . . . woof."

The clerk examined the paper. "There are only nine words here," he said. "You could send another 'woof' for the same price."

"But," the dog replied, "that would be silly."

We know a local cemetery whose custom is to bury lawyers 12 feet under, because deep down, they're good people.

The proprietor of a Chinese restaurant left the store early to attend an employee's bachelor party.

Many hours later, he returned home, crawled into bed and, feeling horny, woke his wife and asked for a little 69. "It's three o'clock in the morning," she hissed, "and you want chicken and broccoli?"

How do WASPs wean their young? By firing the maid.

As the veteran rodeo star sipped coffee in a café, an awe-struck young man approached him. "Are you a real cowboy?" he asked.

"Sure am, son," the cowboy answered. "See this hat? When I'm out on the range, it protects me from the sun and rain. The kerchief keeps the dust out of my nose. And the chaps protect my legs from the sagebrush."

The young man's eyes slowly dropped to the cowboy's feet. "My tennis shoes," he explained, "are to prove that I ain't no damn California truck driver."

What's the difference between Saddam Hussein and your ex-wife's lawyer? Compared with the lawyer's demands, Hussein's are reasonable.

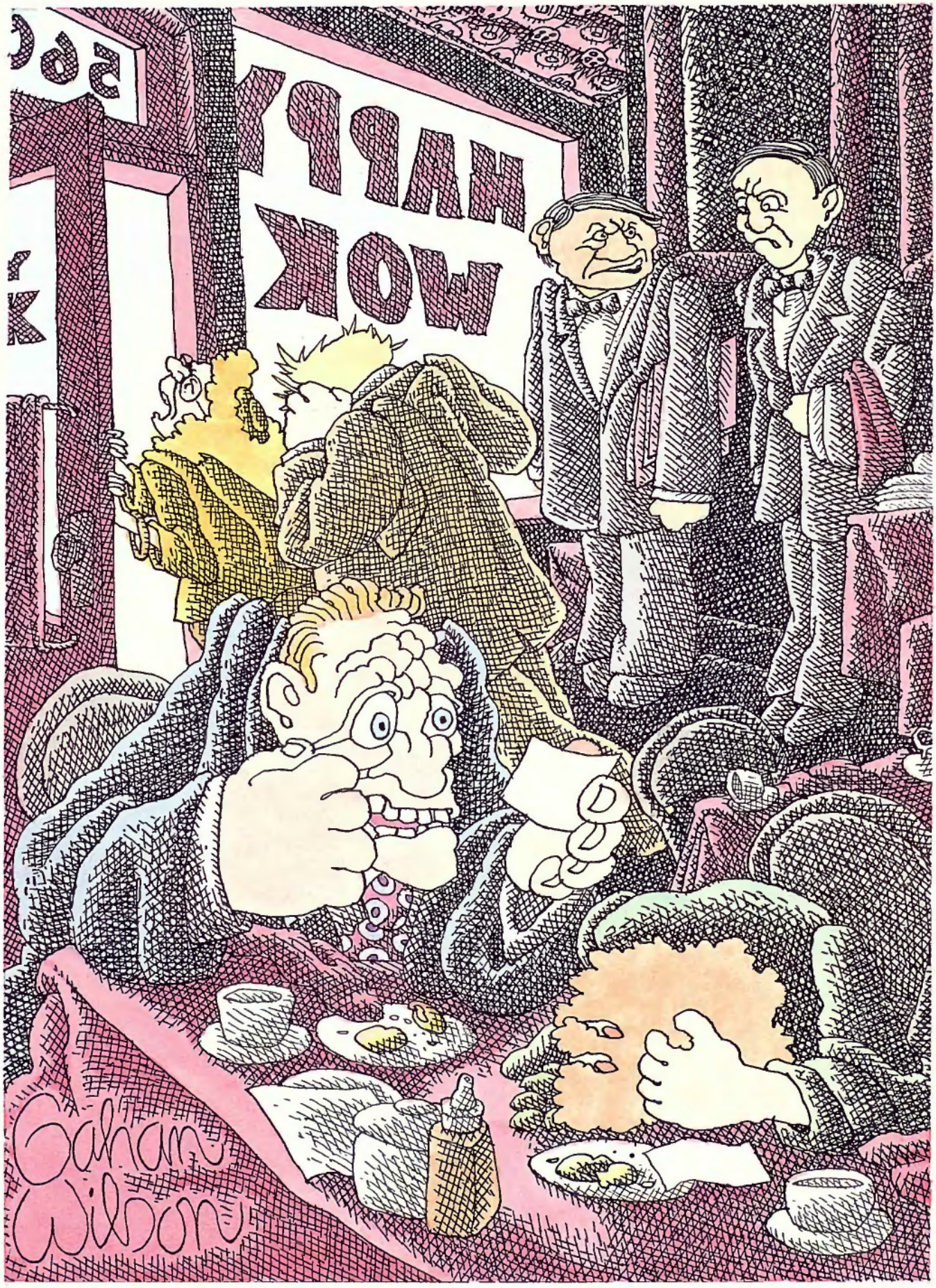
Graffito spotted on a rest-room wall: DYSLEXICS UNTIE!

A young second lieutenant walked into the enlisted men's game room, where two privates were shooting pool. He asked one if he had change for the soda machine. "Sure, pal," the private replied, pulling a fistful of coins from his pocket.

"You have a clear disregard for military protocol, Private," the officer bellowed. "Now, let's try this again. Salute and address me as 'sir' this time."

"No, sir," the enlisted man said with a smart salute, "I don't have any change."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"We've got to lighten up those fortune cookies!"

MY LIFE WITH JOANNE CHRISTIANSEN

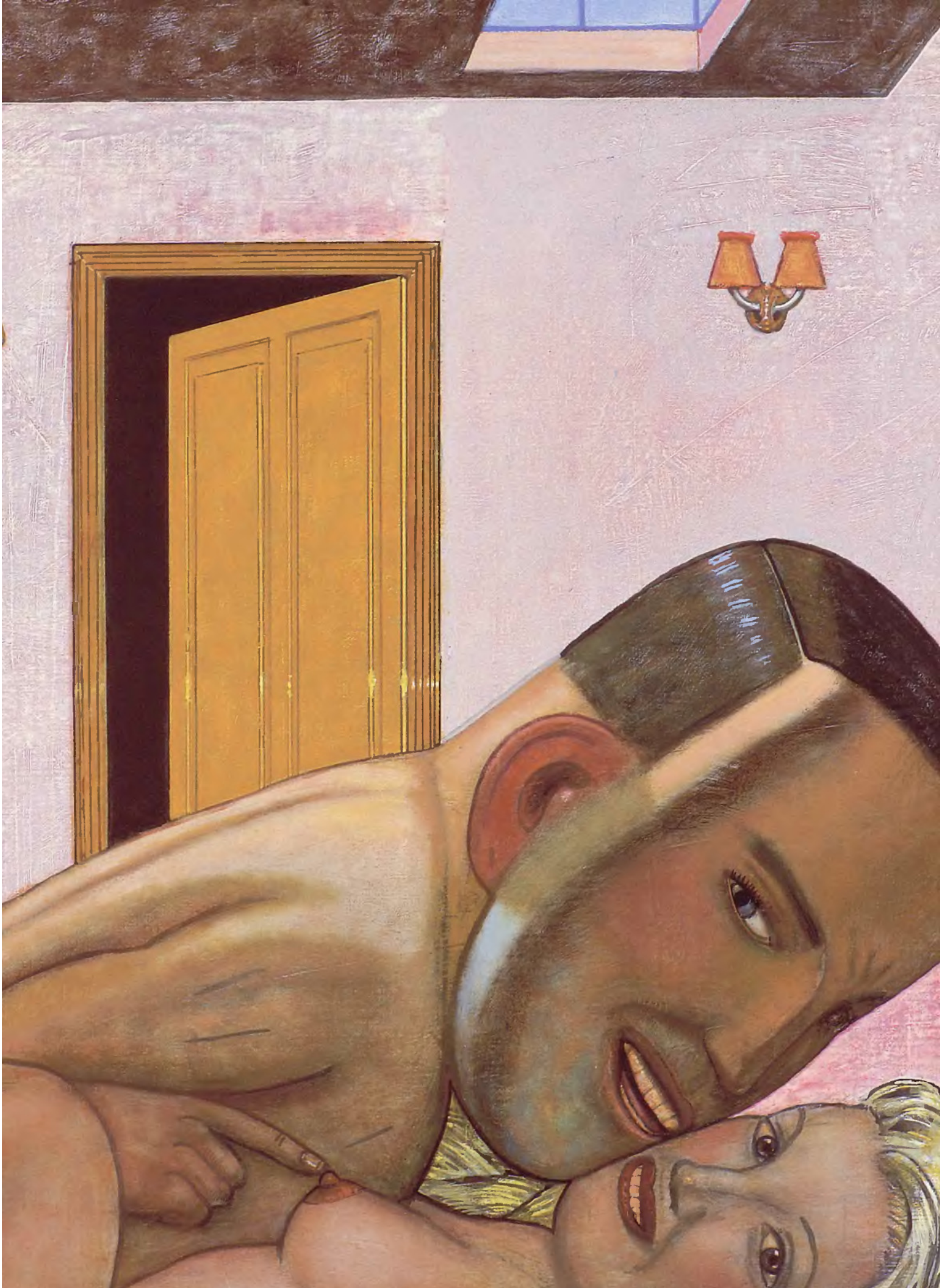
"you'll walk in and he'll be bouncing on top of her, and she'll be screaming, 'oh, honey, you're so much more of a ma-yun than my husband'"

fiction

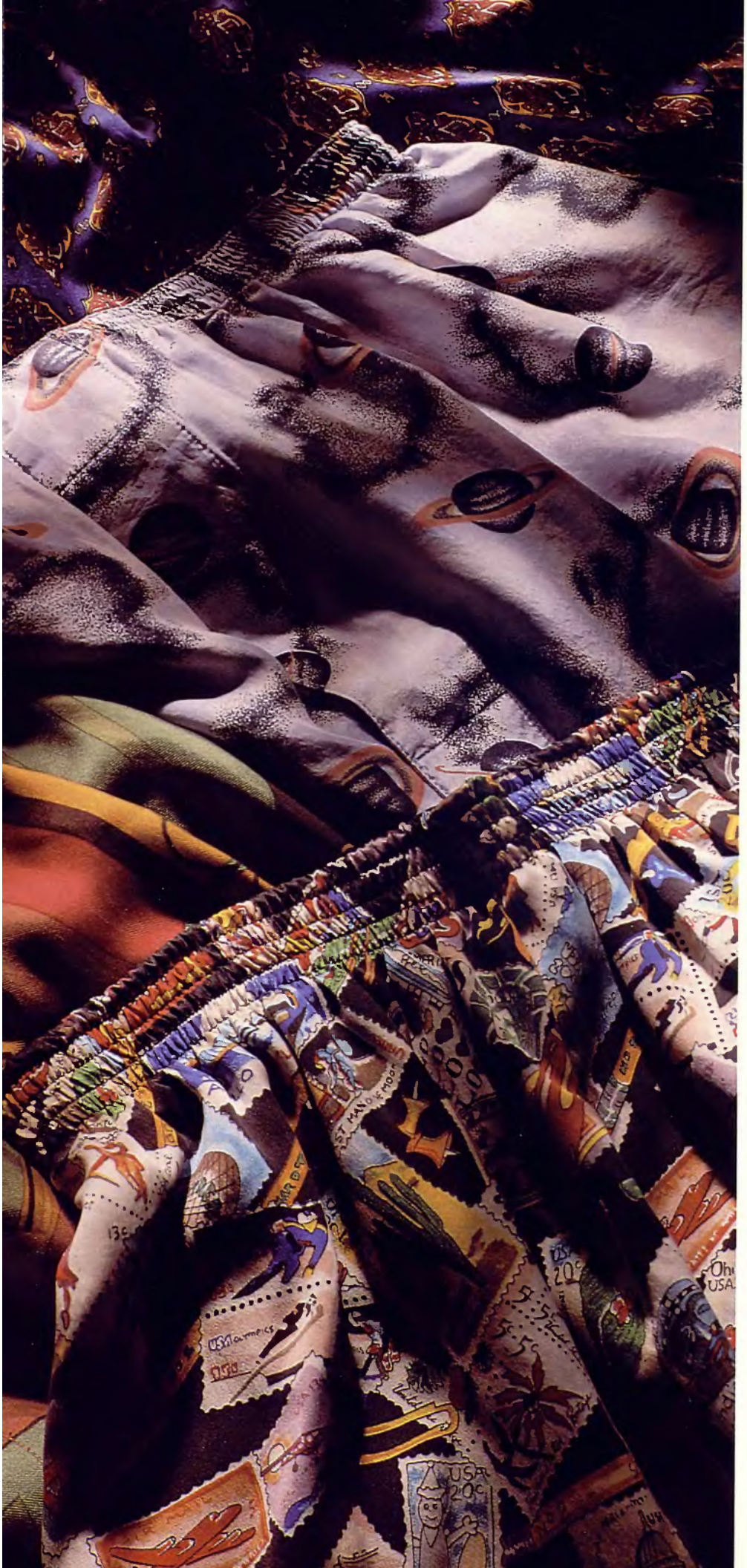
By MARK ALPERT

"HER NAME will be Joanne Christiansen. You'll meet her while you're driving your Trans Am through New Hampshire or Pennsylvania or Idaho, someplace rural. She'll be the type of girl who's impressed by a Trans Am. She'll walk over to you while you're stopped at a traffic light and she'll say, 'Hey, there, I like your car.' You'll try to strike a *macho* pose behind the steering wheel. Then she'll say, 'Yeah, it looks like a fast piece of equipment.' You'll say, 'I got some other equipment that's fast, too,' and she'll say, 'Oh, really?' But *(continued on page 145)*

PAINTING BY PAT ANDREA



VANITY FAIR



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Silk Boxers!

sexy, colorful underwear that vies for the title in comfort and style

fashion
By HOLLIS WAYNE

FOR YEARS, cotton briefs were tops when it came to bottoms. Now they're going round for round with sensuous silk boxer shorts that come in a variety of knockout colors and styles, from quiet, traditional tie-pattern looks to wild and crazy collage prints. Some call it secret dressing. But you can bet that anything that feels that good next to your skin won't be a secret for long. Silk, by the way, is a natural fabric that helps keep you cool in the summer and warm in the winter. Just in case you think it's for sissies, historians tell us that Scarface himself, Al Capone, had his silk boxer shorts custom-made. And *nobody* laughed at Big Al's boxers.

The boxer rebellion: Pictured clockwise from top are six shorts that pack a visuol wallop: Psychedelic-patterned silk boxer, from Paul Smith, $75; foulard-print silk-charmeuse boxer, from Joe Boxer Couture? Silk Collection, about $30; Saturn-print sand-washed-silk boxer, by More & More, $38; sand-washed-silk-charmeuse boxer with postage-stamp print, by Nicole Miller, $75; neomodern-patterned washed-silk boxer, designed by Paul Lester for Mark Christopher of Wall Street, $90; and black-silk-charmeuse boxer, for Kirtos by Moriner de France, $55. (Where & How to Buy on page 160.)

YOU ARE NOW LEAVING TWIN PEAKS

david lynch redefined weirdness on tv and in movies. what's next for hollywood's avant nerd?

Anythin' interestin' in the world come out of somebody's weird thoughts.

—LULA, in Barry Gifford's *Wild at Heart*

WE'LL START with the kind of scene people expect from David Lynch. We're sitting in a vinyl booth in the corner of a little diner. The Studio Coffee Shop it's called, on a Hollywood side street. While he's editing *Wild at Heart*, he eats here almost every day. He is, after all, a creature of habit.

We've just finished lunch. He had a tuna-fish sandwich with Swiss cheese on whole-wheat bread, a side of French fries and a diet Coke with lemon. He's wearing a black shirt—buttoned, of course, all the way up—and a black blazer. His voice is soft, with a touch of a Virginia twang. His manner is gee-whiz ingenuous, mildly evasive and a little off. It's that David Lynch thing: Beaver Cleaver meets Ted Bundy.

And he's talking Log Ladies.

"When I was growing up," he is saying, "I didn't see any Log Ladies. But I would see plenty of people who were just as far out in left field as the Log Lady, and maybe a lot farther. And, you know, they weren't bothering anybody, and people let them be whatever they wanted to be. They became characters in town, and that's fine."

The waitress walks up. She could be from Central Casting: gray-haired, matronly, a little hard of hearing. "We have good blueberry pie," she says.

"Really?" says Lynch excitedly.

"Would you like a slice?" she asks.

"Yeah," he says. "With a cup of coffee."

She leaves, and he continues. "Catherine Coulson, who plays the Log Lady, worked on *Eraserhead* for six years. And I always wanted to do a whole show about this woman and her log. It was gonna be called *I'll Test My Log with Every Branch of Knowledge*. And somehow, the Log Lady sneaked into the *Twin Peaks* pilot."

His pie and coffee arrive. "Thank you," he says, dumping several packets of sugar into his cup. "That looks great. Man, oh, man! I don't normally have pie, but it just struck me when you mentioned it like that. You really got me."

He picks up his fork, looks down and frowns. "May I use your napkin, Steve?"

Yeah, it all fits. Pie. Coffee. A little diner. A shirt buttoned all the way up. Man, oh, man! Pleased to meet you, Mr. Lynch.

•

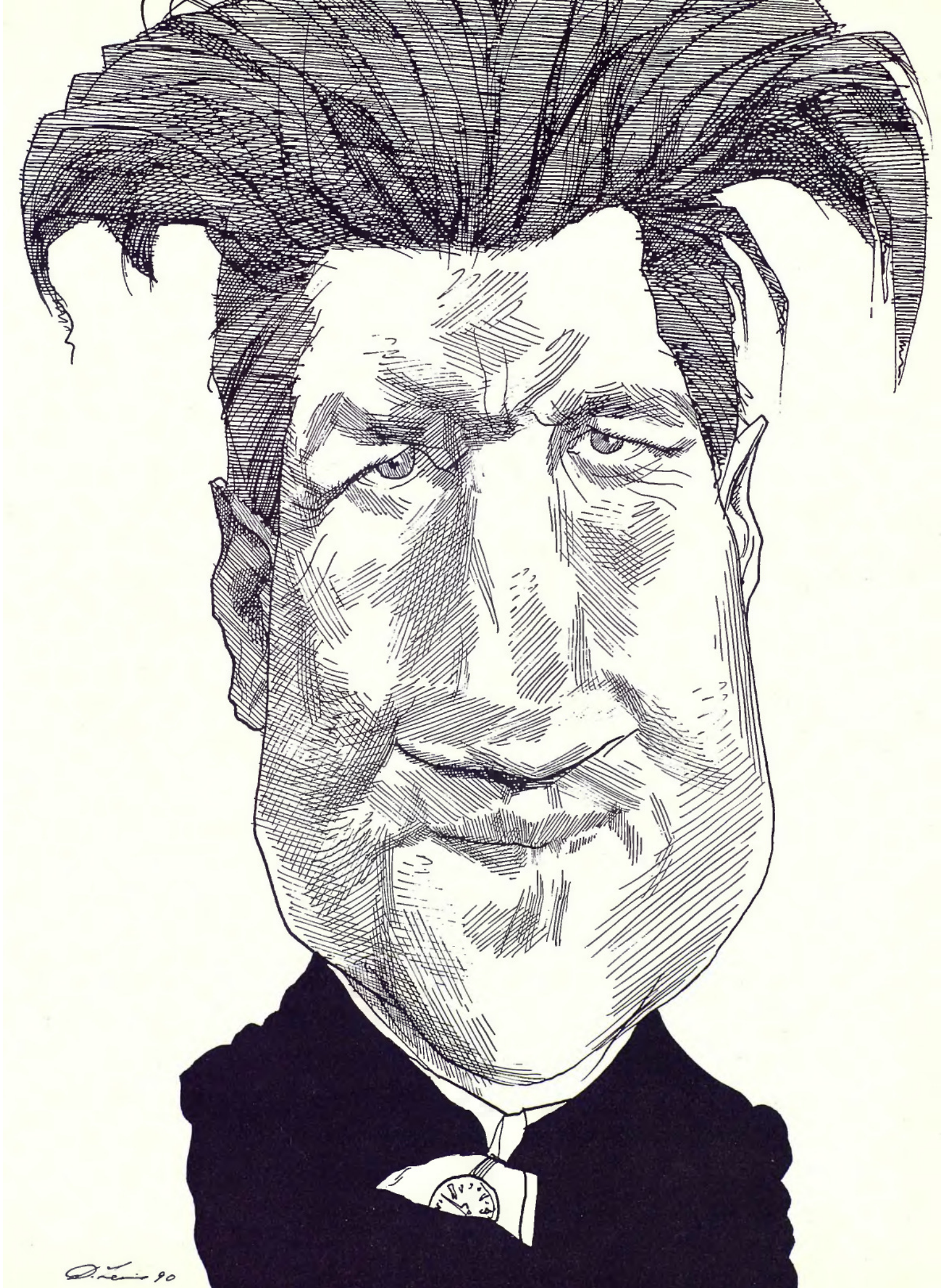
And now everybody has met Mr. Lynch. If you're a director and you make a couple of modestly successful movies—say, *The Elephant Man* and *Blue Velvet*—you can become respected, you can continue to get work and you can make a decent amount of money. But if you're a director and you make a modestly successful television series—say, *Twin Peaks*—you can become an icon. A rich icon. And that's the way it worked for David Lynch.

Sure, we knew him before he and his partner Mark Frost cooked up *Twin Peaks*. He was a guy who made creepy movies. A guy who seemed intent on uncovering the terrible secrets and the *(continued on page 110)*

PLAYBOY PROFILE

By STEVE POND

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



OF HUMAN BRUNDAGE

a heartfelt valentine to illustrator margaret brundage, whose sumptuous writhing cover girl quickened many a young man's pulse

nostalgia By RAY RUSSELL

TODAY, of course, and for a fistful of decades, there has been the *Playboy* Playmate. Before her, in my childhood and adolescence, there was *Esquire*'s Varga Girl, preceded by the Petty Girl, from the suave airbrushes of Alberto Vargas and George Petty, respectively. The Petty Girl, who seemed enormously daring to me whenever I was able to sneak a barbershop peek at her when I was a boy, now looks like tame stuff, indeed.

But she had a full-bodied, pink-skinned contemporary, invariably nude, who sizzled on the covers of *Weird Tales* and who looks far from tame, even today.

Striding glossily naked from head to foot, with a pack of faithful wolves as her companions, standing birth-bare and terrified among deadly cobras, lying stripped on a marble slab under the sacrificial knife of a half-naked priestess, standing nude before pagan idols and hostile hooded figures, she was that epitome of menaced maiden, the Brundage Girl.

Margaret Brundage began working for *Weird Tales* with the September 1932 issue. She was not the first or the last of its cover artists to feature the undraped female form, but the crude nudes of the early C. Parker Petrie and C. C. Senf, or the painstakingly representational, anatomically accurate figures of Virgil Finlay, pale beside hers, and only the strange, imaginative—if almost abstract—art-deco work of Hugh Rankin offers any worthy competition to the Brundage Girl.

Vivid, stylized, idiosyncratic, the naked lady of Margaret Brundage doubled as victim and villainess, by turns cowering or glowering, either cringing under or brandishing a whip that was by no means always figurative. This cover girl's flesh tones were sensuous and mouth-watering, her eyes large and imploring (if a victim), narrow and leering (if a vixen).

Her legs were long and tapering, the thighs generously full. Her hands and feet were delicately modeled and always balletically poised. Her buttocks were rounded and womanly, her belly gently convex, her breasts perfectly formed and not too large. On some occasions, her nipples were unveiled, and when they were, they were revealed to be the delicate color of strawberry Necco wafers, a popular pastel candy of my youth. It was probably the waxing and waning of censorship and acceptability, and what the editors thought they could get away with, that determined whether or not those tempting confections could be seen. When they were covered, they were barely covered—by a wisp of hair, a shred of chiffon, a tendril of smoke, the strategic placement of which seemed to be Brundage's little nose-thumbing joke at the bluenoses.

Unlike, say, Finlay's placid figures, which often seemed to be just planted there, immobile as potted plants, the Brundage Girl was always caught at a moment of ultimate drama and trauma, extreme stress and distress, intolerable persecution, raging displeasure; with wet lips parted, eyes rolling, flashing; her splendid body recoiling or looming with magniloquently theatrical outflinging of limbs. To this

JANUARY

Weird Tales

25c

The Witch's Mark

By
DOROTHY QUICK

already-pungent sauce was added, more often than not, the patented Brundage sado-maso-lesbian spice that was essential to the psychodynamics of her unique aesthetic. It made her work steam and bubble and erupt from the cover, and still does, even half a century after publication.

Brundage was excellent at composition and if she had flaws—of draftsmanship or detail—they were irrelevant. For her flaws *were* her virtues. She usually gave backgrounds short shrift or ignored them completely; her figures often appeared to be floating in space, standing on nothing—even the chains to which the fair captive was often manacled rarely were riveted to a wall. That's because Brundage was impatient with nonessentials, had no love for walls or floors but felt a burning love for her girls (and, possibly, their chains).

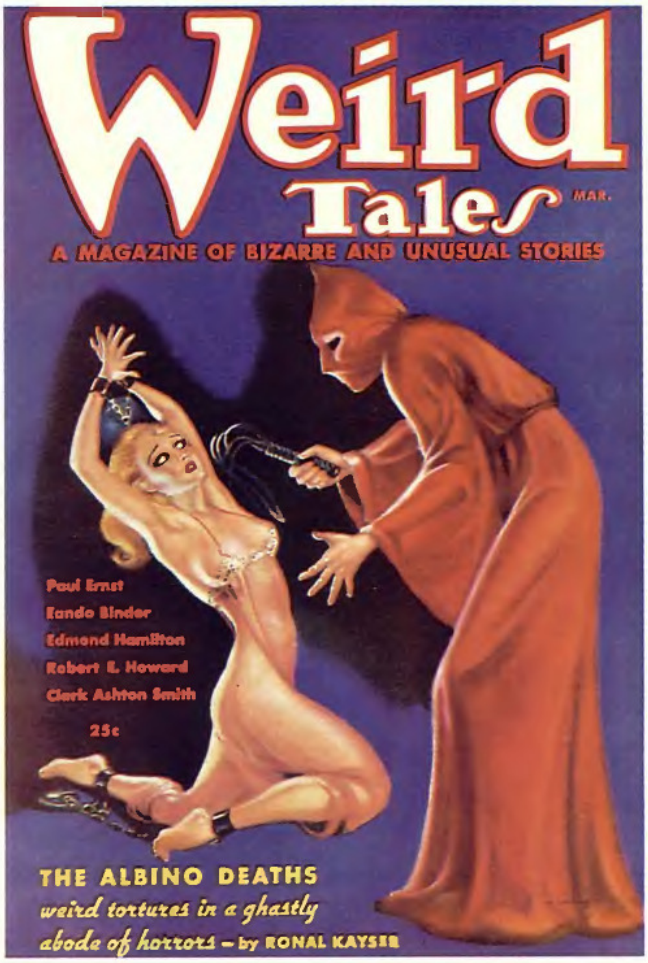
Was Brundage a shrewd professional who exploited her readers' obsessions, fixations and fetishes, cynically tailoring her work to fit their tastes? Or did she share those tastes, and was it precisely that facet of her personality that energized and vitalized her art?

With the stuffiness typical of our tender years, we preteen fans of *Weird Tales* and other fantasy or science-fiction magazines were vociferous in our praise of Finlay, who impressed us with his meticulous care and academic correctness, and whom we looked upon as a Fine Artist. We were ashamed to admire Brundage; we didn't even admit to ourselves that we enjoyed the way her pictures made our young cheeks glow a little pinker and our young hearts pump a little faster.

If I seem to be persecuting Finlay, let me add that he was a legitimate illustrator of great skill who did honorable work that was an asset to the pulpwood magazines of the day. Brundage, on the other hand, was a trash artist. But she was a top trash artist of her time, and she may have been a kind of genius. Her work had zip, zest, pizzazz; it had luster and lust; it zoomed straight past the intellect and homed in on the viscera.

Critics of Charles Dickens have said that his stagy, exaggerated characters aren't lifelike. More perceptive critics have said in rebuttal, Maybe not, but they're something much more important: They're *alive*.

The same may be said of the Brundage Girl.



Damsel in distress: The Brundage Girl spiced up many a cover of *Weird Tales*, which between 1923 and 1954 published fiction from the likes of H. P. Lovecraft and Ray Bradbury.

TWIN PEAKS *(continued from page 104)*

"Lynch is not Norman Rockwell—but, still, he's like Norman Rockwell, you know what I mean?'"

unspeakable rituals that lay beneath the surface of bucolic suburbia. A guy whose girlfriend was Isabella Rossellini, in spite of the fact that in *Blue Velvet*, he photographed her naked, bruised and in the least flattering light possible. A guy who acted a little too normal ever to be normal, who obviously had enough mental skeletons to fill that entire floor of closets that Candy Spelling (TV producer Aaron Spelling's wife) put in her new house.

And then, last spring, he turned into a guy who came into your living room every week—and suddenly, things were different. Even an unsuccessful show reaches so many more people than a blockbuster movie or a hit record that the slightest provocation becomes revolutionary, the mildest departure from the norm becomes subversive. And *Twin Peaks* was neither slight nor mild. It stood the TV soap opera on its head, it threw out the idea that television has to be fast-paced and simple, it said that if you want to put a lady talking to her log in the picture every now and then, then, damn it, you could do just that. TV had rarely seen a piece of film making as simultaneously creepy, languid, disturbing and funny as the *Twin Peaks* pilot. Before you could say, "Who killed Laura Palmer?" Lynch's obsessions were our obsessions: doughnuts, coffee, pie and an FBI agent who dictated his every thought into a micro-cassette recorder.

Then came the blitz. *Twin Peaks* viewing parties; endless arguments about whether Laura was still alive and posing as her cousin Maddie, or what Josie was up to, or the identity of that long-haired guy Bob; reams of print; and, just in time for the second season, a batch of merchandising goodies that included *The Secret Diary of Laura Palmer*, written by Lynch's daughter, Jennifer, a cassette of Agent Dale Cooper's dictation to his assistant Diane and an album of Angelo Badalamenti's stupendously moody sound-track music. And in the midst of it all came *Wild at Heart*, Lynch's road movie about the road to Oz via hell. Even before *Time* magazine bestowed on him its October 1, 1990, cover and officially dubbed Lynch a genius, the mild-mannered director had seized 1990's pop-culture *Zeitgeist* and remade it in his own disquieting, loopy image.

Just ask the Log Lady. "I was driving to work the other day," says Coulson, "and a whole carful of teenagers started honking. And I thought, Oh, dear, I've pulled into the wrong lane. But I looked over and they yelled, *'It's the Log Lady! We love you!'* It's kind of an amazing experience, being a cult figure."

It didn't seem possible that Lynch's reach would be so broad back when he was making *Eraserhead* and *Blue Velvet*; his idyllic daydreams and horrific nightmares seemed poor bets to reverberate beyond the art-house crowd, much less make it in prime time. But, in a way, it now seems as if putting David Lynch on TV forced him not to sell out but to grow up.

To grow up part way, at least. "He's a mature artist, but he's a kid in a sandbox at the same time," says Michael Ontkean, who plays Sheriff Harry S. Truman in *Twin Peaks*. "To me, that's the greatest combination. He's a mature enough creator to be organized and not to waste his energy on tangents that are not productive, and he's highly responsible to all the elements of film making. But, at the same time, he can just work with abandon, and throw things out the window, and completely reverse himself and change his mind in midstream."

Jack Nance, who played the title role in *Eraserhead* and has worked with Lynch ever since (he's Pete Martell in *Twin Peaks*), explains Lynch's appeal another way. "Lynch is an American, you know what I mean?" he says. "He's that real small-town boy who makes good. He's not a big flag waver, you know, but he's a real apple-pie American. Of course, he likes to dig into all this subterfuge, all this secret stuff, people's secrets and all that, and he gets pretty perverse sometimes. He's not Norman Rockwell—but, still, he's *like* Norman Rockwell, you know what I mean?"

The New York Times also compared Lynch to Rockwell: "a psychopathic Norman Rockwell" it called him. But, however graphic and brutal and spooky Lynch's images can be, and however much he delights in parading deformity and aberration in front of the viewer, there's something too wide-eyed about his stance to call him psychopathic. He's drawn to these characters, perhaps, because part of him is still a curious suburban kid who thinks strange things are sort of neat, who saved his cereal-box tops for months and is now ready to use his mail-order X-Ray Spex and secret decoder ring to root out our dirty little secrets.

Here is one more measure of the fascination we have for Lynch: *Hill Street Blues* will probably have a far bigger effect on the history of television than *Twin Peaks* will, but nobody cares what Steven Bochco has for lunch.

•

David Lynch once said that people tell you only ten percent of what they know and it's up to you to discover the other 90 percent. Here are some of the things we know about him:

He was born in Missoula, Montana, in 1946. His parents had met while on a nature hike.

His father was a Government research scientist who often dropped his son off in the woods, where David saw strange things. Sections of the forest where everything was labeled. Nicely furnished offices in the middle of the woods where every drawer and wall was covered with bugs that had been mounted and cataloged. A guy who carried an ax everywhere he went.

His mother wouldn't give him coloring books, because she didn't want him to feel that he had to stay within the lines.

He was embarrassed because he thought his parents were too normal.

His family lived in Washington, then Idaho, then Alexandria, Virginia, where he went to high school.

He ran an unsuccessful race for class treasurer in high school, using the slogan "Save with Dave." He and his girlfriend were named Cutest Couple in the senior yearbook.

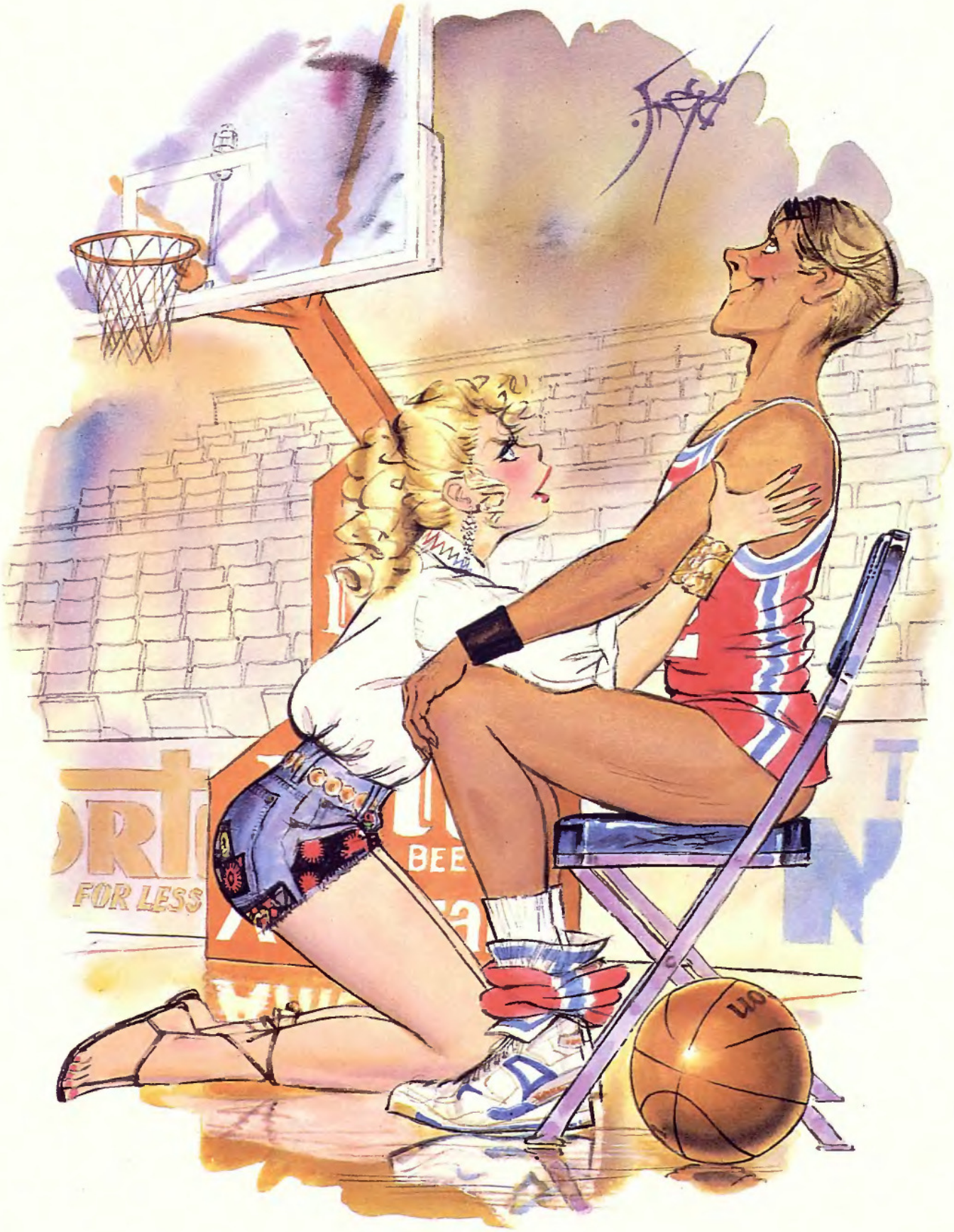
He became an eagle scout and seated VIPs at John F. Kennedy's Inaugural Parade.

He didn't really think, he says, until he was in his 20s.

He went to art school in Boston but dropped out. He went to Europe but came home after ten days. He returned to Virginia and got hired and fired from several jobs. Then he moved to Philadelphia, enrolled in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, visited the morgue for fun, got married, fathered a daughter and had his first "thrilling thoughts." "Philadelphia," he said, "is the sickest city I've ever been in in my life."

He made a ten-second animated

(continued on page 154)



"Are you <u>sure</u> this is the only way to pump up your new sneakers?"

LENA OLIN

Lena Olin is complicated and erotic. As Masha, a concentration-camp survivor in "Enemies, a Love Story," she portrays neurotic love. Earlier, as Sabina in "The Unbearable Lightness of Being," she spent several memorable moments wearing mainly a hat. In "Havana," with Robert Redford, she melts through her co-star's famous cool persona. Contributing Editor David Rensin met with Olin, who lives in Sweden, during one of her rare visits to Los Angeles. She greeted him at her hotel-room door. "Although her English was excellent," he says, "she easily resorted to sign language or French to find the proper word. She was as free with her opinions as she was with her cigarettes."

1.

PLAYBOY: Many of your films seem to take place during times of political upheaval. Is that coincidental?

OLIN: I'm not going for the political thing by itself. I'm interested in films about human changes. My most recent films take place in very politically strained times. It's not like in Sweden, where things have been the same for years. In these films, people's emotions are more *flagrante* and things happen that wouldn't have happened had the political situation been different.

2.

PLAYBOY: You've worked with directors such as Ingmar Bergman, Sydney Pollack, Philip Kaufman and Paul Mazursky. What makes a good director good?

sweden's best-built export since the saab sheds light on the meatball, bad choices in love and the endless night

OLIN: An intelligent director waits to see what's going to happen. Sometimes directors think that they know what type of character you are. One director in Sweden *always* casts me in one type of character, which irritates me. This especially happens in Sweden, where we tend to work with the same directors, because the country is so small and there are so few directors. In this country, it seems like actors work with a director once, then never again. Sometimes you see wonderful relationships, like Scorsese and De Niro's, but they are rare.

3.

PLAYBOY: What do you like most about the American film business?

OLIN: People are so capable. And compared with Swedish conditions, where we make so few films, your capacity is amazing. Also, there is not so much humbug about acting. In America, it's like, "Action!" In Sweden, it's more like, "Do you think we can do this now?" We sometimes make it heavier than it has to be. It frustrates me. Sweden is rigid. Nobody can yawn or make small talk fifteen minutes before a difficult take or a rehearsal. People here are serious, yet they have a looseness.

4.

PLAYBOY: Does the perfect role exist?

OLIN: It might. I don't know. But I know actors who *fight* to do a character. They say that this is the character they *want*, and it doesn't matter who the director is. To me, it's always a combination of who is directing, who is acting, what the script is like. In America, they say, "Who is starring?" before they even mention the director. I've been lucky with all my directors. And there are those, like Bergman or Pollack or Scorsese, who could call me and say, "Here's a bunch of toilet paper that's going to be shot in six months. Would you do it?" Definitely. I wouldn't care about the script, because I'd know it was safe.

5.

PLAYBOY: Do you trust people easily?

OLIN: In my work, it's easy; but I don't trust people easily in my private life. I look for security all the time, though I try to force myself *not* to, because I think it's false: There *is* no security. Yet there seem to be some people who have within themselves some kind of security that I envy. I have a room of my own, in myself, that I can walk into, and that's one kind of security for me. But I'm a very insecure person in many ways. I'm a worrier; therefore, everything is a challenge to me. I could end up sitting in a room just locking all the doors.

6.

PLAYBOY: Acting is probably one of the least secure professions. Why do it?

OLIN: I feel the illusion of security when I act. All the inhibition, all the limits, everything disappears. *Everything* is possible. It's an urge, a need. And I like to do things that are hard. If it were easy to act, it wouldn't be fun or interesting anymore. It's so much joy. And it's so much pain. I act because that's my only way of really communicating with people.

7.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in love?

OLIN: Yes and no. I don't really believe in friendship, either. But I believe that you connect with certain people, and that's very important. I believe in the chemistry of sexual attraction. It can be something we will throw everything away for. But what we call love, what we do movies about, what we do plays about, what we read books about—love in the commercial sense—I don't know. To me, ultimately, love is a way of living. It's not something you need another person for.

8.

PLAYBOY: You're probably one of film's best examples of organic chemistry. Yet you've said that you don't really feel like an object of desire off camera. Is that professional humility?

OLIN: [*Laughs*] I always like it when people don't believe what I say. [*Smiles*] *Nobody* thinks of himself as an object of desire. In a relationship, if you want to be desired, then you feel like you're desired. You know what that's like: You wake up in the morning and you know that he wants you and you want him. But to *walk around* and have that sense? My private life is still so far away from those things.

9.

PLAYBOY: Part of that private life is your four-year-old son, August, named after the playwright Strindberg. What does your son add to your life that wasn't there before?

OLIN: As children, we are so vulnerable to everything. Everything gets to us. If we see a movie about a puppy that gets hurt, we can cry all night. But then we grow up, and we can see somebody get run over on the street and we get sick for five *(continued on page 134)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD CORMAN

6+5
1x0=5
½
0

Anatomy of a Point Spread

in the trenches with the master bookies of las vegas

article By ANDREW BEYER

THE WEEK BEFORE the Super Bowl, the National Football League will cite some staggering statistics to demonstrate the sport's popularity: The game will be seen on television by three quarters of a billion people, including almost half of the population of the United States. Not everyone will be watching for the sheer enjoyment, of course: The day's wagering, legal and illegal, should reach about three billion dollars. And at the heart of it all will lie the numerical Holy Grail of sports: the point spread between the Super Bowl combatants.

Conceived by a Midwestern bookmaker in the Forties, the point spread transformed even the worst athletic mismatches into intriguing, bettable contests. If the 49ers, say, were playing the Broncos, few might bet Denver to win. But a point spread favoring the 49ers by eight and a half would stimulate action on both sides. People who bet on the 'Niners would win only if the favorite won by nine points or more; those who bet on the underdog would collect only if Denver lost by eight points or fewer or won the game outright. Bettors lay odds of 11 to 10, the difference being called the juice, or vigorish, or "vig"—the margin of profit that enables bookmakers to drive Cadillacs.

As the money flows in the week before a game, Las Vegas becomes the nerve center for the entire nation. Although odds in Las Vegas influence the nation, ultimately, it's a case of the tail wagging the dog. The magazine *Gaming & Wagering Business* reported that in 1989, legal wagering in Nevada on sports totaled 1.4 billion dollars. Americans' illegal betting on the same events was estimated at 29.5 billion dollars.

The surging popularity of sports betting isn't hard to understand. It's a fair gamble: Those 11-to-10 odds (bet $110 to win $100) calculate to a 4.5-percent edge for the bookie, a reasonable figure compared with horse races, in which the tracks take 17 percent or more, or lotteries, in which the state confiscates 50 percent. Betting on sports can reward skill—as opposed to, say, craps or roulette. And it makes a perfect marriage with television. Bet on a game that might otherwise put you to sleep and you have three hours of riveting excitement.

•

A good example of how the system works—and its crucial place in the sports culture—is the September 23, 1990, game between Tampa Bay and Detroit. Even in the third week of the N.F.L. season, this is considered a

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN HOWARD

low-intensity conflict between two chronic losers with little charisma. Yet on this evening, 3,200,000 households and virtually all of the barrooms in America will tune in to see the Buccaneers face the Lions. Even in cities with no allegiance to either team, those barrooms will erupt in cheers when a score is threatened.

This is no surprise. In Nevada, more than $3,000,000 will be legally wagered on the Bucs and the Lions—the largest amount on any game this day. Nationally, illegal wagers on the game will probably exceed $100,000,000.

Although this is the season when the N.F.L. forbade its television announcers from mentioning the point spread during pregame and game broadcasts, most of America is aware that Tampa Bay is favored by three points. The number has appeared in hundreds of newspapers and is routinely cited by local sportscasters. Anyone who has taken part in an office pool, made a friendly bet or telephoned his local bookie has had to decide whether or not the home team can win by more than a field goal. However, not many of them have an answer to the pivotal question: Why *three* points?

The process to determine that figure—indeed, all of that week's point spreads—begins the previous Sunday in a cluttered office just off the Las Vegas Strip. There, Michael "Roxy" Roxborough and his staff spend the afternoon watching all the games on television while referring to teletype and computers for reports on the rest of the day's action. Almost as soon as the afternoon games are finished, Roxborough's company, Las Vegas Sports Consultants, will have to release opening point spreads for the next week's schedule to clients that include most of the major bookmaking establishments in Nevada.

Roxborough went to Las Vegas like so many young new arrivals: as a scuffler who dreamed of making his living as a gambler. In 1975, he was able to parlay an only-in-Vegas skill—success betting on the total number of runs that would be scored in a baseball game—into a career. A bookmaker in Reno took note of Roxborough's astuteness and asked him to help set betting lines on the games, then gave him other sports. In 1982, with fortuitous timing, Roxborough formed his own company. Betting on sports was booming, and the industry had no central source of point spreads.

At the time, the gathering of data and the creation of point spreads were crude processes. Information—especially on college teams—was so hard to come by that odds makers would pay the clean-up crews at the Las Vegas airport to bring them newspapers left on incoming planes.

The betting industry then was propelled by rumor as much as by fact. On one Sunday morning in the Seventies, a gambler named Jolly Joe Sarno received a phone call from a well-informed source who told him that there was a blinding snowstorm in Denver. Sarno immediately began placing bets that the total points scored in the Broncos game would be fewer than 37—the prevailing line. As the money poured in, bookmakers lowered the over-and-under line to 36, to 34, and then to 32 before they finally stopped taking bets altogether. When the Las Vegas wise guys turned on their television sets that afternoon, they saw a crowd of Denver fans in shirt sleeves enjoying a balmy fall afternoon. The score was 21–17 before half time.

It was a time of opportunity for sophisticated, informed gamblers to beat the point spreads, especially in college games. And in the early Eighties, a team of bettors—led by a moonlighting orthopedic surgeon—did just that. Employing computer analysis while odds makers were still using antiquated techniques, this so-called Computer Group bet and made millions.

Roxborough, for his part, brought computers onto the side of the odds makers, enlisting Mike Orkin, a professor at California State University at Hayward, who still teaches Statistics 2088, Games of Chance. Orkin helped Roxborough devise a method of calculating numerical measurements of teams' strength, known in the gambling world as power ratings.

Each team goes into a game with an assigned rating; the difference between those ratings, adjusted by a home-field advantage calculated by the computer, is a raw version of the point spread. When the game is played, one team will cover the spread (and the other team will fall short of it) by a certain number of points. That's the "error." The error is multiplied by .093 and the resultant figure is added to or subtracted from each team's power rating for the next week.

Suppose the Rams and the Giants start the season with power ratings of 100 each, and they are playing in Los Angeles, where the home-field advantage makes the Rams a three-point favorite. The Giants win, 21–0. That's an error of 24, which, multiplied by .093, equals 2.23 points. This number is added to the Giants' power rating, which now becomes 102.23, and subtracted from the Rams', which drops to 97.77. "It may be simple," Orkin said, "but it's not naïve. That constant of .093 is based on simulations of how the error should be factored in. Other people who make power ratings use passing yardage, rushing yardage and a variety of variables, but from the perspective of the odds maker, they're just muddying the waters."

In the system that Roxborough devised, the maximum error recognized by the computer on any game is 24 points, and the maximum adjustment that can be made to any team's rating in a single week is 2.23. There is a reason that number seems so small: It recognizes the way that professional gamblers—as opposed to the general betting public—look at the results of N.F.L. games. The average fan watching a 40–0 blowout on *ABC's Monday Night Football* will conclude that the winner is the team of the decade and that the loser will never win another game. And he will bet accordingly the next week. But neither the computer nor the professionals go overboard on the basis of one game. So even after Tampa Bay dominated Detroit 38–21 in their first meeting, the power ratings still had the Lions a better team. Give the Bucs points for the home-field advantage and they figured to be a slim favorite.

What complicates the line maker's task—especially in pro football—is that he must do more than decide who is better than whom. He must gauge the inclinations and biases of bettors. In the September 23rd Chicago–Minnesota game, Roxborough believes that the Vikings are superior. But he also knows that there is huge popular sentiment on behalf of the Bears, and his point spread will have to favor the Bears more heavily to entice people to bet against their hearts. The Tampa Bay–Detroit game is even trickier. Making the home team a three-point favorite would be safe and predictable. But, Roxborough says, "Tampa Bay went to Detroit and clobbered the Lions; now Detroit is going to Tampa. The public says, 'They'll kill them again,' but the wise guys love these reverses. If I were a bookmaker out of town, I'd probably open this game at three. But I'm going to try to rob the wise guys and make it two and a half. That's a big half point, two and a half versus three."

Roxborough has calculated his tentative point spreads for the upcoming games. Now he consults two other experts before deciding on which numbers to release. He telephones Eugene Buonantony, another Las Vegas line maker, and admits that he is still uncertain about the Bears–Vikings game. He is inclined to make the game even; because Chicago has the home-field advantage, that line would reflect Minnesota's superior manpower.

(continued on page 140)

"Wow—that was some video!"

SHEER

MADNESS

the allure of filmy underthings proves once again that less is more

We contemplate the delicate and sometimes diaphanous things that a woman wears closest to her body and various wise sayings come to mind: Getting there is half the fun. Some things are better left undone. Beautiful things come in beautiful packages. For there is, perhaps, no more arousing interlude during the wooing of a lovely woman than that moment when, having discarded the armor of her street clothes, she stands before us in her undergarments, so vulnerable but not quite naked. And if a man is one to savor each moment, he will not hurry to remove those scented bits of silk, satin and lace but will prefer, instead, to allow them to heat his imagination awhile, all the better to relish the undoing of each button, the disengagement of each tiny hook and the subtle whisper of fabric slipping away from soft skin.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BYRON NEWMAN

Then there are some women and some lingerie that when combined create so powerful an aphrodisiac that we prefer not to separate them but, rather, to immerse ourselves in the delicious exploration of secret places half-concealed by cloth so thin and flimsy that we become acutely aware of the power in our hands and the strength in our fingers. And, with such a woman, we know better than before why some things are better left undone.

Should a man be lucky enough to find a woman who not only shares his enjoyment of the gauze that refreshes but understands completely why watching her wearing it drives him absolutely mad, then he can, with her permission, share in her search for feminine underclothing. If their tastes are similar, she will not only trust him to buy lingerie for her but reward him by putting it on for him. And letting him take it off.

TERROR IN GAINESVILLE *(continued from page 72)*

"'There was an aura there that started before I ever looked in. I was prepared to a degree, but. . . .'"

Campbell, recalls that Sunday afternoon when the nightmare sprang from the stifling apartment. "It was right at dusk. I didn't really have an idea of what had happened yet. I went inside the crime scene, which I usually do to get an idea of what I'm working with and to be able to answer questions. . . ."

She gathers her hands in her lap before continuing. "I went in and came back out. I was in there for ten or fifteen minutes." She sits silent for some moments as Mozart plays softly from her radio. "I've been on homicide scenes. I've seen shotgunnings, several times. I've seen extremely violent scenes. I've seen murdered children, even a three-year-old. . . ." Mozart plays and Lieutenant Darnell listens. "I was ill. A lot had to do with the odor. There was some decomposition and the apartment was warm, musty. And there was the 3-D of it . . . not just a picture kind of thing. A lot of sensory things were occurring at once. It was an unusual death situation. Evil."

That was Sunday. That same night, Christa Hoyt was an hour late for her midnight shift at the Alachua County sheriff's-office dispatch desk. Hoyt was an extremely responsible 18-year-old, well-liked, given to quick smiles and an upbeat manner. Her friends called her Glowworm. She was to begin classes on a scholarship at Gainesville's Santa Fe Community College that week. Saturday afternoon, she played racquetball with friends and returned to her modest apartment in a slightly downscale duplex park at the end of 24th Avenue, a seldom-traveled street. When Hoyt didn't show up for her shift, a deputy was sent to her apartment. It was just after one o'clock when the deputy's cramped voice called for backup.

Lieutenant Spencer Mann is a former reporter. He has been with the Alachua County sheriff's office for eight years. He spent six hours in the apartment on 24th Avenue. "There was something about the crime scene where Christa was found that was different from any other homicide scene I've ever been a part of, and I can't tell you tangibly why. There was an aura there and that feeling started before I ever looked in. I was prepared to a degree, but. . . ."

The killer who took apart Sonja Larson and Christina Powell on Friday night forced his way into Christa Hoyt's apartment late Saturday night. He menaced her with a heavy blade, stripped her and bound her with tape. In some sequence, he stabbed her many times, slit her from pubic bone to breastbone, cut off her nipples and cut off her head, which was then placed on a shelf some distance from the ruin he had created. He then went about cleaning the body, washing the numerous wounds with a germicide or a caustic solution. This both removed any possible trace of his own fluids and heightened the grotesque effect when the scene was discovered—the extreme violence coupled with the startling lack of blood. To avoid other traces of blood, the killer may have used a "collector," possibly a rubber sheet or a shower curtain. Before leaving, he used several mirrors to heighten the horror. One, located behind the severed head, was tilted to catch the shocked expression of a person entering the apartment. Another was canted to reflect the grisly scene to anyone who might pass by Hoyt's front window.

Like Powell and Larson, Hoyt was posed in such a way that—though all three victims were naked or nearly so—the sexual element was slightly askew, not overt but implied with a curious ambivalence. There was no indication that the killer had had any kind of sex with his victims. And, like the scenes in apartment 113—one upstairs, one downstairs—the tableau on 24th Avenue included seemingly banal objects, everyday items placed within the obscured context of these homicidal set pieces.

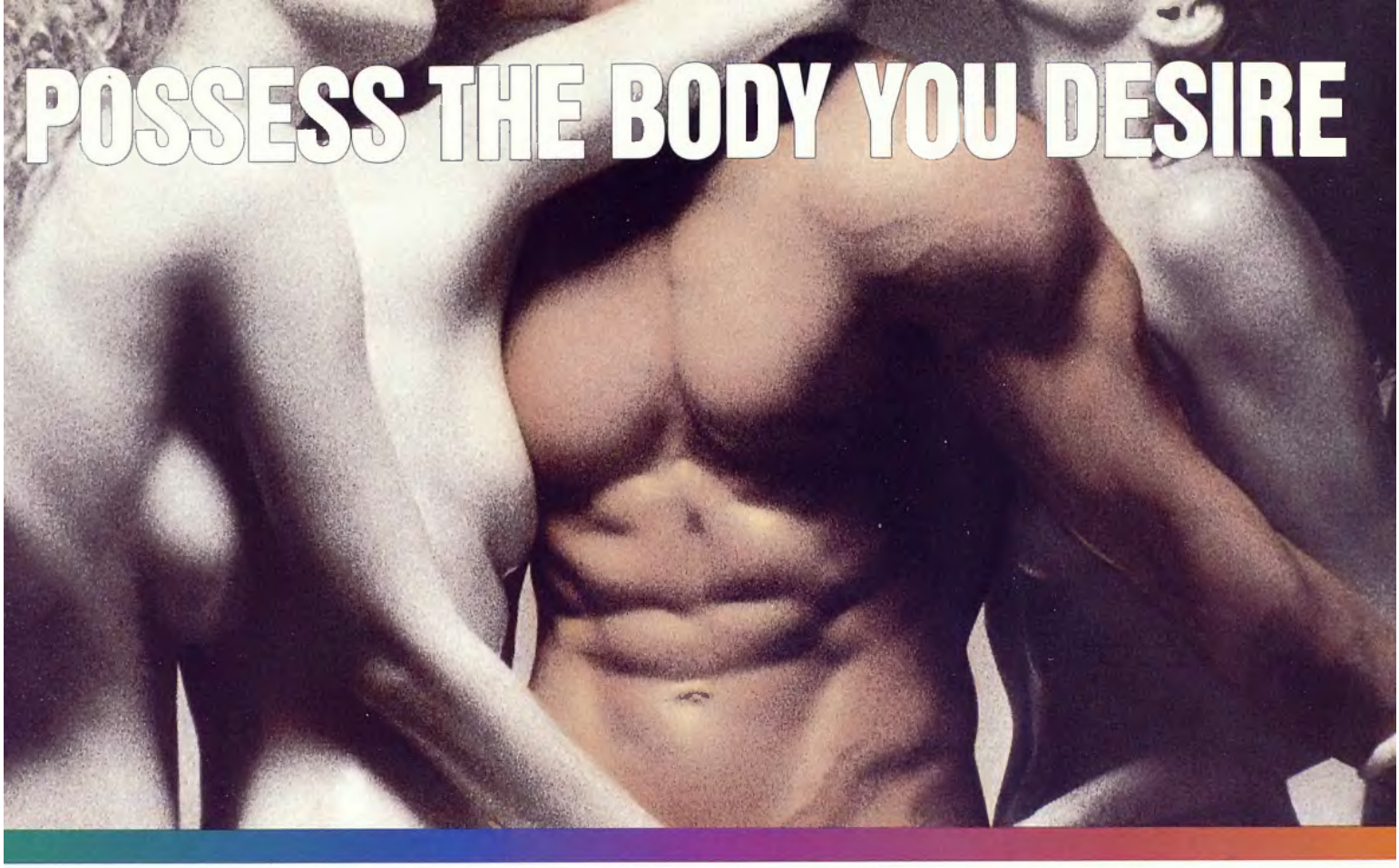
Investigators will not reveal the precise details of the poses or other specifics, in order not to jeopardize prosecution when and if a killer is caught. Regarding the poses, Lieutenant Darnell was asked how she would rate their intricacy on a scale of one to ten, one representing simple standing or sitting. She replied, "Four." Captain R. B. Ward, asked if the killer, who had taken pieces of his victims' flesh, might have left remains from one crime scene at another, said he could not comment.

"I knew about Williamsburg," says Lieutenant Mann, "but all I knew was there were similarities. I didn't know how bad it was." He swivels in his chair and lightly runs his fingers along the edge of his desk. "It wasn't like I stood there and gazed at it for an hour." He stops talking and swiveling and slowly rocks, looking at his fingers. "That image. Incredible is the word that comes to mind. And when I say incredible, I mean far different from and exceeding anything I've ever been exposed to in my life. And I've been exposed to a lot of violent deaths. It's just incredible that a person or persons—*people*—might do something like this."

The man responsible for bringing the person or persons to justice is Ward, a 48-year-old detective who has no small reputation in Florida law enforcement. In 24 years, primarily as an investigator with the Gainesville Police Department, Captain Ward has solved more than his share of homicide cases. And homicide can get quite strange in these parts of north Florida. In addition to Ted Bundy's deadly visitation less than 30 miles north of Gainesville, the neighborhood has witnessed several other twisted killings in the past decade. There was the murder-mutilation of a college professor whose body was found two months later in an abandoned refrigerator; there was the ritualistic slaying of Howard Appledorf, a high-profile "junk-food diet" promoter and University of Florida professor, who was bound, gagged, blindfolded, burned with cigarettes and slowly suffocated by a bag of ice placed over his head. His body was found propped up on his living-room couch with an empty plate and glass placed at his feet. Ward solved the latter crime, as well as a nasty double homicide at the local Steak 'n' Shake, in relatively short order, but the discoveries in Williamsburg almost immediately threatened to eclipse the previous horrors he had witnessed, if not in number, certainly in style. "I was out of town and came straight to the scene about seven-thirty, quarter to eight." Ward speaks in that distinctively clipped drawl endemic to this part of Florida. He says he's averaging three hours' sleep a night, and he looks it. He says his wife has a chair propped up under the doorknob and is sleeping with his service revolver. "On Sunday, I knew I had a *very* unusual situation and was very concerned that there was no reason for it to stop. But we didn't know it would hit us as fast as it did."

On Tuesday morning, at 8:35, Ward's worst suspicions were confirmed when another maintenance man opened another apartment door located midway between the first two homicide scenes, in Gatorwood, and found two more bodies. Both victims were 23 years old. Both had died of multiple stab wounds. As in the two other homicides, entry had been

(continued on page 137)



♦ IN THE EVER CONSTANT QUEST FOR PHYSICAL PERFECTION, RARELY HAS A SINGLE DEVELOPMENT HAD SUCH AN IMMEDIATE AND SIGNIFICANT IMPACT AS HAS THE INTERNATIONALLY HERALDED CYBERGENICS TOTAL BODYBUILDING SYSTEM. THE RESULT OF OVER A DECADE OF PAINSTAKING RESEARCH BY SOME OF THE WORLD'S MOST PROMINENT PHYSIOLOGISTS, NUTRITIONISTS, AND SPORTS-MEDICAL AUTHORITIES, THE CYBERGENICS TOTAL BODYBUILDING SYSTEM HAS PREVAILED—IN THE JUDGEMENT OF INDEPENDENT RESEARCHERS—"AS THE SAFEST, MOST EFFECTIVE MEANS OF BUILDING MUSCLE AND REDUCING BODYFAT IN THE WORLD."

♦ NOT TO BE DEFINED IN SIMPLE TECHNICAL TERMS, THE CYBERGENICS TOTAL BODYBUILDING SYSTEM IS A COMPREHENSIVE PACKAGE, INCORPORATING RESEARCH PROVEN PRINCIPLES WHICH PROMOTE VISIBLE AND RAPID RESULTS, USING A VARIETY OF METABOLIC PATHWAYS. THROUGH THE SYNERGY OF SEVEN ULTRA-SOPHISTICATED, STATE-OF-THE-ART SUPPLEMENTS, ALONG WITH A SPECIALIZED TRAINING AND NUTRITIONAL REGIMEN, CYBERGENICS TOTAL BODYBUILDING SYSTEM OFFERS UNPARALLELED GAINS IN MUSCLE - MASS, (UP TO 20 LBS.) IN EIGHT WEEKS OR LESS!

♦ THE WORLD'S TOP PROFESSIONAL BODYBUILDERS HAVE CONSISTENTLY RELIED ON CYBERGENICS FOR YEARS TO BUILD STRONG AND MUSCULAR PHYSIQUES AND TO GET THEIR BODYFAT DOWN TO COMPETITION LEVELS, (AS LOW AS 3%). AND BECAUSE CYBERGENICS IS 100% NATURAL, IT HAS QUICKLY BECOME THE CHOICE AMONG INDIVIDUALS WHO DESIRE TO BUILD THEIR BODIES TO THE FULLEST IN THE SHORTEST TIME POSSIBLE. IT IS A TECHNOLOGICAL MILESTONE THAT WILL INFLUENCE PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT WELL INTO THE NEXT MILLENNIUM.

♦ IN AN AGE WHERE THE HUMAN FORM IS A METAPHOR FOR PASSION, CYBERGENICS UNLEASHES THE FORCES TO CAPTURE THE BODY YOU DESIRE.

FRANCO SANTORIELLO
NPC NATIONAL CHAMPION
1989 MR. AMERICA

NATURAL NUTRITION SUPPLIES

Available at General Nutrition Centers and other Fine Stores
GNC
GENERAL NUTRITION CENTERS
NATURE FOOD CENTRES

Please Rush Me The Following:

☐ 60 Day Kit $139.95 ☐ 120 Day Kit $199.95
☐ 180 Day Kit $249.95 ☐ Cyber Video $ 19.95 (Free With Kit)

ASK US ABOUT OVERNIGHT DELIVERY! ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

TO ORDER CALL
1-800-635-8970
IN CANADA CALL
1-908-477-4880

L&S RESEARCH CORPORATION
35 Beaverson Blvd. Bldg 8, Suite A
Bricktown, New Jersey 08723

☐ Check ☐ MO enclosed ☐ Visa ☐ MC

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Card No. _____

Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

2/90-PB-CY

Books shown smaller than actual size.

Own one of these leather-bound books for only $4.95...the price of a paperback!

THE 100 GREATEST BOOKS EVER WRITTEN

The finest edition you can find of Moby Dick is the great Easton Press leather-bound edition. Now you can have this luxurious book (a wonderful value at its regular price of $36.50) for the price of a paperback—only $4.95—with no obligation to buy any other book. You can keep Moby Dick for $4.95 forever!

Why is The Easton Press making this, dare we say it, whale of a deal? Because we think you'll be delighted and astonished when you see the quality of your first Easton Press leather-bound edition. When you feel the quality of the leather, and hold the heft of the book. When you look at the beauty of the binding, and see the gleam of the 22kt gold inlaid on the spine!

Frankly, we are hoping you will be so taken with this first volume that you will want to own additional leather-bound editions from The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written. But you are under no obligation to do so.

Replace those paperbacks and forgotten best sellers with leather-bound classics!

There's a time in your life when you will want to replace your paperbacks and forgotten best sellers with a library of beautiful and important books. That's what a great library is all about...books so magnificent that they are your pride and joy... a statement about you. And a library of leather-bound books is the best of all.

The first book is yours to keep for only $4.95.

Each book bound in genuine leather with accents of 22kt gold.

Real Value!

The books in this collection are a *genuine* value, not cheap reprints. Not poor-quality editions in imitation leather. Easton Press editions are the real thing. Real leather editions of the finest quality. Heirloom books elegantly bound and printed on acid-free paper so that they will last for generations.

Yet the cost is not expensive. For little more than the price of ordinary-looking hardcover books you can own these extraordinary editions — books that are admired and collected in 131 countries around the world. Books that you will be proud to display in your home — forever!

Classics by Brontë. Dickens. Dostoyevsky. Shakespeare. Twain.

Who remembers most of yesterday's best sellers? You can be sure the world will never forget the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Dostoyevsky, Dickens, Tolstoy, Twain. These are the greatest authors of all time — represented here by their greatest works! (We include a list of all the titles with your $4.95 book; you then get to choose which books **you** want to receive!)

Each volume is custom-bound for you.

You don't see luxurious leather-bound books in most homes, which is all the more reason you'll be proud to see them in yours! Nor do you see these Easton Press leather editions for sale in bookstores. They are made available directly to you — with no bookstore mark-up and no distribution excesses. This is what lets us keep the price low and the quality high.

Superior craftsmanship and materials go into each Easton Press edition. Premium-quality leather. Acid-neutral paper. Gilded page ends. Satin ribbon page markers. Moiré fabric endsheets. Superb illustrations. Hubbed spines accented with precious 22kt gold.

At just $4.95 you have nothing to lose!

Own Moby Dick for $4.95. For the price of a paperback, own this luxurious edition outright. Then, whether you buy anything further is entirely up to you. Obviously, you get this book for a fraction of what it costs us to make. We do so in confidence that you will be truly impressed.

To take us up on this unusual opportunity, simply call us, toll free, at the number shown, or mail the reservation application below.

CALL TOLL FREE: 1-800-367-4534

The Easton Press

© 1990 MBI

Reservation Application

The Easton Press
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Yes...send my leather-bound edition of Moby Dick for me to keep forever at just $4.95...and reserve my subscription to The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written. If I like this book, send me further editions at the rate of one per month at $36.50* each—with this price held firm for the next two full years!

I understand you will send me a list of all the titles in the collection. I can tell you which, if any, I do not want, and I am free to tell you then to send me no further books at all if that is my decision. I may return any book within 30 days for a refund, and either party may cancel this subscription agreement at any time.

Here's how I want to pay for my $4.95 Moby Dick and future volumes (unless I tell you to cancel):

☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____

☐ I prefer to pay by check. ($4.95 enclosed).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

All orders subject to acceptance.

*Plus $2.95 per book for shipping and handling; any applicable sales tax will be billed.

1-3962

Harry Connick, Jr.

(continued from page 64)

essential Southern gentleman, signing autographs, posing for pictures, standing up without even thinking about it when an older couple approached. The woman gave him a card: "I wrote you a note on the back. If you ever need anything in Houston, anything at all, ever. . . ."

"That's very sweet of you, thanks."

It's as if Connick lives in a realm where bands don't do tape-recorded shows, drummers have Social Security numbers, men wear cuff links, not earrings. Of drug clinics, endless solos, electronic instruments, girl singers in their underwear, as Randy Newman observed:

Maybe they heard about it
And maybe not
Probably they heard about it
And just forgot

At this point, there's no telling what Connick can't do. A piano player with a sly grin and a certain resemblance to Montgomery Clift could go a long way. He has already made his film debut in *Memphis Belle*. What if he became a movie star—moved to California and ran for governor—then, once he was over 35 and eligible to run for President and people had forgotten Lee Atwater and were a bit more tolerant of people from the South . . . ? In the meantime, Connick is better than anything on MTV.

"There are some things money can't buy. I'm not interested in them."

LENA OLIN

(continued from page 113)

minutes and then we go on. But when you have a child, you identify with someone who has no protection. You go back to the state of being a kid. August has also added meaning to my work. Now there's a point to being here; there's a reason to stay alive and sane. It's important now. He has to have his mother.

10.

PLAYBOY: Do you need a husband? Are you looking to settle down?

OLIN: I'd like to find one guy, but "settle down" sounds like the wrong direction. I'd like to find one guy and go *on*. Maybe there is such a thing as a good marriage; I haven't seen it. Not with my parents nor among the people I know. But I believe it is possible.

Having a good marriage means you've met someone who sees the whole of you, who sees you emotionally. He doesn't have a fixed picture of "this is you and this is the way you have to stay, honey, or else I won't love you tomorrow if you turn out to be someone else." And you have to have the same sort of feelings for him. That would be wonderful.

11.

PLAYBOY: For every troubled man who has ever loved a woman who keeps falling for jerks instead, explain the allure of making bad choices in love.

OLIN: Asking about the allure makes these things sound like some superficial attraction. There is a way of not being afraid of saying yes to things that we normally don't do because we're scared. We all want to be happy. We only want to say everything is good and fine, and that's dangerous. We are scared of so many sides of ourselves. We deny them and people can take advantage of this. So it's dangerous. Therefore, it becomes an allure, because we don't allow a real sense of the dark side of life, which we have. I don't mean to look for the dark things; we don't *need* to. But we need to watch out and see *when* it's dark. And let it *be* dark.

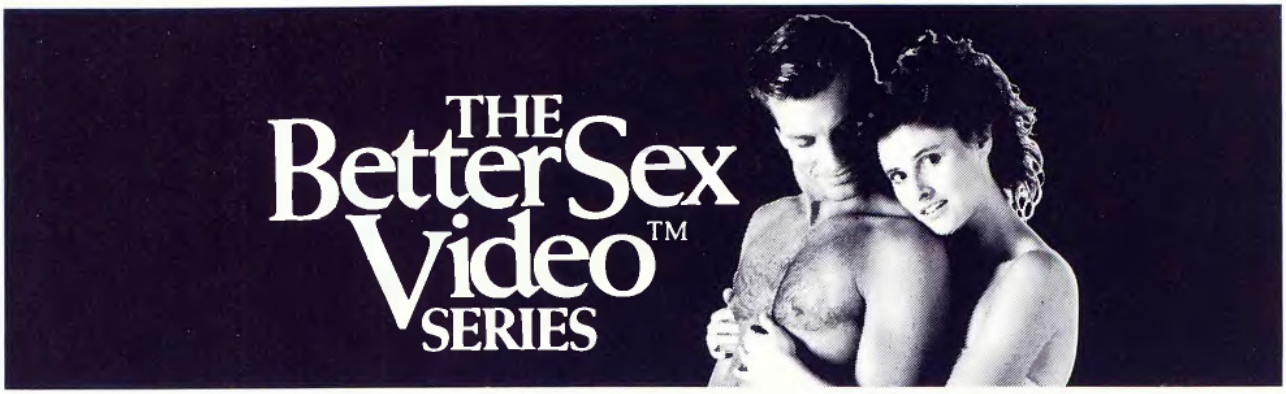
12.

PLAYBOY: What makes a Swedish meatball Swedish?

OLIN: [*Long laugh*] I don't know what makes them Swedish! I haven't seen any meatballs *other* than Swedish ones. We have something called mother's meatballs. We put in celery and onion and ground meat—no bread crumbs. You can fry the onion with a little sugar and you can put some bubbling water in it. They're delicious. We don't serve them in sauce. We eat them with toothpicks.

13.

PLAYBOY: For a long time, Scandinavian design was popular in America. What



Sex Education For Me?

There's No Such Thing As A "Born Lover"! Sexual techniques must be learned. Even if you think that you are a good lover you can benefit from *The Better Sex Video Series*. It is for normal adults who want to enhance their sexual pleasure. Better Sex is not intuitive. After all, knowledge is the best aphrodisiac!

America's Best Selling Sex-Ed Video *The Better Sex Video Series* visually demonstrates and explains how everybody can enjoy better sex. Dr. Fred Shotz, trained at the Masters & Johnson Institute, guides you through erotic scenes of explicit sexual practices including techniques for more enjoyable foreplay and intercourse.

Shipped Unmarked For Your Privacy! All of our videos are shipped in a plain box to assure your privacy. Each video is approximately 90 minutes.

Watch It With Someone You Love! Sex is the most intimate, vulnerable area of your life. And here is the most enjoyable, comfortable way to learn how you and your partner can enjoy better sex - without embarrassment or guilt. "Sex is fun!", says Dr. Shotz, one of the country's most respected experts on sexuality. If you're not enjoying sex enough, or even if you think you're already a great lover, you'll see why everybody can enjoy and learn from *The Better Sex Video*. Order it today and take the first step to more enjoyment!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE WITH CREDIT CARD ORDERS, PHONE **1-800-866-1000.** (Mon-Sat 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. E.S.T.)

Mail to: Better Sex Video Series, Suite 309, 6555 NW 9th Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33309

Name_____

Address _____

City _____ State____ Zip_____

❑ Check ❑ VISA ❑ MasterCard

Account Number _____

Expiration Date _____/_____ Signature _____

Please send me ___ cassettes of The Better Sex Video at $29.95 each plus a $3.00 handling and shipping charge. Total Price of $32.95

NO MONEY ORDERS - VHS only - No Beta.

PB2

American custom has Sweden imported and taken to heart?

OLIN: Sweden is so influenced by American culture, especially now, since we have this parabolic thing for our television sets so we can see MTV and all the American films. In 1968, Sweden was still very anti-American, but by 1973, we'd begun to loosen up. To some extent, the American influence is positive, though when we get bad films, the violent ones, Swedish kids are fascinated by them. They become popular and I don't like that.

14.

PLAYBOY: Are there any disadvantages to socialized medicine?

OLIN: No. It's wonderful. Of course, we pay those high taxes that make Americans faint. If you have a large income, you're taxed eighty percent. But it's changing in Sweden. There are people who talk about private hospitals, private medical care, and to me, that is dangerous. In Sweden, everyone gets taken care of in the best way. Day care is also socialized, and that's wonderful, because all kids go to the best day-care centers. But now people are starting private ones, and they get the best teachers, because they pay them more. I don't like private medicine or day-care centers. It creates a class society.

15.

PLAYBOY: What should someone your age know about life and how did you learn it?

OLIN: One should never say that he *knows anything*, really. But my idea is that you should make an *experience* out of everything that is happening to you. Erland Josephson, the Swedish actor, and I have quarrels about traveling. I don't like to travel. He says traveling is the only way to learn. I contend that you could go to Thailand, to China and to California and still learn nothing. But you can go into your own bedroom and learn a lot about life. It depends on how you take things that are happening to you.

16.

PLAYBOY: Bergman gave us death and strawberries and made Woody Allen laugh. What did he give you?

OLIN: He taught me that it's important that there be mystery about acting. There should be unpredictability. One shouldn't look at it too closely. You should care only about how to use your body, your voice. He's very practical and he taught me that at an early age.

17.

PLAYBOY: How does a good Swedish girl survive the cold?

OLIN: Not easily. In the winter, it gets dark at three o'clock in the afternoon and doesn't get light until ten o'clock in the morning. You go to work, it's dark, and when you go back home, it's dark. However, I don't think that's the reason why people are so depressed in Sweden. We get depressed when the light comes back. It becomes so beautiful. We're so aware that it's for such a short moment. So it hurts. In America, you take it for granted that the sun is going to shine tomorrow. But in a country where it's dark and cold and there's snow, and suddenly, there's light—*that*'s the moment when you get depressed. The nights in June, when it doesn't get dark, are very sensuous. There's a mystery in the air and it's beautiful.

18.

PLAYBOY: Your performance in *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* probably did more for the women's hat industry than any other single factor. Under what circumstances do you wear a hat?

OLIN: Only when it's cold. [*Smiles*]

19.

PLAYBOY: How intimate is your relationship with the camera?

OLIN: It's like throwing yourself naked into cold pure water. The camera is completely unprejudiced. It has never seen you before. It just registers what's happening and you can't hide anything. It's an ideal situation.

20.

PLAYBOY: Should women be interesting or pure?

OLIN: What's pure? If it's inexperienced, that's uninteresting.

"I see the breeze is picking up."

TERROR IN GAINESVILLE

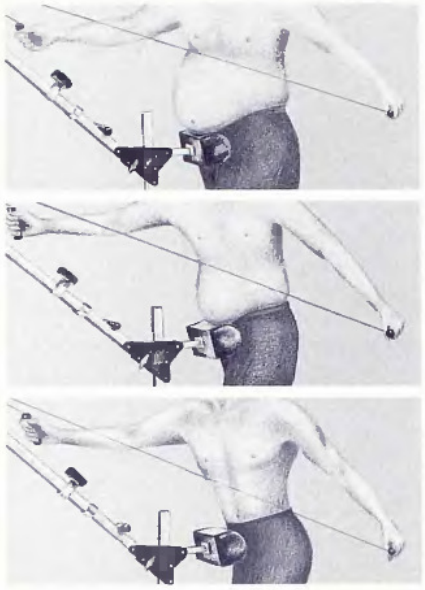
(continued from page 130)

forced. There was one big difference in the two-bedroom Gatorwood apartment. One of the victims was Tracey Paules. The other was Manuel Taboda, an athletic 200-pound ex-bouncer.

The possibility of more than one killer had worked its hydra head into the picture almost immediately. The logistics of double homicides, in which an intimate weapon—a blade—was used, were daunting. The lone killer would have had to gag and restrain one victim while immobilizing the other. In the case of Taboda, the problem became even more daunting—though the knife attack had apparently begun while Taboda was still in bed, most likely asleep. Whatever the number of killers, with the discovery of victims four and five, it became vividly clear that this quintet of murder and mutilation in three acts required an expenditure of thought far beyond common homicides and even the most heinous serial murders. These were not spontaneous acts of raging lust. Despite the almost unimaginably gruesome mayhem, these were not crimes of violence against people as such; the dead, rather, were truly accident victims. There were no indications that the victims were linked, except by their manner of death and the fact that they were all young white college students in Gainesville.

Out of those facts that are known, a mind begins to emerge, though its shape is somewhat faint and shifting. On those August—and, most likely, successive—nights of Friday the 24th, Saturday the 25th and Sunday the 26th, something that should be called evil moved through the rooms of Sonja and Christina, Christa, and Tracey and Manny. It moved with a purpose not yet fully understood, but it moved with force. It moved with sharpened steel and tape and latex and soap. With these, it made terror and pain and death. On those oak-shrouded nights in Gainesville, a kind of macabre history was being written upon flesh. Even Ted Bundy, notable for the sheer number and duration of his crimes, as well as for his mild-mannered disguise, could not match these depraved acts of violence. The Gainesville killings were beyond imagining, like encounters with a terrible alien life form. Yet the true horror and fear came from knowing that another human hand had done these things with an almost serene sense of accomplishment and a brazen showmanship. From this sequence of fiendish carnage came the aura Lieutenant Mann detected as he approached Hoyt's front door, an aura that spread like a contagion when the communications satellites triggered their signals from Gainesville. The inexplicable eeriness sheathing these crimes was italicized just a few days after the

The best way to a man's stomach...NordicTrack



Besides burning calories it strengthens the heart, tones the muscles and improves stamina. And it's much less stressful on the body than running and high-impact sports. Working out on NordicTrack also boosts creativity and productivity and lowers stress, making you feel as good as you look.

It's time to change the spare tire.

Unlike most in-home exercisers, NordicTrack works all the major muscle groups of the body including the arms, legs, buttocks, shoulders and yes, even stomach.

So what are you waiting for? Call NordicTrack today.

NordicTrack A CML Company

World's best aerobic exerciser.

NordicTrack duplicates the motion of cross-country skiing, what most experts agree is the most efficient and effective aerobic exercise.

It burns more calories in less time than any other kind of exercise machine. Up to 1,100 calories per hour according to tests at a major university.

Free Brochure & Video
Call Toll Free in U.S. and Canada
1-800-328-5888

❑ Please send me a free brochure.
❑ Also a free video tape ❑ VHS ❑ BETA
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone ( ) _____
141C Jonathan Blvd. N. • Chaska, MN 55318
276A1

ALL NEW!

PLAYMATE WAKE-UP SERVICE℠...

1-900-820-WAKE

START YOUR DAY THE PLAYBOY WAY!

Our great Wake-Mate℠ messages gently wake you 24 hours a day – any time, anywhere!

Call America's Official Playmate Wake-Up Service today and personally choose your Wake-Mate.℠

Only $4 per call. No per minute charge.
© 1991 Playboy Enterprises, Inc.

bodies of Paules and Taboda were discovered, when Captain Ward said softly, "The primary purpose is not the deaths."

Mann shared this chilling sense of unease. He, too, understood that these acts, seemingly without motive, went far beyond mere psychosis or sociopathy or corrupted sexual drive. "It was organized violence," said Mann. "This whole thing was packaged in such a way as to make some sort of statement. The statement doesn't have to be verbal or written. And when I'm talking about packaging, I'm talking about the view of the *entire* crime scene. Putting the product into a context people might try to perceive. The person doesn't necessarily want you to say *Why?* as much as he wants you to be shocked by the *way* he committed the crime."

The notion of performance art springs to mind, the sense that a certain kind of aesthetic was at work, or being fashioned, those hot, humid August nights. "There was a consistency in the posturing," muses Lieutenant Darnell. "There was the removal of blood. The objects placed within the scene were strange, because they were banal. The mutilations and dismemberments were not. . . ." Darnell stands by the door to her office, her head cocked. "There were gender-specific mutilations, and if you had a check list and SEXUAL was one of the items on the list, you would mark it. But there was other dismemberment. It was strange, very quiet and very different. And it *meant* something."

Compounding this disturbing ingredient, the killer—or killers—left the crime scenes shockingly devoid of forensic links, despite the extraordinary amount of violence at each. At one point, Ward said, "We are very concerned that the individual concealed himself very well in the acts and we are running on very thin threads and shoestrings."

Dr. Michael West, a crime-scene analyst, forensic odontologist and deputy medical examiner for Forrest County, Mississippi, combed the three apartments with a Hamamatsu intensified ultraviolet viewer—a light intensifier that magnifies details 70,000 times beyond the capacity of the naked eye. "This is the most difficult crime scene I've ever seen," said the expert before packing up his gear. "All the areas the killer touched or manipulated were free of prints. Nothing. I've also never seen so many incidents of violence at a crime scene without leaving any evidence."

The situation was stupefying, and within a half hour of the discovery of Hoyt's body, a task force began to take shape. Along with Captain Andy Hamilton of the Alachua County sheriff's office, in whose jurisdiction the last three victims fell, they called the local FBI agent as well as the Florida Department of Law Enforcement's J. O. Jackson, who had worked on the Bundy case a decade earlier. They were joined by the state's attorney for the eighth circuit in Gainesville, Lennard Register III, and the university police. The multiagency force would soon swell to 178 members, including two FBI psychological profilers from Quantico, Virginia, and 40 Florida Highway Patrol officers to beef up patrols on Gainsville's fear-ridden streets—making the force larger than either the Hillside Strangler or Green River task forces. Governor Bob Martinez requested financial assistance from Attorney General Richard Thornburgh and received nearly $1,000,000 within two weeks. The cost of the operation would easily exceed that amount in less than a month.

Not that the presence of so many lawmen reassured the citizens of Gainesville—or kept them from taking up arms. Floridians—especially folks in the predominantly rural north of the state—have particularly liberal views on guns. They like them and they have them. They are a way of life and death. But the weapons purchases in and around Gainesville became so bullish during the first week in September that U.P.S. was delivering crates to gun stores that had sold out their stocks of preferred calibers. Students attended their first days of classes carrying guns. The N.R.A. organized emergency handgun seminars. Residents greeted pizza-delivery men and patrol officers with pistols and shotguns in hand. In the first two weeks of September, 142 concealed-weapon permits were issued in Alachua County, 25 percent of the total permitted in all of 1989. One official said that figure accounted for only *one percent* of all the handguns that were out there. Gainesville suddenly had the highest ratio of cops on the streets to citizens of any city in the United States *and* the highest percentage of personal weaponry. The city was armed to the teeth—with knives, baseball bats, numchucks, dogs and crossbows.

The media, too, went armed to do battle. No fewer than 30 video cameras and a posse of 150 reporters turned Darnell and Mann's twice-daily press briefings into carnivals. Given the compelling nature of the crimes, no one questioned the media's ravenous appetite—though Mann, among others, had reason to question their tactics. He had left work at 2:30 one morning for his 20-mile drive home for a quick shower and shave, only to find himself tailed by a white Lincoln. The car followed his every turn, off the interstate, onto smaller roads, until he finally called for backup units. "We pinned the car in. I'm out with my pistol, yelling, 'Everybody out with their hands up!'" says Mann. "We've got them down on the pavement and we've all got our guns on them. Turns out it was a Miami TV crew in a rented Lincoln. They said, 'We thought you were going somewhere important.'"

To be sure, TV coverage was a challenge. Just how many spins can be put on the grim handling of body bags or the picture of cops sweating their shifts in front of an apartment complex? Which is why the bottom fishers were so ecstatic when a teenaged manic depressive ran from his grandmother's house in Indialantic, 200 miles southeast of Gainesville, sobbing and yelling, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry." TV had its picture.

•

Edward Lewis Humphrey was 18 when the Brevard County authorities charged him with aggravated battery on his grandmother, 79-year-old Elna Hlavaty. He turned 19 the Friday before a jury found him guilty of the lesser charge of simple battery in the second week of October. For more than a month, Humphrey's sad history of psychological trouble was plastered across TV screens and front pages throughout the nation and Europe. A UF freshman given to surfing, skate-boarding, wearing camouflage gear, carrying knives and behaving erratically, Humphrey was on a high dosage of Lithium prescribed to combat his psychological instability. He had once thrown himself from his brother's car as it was going 70 miles per hour, leaving him with metal pins and screws in his legs and a sad ruin of a face that only months before could have been described as cherubic. Humphrey was a damaged teen in need of serious therapy—what he got, instead, was a month-long hell ride in the national press.

Many people actually believed the Gainesville killer had been caught when they watched the heavy-lidded boy on their TVs, shuffling in shackles with a demented smirk on his scarred face. Students began walking alone at night, leaving their windows open to the cool night breeze. But one close look at Humphrey and his pathetic record showed a kid incapable of making a sandwich without attracting a crowd.

Yet Humphrey was nevertheless flogged as "a prime suspect"—by both media and cops. To obtain search warrants for Eddie's Gainesville apartment, his old Cadillac and his grandmother's house, the police developed a 75-page list of items based on what they had found at the crime scenes and what the FBI profilers speculated the serial killer might have in his possession. The list included human flesh, video and audio tapes, a black hood and gloves, photographs of the victims and knives with blades more than four inches long. The sensational list got big play in the press and prompted wide speculation. The fact that this list was based not only on specifics of the Gainesville killings but also on items a serial killer matching the

FBI profile *might* have in his possession was obscured by the fact that Humphrey looked guilty as hell—of something. Humphrey, meanwhile, was held on $1,000,000 bond while everyone awaited test results from the Florida Department of Law Enforcement lab in Jacksonville.

Release of the list itself became something of a scandal. When the document hit the streets, state's attorney Register phoned the Florida Department of Law Enforcement in Tallahassee and requested an investigation of the task force for leaks. As soon as the two inspectors arrived from the capital, a blanket was thrown over the investigation. Darnell and Mann returned to their regular duties and only the most cursory information emanated from the task force. Interviews suddenly ceased, no one returned phone calls. Curiously, just as paranoia zipped the mouths of investigators, Register, who had pushed the MUTE button with his investigation, now began handing out interviews right and left. Four in one week. It appeared that the prosecutor was taking over the investigation of the murders. Apropos of nothing, Register informed the press that Ward had cancer, was about to undergo a biopsy and would soon be leaving his post as commander on the task force. He did this nearly a week before Ward himself released the news through official channels. Register, who had contemplated another high-profile prosecution, of 2 Live Crew, had plenty to say about the murders and his role, including the news that he had had to enter personal counseling after viewing one of the crime scenes. During October, the Gainesville investigation seemed to be turning into *The Len Register Show.*

As weeks turned into months and winter approached, the task force ground ahead more slowly and began to lose momentum. Although the forensics lab pressed on with its high-tech sleuthing, solid evidence leading to an arrest remained elusive. Numerous searches through the woods in and around Gainesville delivered little more than wasp stings and blisters. Hair and blood samples from Humphrey came back from the FBI's Jacksonville lab, "apparently negative," according to Darnell. The task force retreated to possible leads it had either dismissed or put on hold earlier in its investigation. Links to homicides in San Diego, Shreveport and South Carolina were once again considered, and detectives flew off in hope of finding clues or connections.

Early in the investigation, Ward had said, "Although we didn't realize it at first, this person is leaving us messages or signals. He is saying, 'You're not stopping me. Catch me if you think you can.' He enjoys the control he is exercising and the confrontation with authority."

If so, the killer must have delighted in the spectacle of so much manpower and so much money expended with so few results. Months had now passed since the maintenance man opened the door to apartment 113 in the Williamsburg complex, and by homecoming weekend, late in October, that grim spectacle seemed little more than a memory. The University of Florida campus was more concerned about its football team than serial murder. Although two professors had received a substantial Federal grant to study the psychological effects on the community in the aftermath of the killings, the campus had largely returned to normal. The usual neo-hippie crowd gathered at Kesl's Coney Island for plates of tempeh and rice and beans. Down the street, the Hippodrome Theater was opening its second play of the season, *Evita*. The season opener, *Steel Magnolias*, had been knocked off schedule by a more riveting performance in three acts, one that kept theatergoers behind locked doors. But now they were back, people were actually walking the streets after sundown, enjoying the balmy night air as they headed from bar to dance club. Most of the young people still moved in packs, but occasionally, there could be seen a lone young lady briskly stepping from campus along 13th Street. Such a sight brought chills to passing officers in the still-watchful patrols.

The white ribbons that had appeared the day after the campus memorial service for the five slain students in early September were now gray and in tatters. The ads for Mace, burglar and personal alarms and high-security locks no longer choked the pages of the *Alligator*, the campus newspaper. But if one listened closely to the breakfast talk in the morning or through the late-evening clatter of wineglasses at Emiliano's, inevitably, the dark subject would surface, bringing with it unanswered questions and a cool breath of fear.

In the last interview Ward gave as commander of the task force, before the cancer and chemotherapy pulled him away, he spoke with unusual intensity about how he saw his investigation.

"Most people, the public, will never really understand how difficult this case is. Most people still identify with TV shows, things they see in the movies. That's not what it's about at all. A criminal investigation is something like . . . alive. You let it live, let it move."

Ward raised his hands, extending his fingers. "With an investigation that is strictly bang-bang-bang, you lose too much. You don't stay fluid enough in thought and motion to move. Your commanders must realize that, that the investigation"—he dropped his hands, then raised them again, shaping the air before him—"moves. It flows. It hunts for its information. You allow it to breathe and to move as you're living through it. It . . . becomes an entity. And they, the investigative team, become a part of something living—almost sculptural—but breathing."

While Ward's investigation may yet be breathing and moving, flowing and hunting, so is another entity. The dark mind dancing with bright blades and strange pictures, hungering to show itself. Time and place of performance remain unknown to all but the evil itself, somewhere out there, watching.

Anatomy of a Point Spread

(continued from page 116)

"Where the point spreads will be posted, rows of men sit like schoolboys waiting for the bell to ring."

Buonantony dissents vigorously. "I have the Bears one and a half," he says. "Last year, you had the same match-up and the Bears crushed them, 38–7. And the bottom line is that Minnesota doesn't win on the road. They've won two out of their last ten." The men compare notes on each game. On Tampa Bay *vs.* Detroit, there isn't much discussion. Buonantony is neutral. "Two and a half or three. Either way."

Now Roxborough calls Chris Andrews, director of the Club Cal-Neva in Reno, and Andrews is in a funk. "The squares have been beating me all day," he laments. The teams that the public likes to bet (such as the Bears and the Giants) have been covering the spreads.

Roxborough commiserates, then quickly gets down to business: "Eugene had the Bears one and a half and I had it even," he says.

"I had it one," Andrews says.

That figure seems to be the consensus. "That's what I'll use," Roxborough says. He tells Andrews he and Buonantony are leaning toward a two-and-a-half-point spread on the Bucs–Lions game.

"I knew you guys were going to make it less than me," Andrews says. "I had it three. Tampa Bay's not all that bad."

"All the guys in Vegas are trying to outthink all the other sharpies," Roxborough replies. "We're going to use this at two and a half."

When all of the numbers are finalized, they are sent via teletype to Roxborough's clients throughout the state. In little more than an hour, they will be subjected to their first test. At precisely six P.M., Las Vegas time, betting on the next week's games begins at the Stardust Hotel, the place where America's betting lines originate. Its competitors along the Strip are happy to concede this distinction, because if the line is off the mark, the Stardust will take the initial hits and allow everybody else to make the necessary adjustments.

In front of the board where the point spreads will be posted, rows of men sit in desk chairs, like schoolboys waiting for the bell to ring. Would-be bettors have submitted their names, which will be drawn by lot, assigning each to a position at one of four wagering windows. A participant in this lottery has to bet at least $300; the maximum is $10,000 on a pro game. Bettors can bet as many games as they please, and the Stardust is free to change the line in response.

"Allen J., window one, number one! Rich S., window one, number two! Dave Z., window two, number one!" The gamblers take their positions and start

"On your lunch break, would you pick up a Valentine card that doesn't commit me to anything, lovewise?"

betting, and changes in the point spreads are announced in rapid-fire succession. "Fresno State thirty-two! Bears two!" Someone has immediately concluded that the one-point spread is too low and has wagered the maximum $10,000 on Chicago. "Texas Tech nine! Akron six! Rams five and a half!"

At the top of the town's sports-betting hierarchy, sports-book managers say, are five or six men whose opinions and money command a degree of respect that borders on reverence. "You look at the print-outs of their records," says one manager, "and it's unbelievable, astronomical." When members of this small elite make a serious bet on a game, bookmakers may re-evaluate the point spread.

It is the flow of money that ultimately determines the point spread, causing frequent ripples and occasional tidal waves. The aim of sports-book managers in Las Vegas is to make sure they have roughly the same amount of money on each side of a game. They want to avoid taking risky positions on any game. So, as the bets come in, they adjust their point spread, trying to balance the action.

On Monday, some of the first significant movement of money comes at the Mirage Hotel. The Raiders open as a four-point favorite over the Steelers, and when sports-book director Jimmy Vaccaro taps his computer, he sees these totals flash on the screen: RAIDERS $33,495. STEELERS 0. He will raise the line to five and a half points and knows he may have to go as high as six to attract Pittsburgh money. The one fear that may constrain bookmakers from moving a line too much is the fear of being "middled"—losing both to the bettors who take the Raiders at minus four and to those who may jump in with the Steelers at plus six—which is what will happen to Vaccaro if the Raiders win by five.

The most memorable middle in history occurred in the 1979 Super Bowl, which opened with Pittsburgh a three-and-a-half-point favorite over Dallas and closed at four and a half. When the Steelers won, 35–31, virtually all of the bettors won and all of the bookies lost. "That was like the day Kennedy got shot. Everybody remembers where he was," said Vic Salerno, owner of Leroy's Horse and Sports Place. "I was getting ready to get on a plane when that s.o.b. caught the pass and made it four."

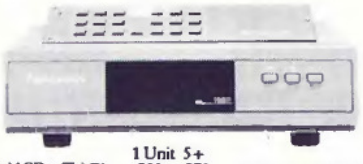
The Tampa Bay–Detroit spread lies dormant until early Tuesday, when wire services report that three of the Lions' defensive starters are injured and will miss the game. None is a star, and the news will not necessarily prompt an automatic change in the point spread. But on Tuesday morning, two sports books, at the Riviera Hotel and at Little Caesar's, take substantial wagers on Tampa Bay. Both establishments promptly raise the line on the game to three, seeking to attract counterbalancing action on Detroit. Having monitored this action, Roxborough's company advises his other Nevada clients, who still have the game at two or two and a half, that Tampa Bay should now be favored by three.

As Vegas goes about making its small adjustments to the line, the nation follows suit—though most of the action is outside the gambling capital. In fact, with a huge illegal market absorbing 25 times as much money as the legal market, gamblers betting large sums may prefer to do so anywhere but Las Vegas. If, for example, a syndicate wants to bet $200,000 on Arkansas minus 12 versus Texas Tech, it can't do so in Las Vegas without causing the point spread to skyrocket. And the change in the Las Vegas number will trigger changes from coast to coast. But the syndicate can lay its money down illegally before the illegal-bookmaking network has had a chance to react and, say, raise the line to 14. When that happens, gamblers will see potential for a middle by betting Arkansas minus 12 in Las Vegas and Texas Tech plus 14 elsewhere. Such arbitrage can account for millions of dollars in wagers.

While the flow of money and information may be orderly before game day, it will be frenetic in the final hours before kickoff. At every sports book in Las Vegas, there will be crowds and long lines at the betting windows. There will even be a line at the $5000-MINIMUM-BET window at Caesars Palace. During the last-minute frenzy, bookmakers may be adjusting their lines rapidly in an effort to balance their books.

On September 23, the Chicago–Minnesota game attracts the most interest—and a surge of Bears money. The Mirage's Vaccaro has seen it coming. "The Bears are back in the driver's seat as America's team," he said earlier in the week. "You won't stop the average guy from betting on the Bears. But the wise guys will never let the line go to three points, because they know the game should be even." He's right. Public money drives the line up, but when Vaccaro adjusts it to two and a half, the wise guys jump in on the Vikings. Vaccaro winds up with a perfectly balanced book—about $60,000 on each team. Some of his counterparts aren't nearly so lucky. The Stardust is overloaded with Bears money, and loud cheers erupt whenever the Bears score; Vikings successes bring boos or silence. When the Vikings' punter fumbles a snap in the last 90 seconds and the Bears' Kevin Butler kicks a field goal that enables his team to win 19–16, covering the spread by half a point, the bettors erupt in cheers. Scott Schettler, manager of the Stardust's sports book, is shaking his head, and he is still shaking it at the end of the

CABLE TV CONVERTER
How You Can Save Money on Cable Rental Fees



	1 Unit	5+
Jerrold SB w/Tri-Bi	$99	$70
SuperTri-Bi (TBM)	$109	$75
Jerrold 450 combo	$189	$139
Scientific Atlanta	$109	$75
SA 8536	$250	$195
Pioneer	$109	$79
Oak KN12 (w/VS)	$109	$65
Hamlin MLD 1200	$89	$59
Tocom	$169	$129
Stargate converter	$89	$69
Panasonic TZPC145	$99	$79

US Cable will Beat Anyone's Price Advertised in this Magazine!

30 Days Money Back Guarantee
Free 16 page Catalog
Visa, M/C, COD or send money order to:
US Cable TV Inc. Dept.KPL2
4100 N.Powerline Rd., Bldg F-4
Pompano Beach, FL 33073
1-800-445-9285
For Our Record
I, the undersigned, do hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all products purchased, now and in the future, will only be used on Cable TV systems with proper authorization from local officials or cable company officials in accordance with all applicable federal and state laws. FEDERAL AND VARIOUS STATE LAWS PROVIDE FOR SUBSTANTIAL CRIMINAL AND CIVIL PENALTIES FOR UNAUTHORIZED USE.
Date:_____
Signed:_____
No Florida Sales!

1991-92 ALL-COLOR CALENDAR
24 MONTHS OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN—
Photography by Brad Willis
8 1/2" x 11"
Super-Glossy,
Full-Color Photos.
VOLUPTUOUS WOMEN OF THE 90'S!
LIMITED TIME OFFER!
ONLY $4.95

THE VIDEO: CREATING A CALENDAR

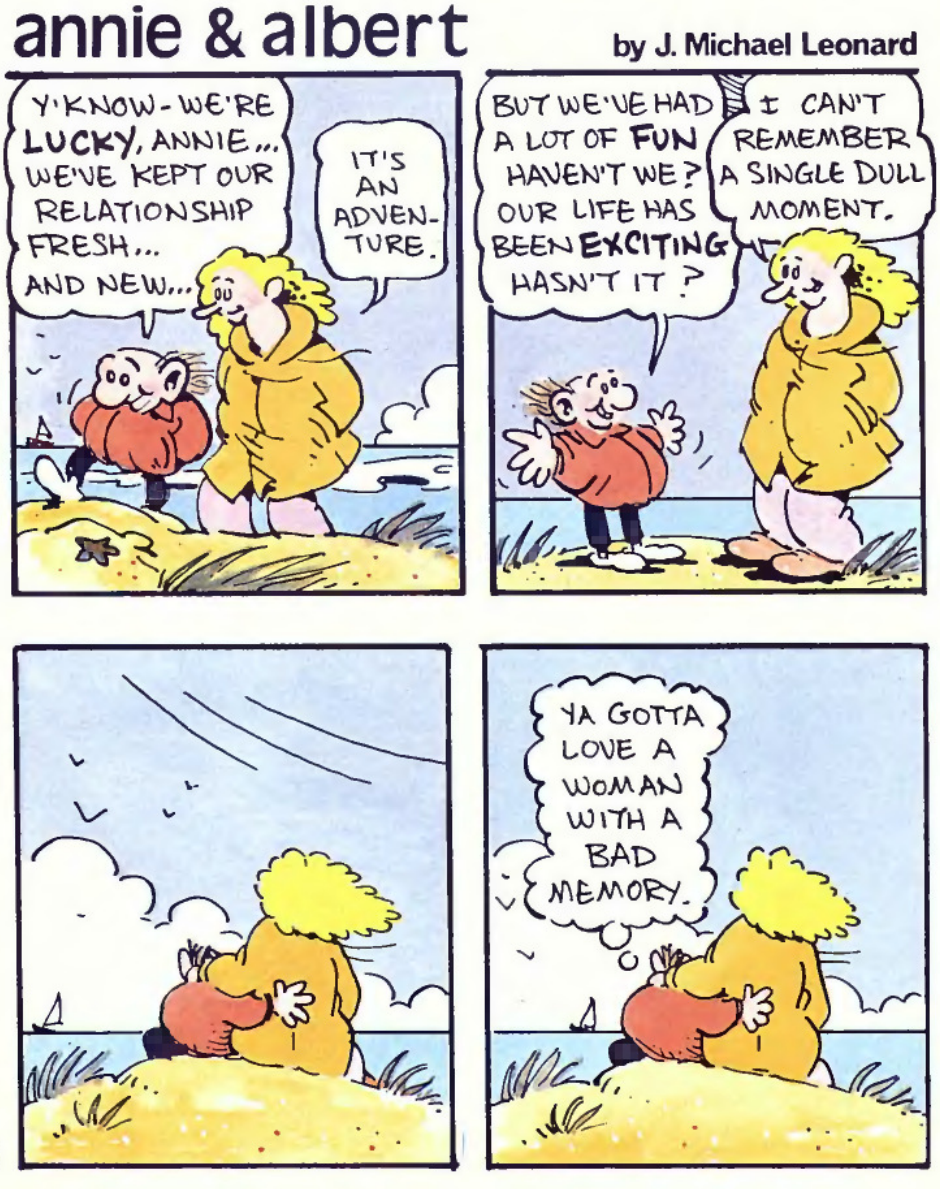
30 MINUTES OF GORGEOUS WOMEN
Shot by VIVID VIDEO
VHS and Beta
Your Calendar Girl comes to Life!
ONLY $9.95
Order Now & SAVE

BUY THE VIDEO AND GET THE CALENDAR FREE!
Send name and address and check or money order to:
Secret Passions, Dept. YPB9
PO Box 8870 • Chapel Hill, NC 27515
VISA or MasterCard Customers
Call TOLL FREE 1-800-3345474

afternoon. "This was a players' day," he says. "I've got to tell my boss that we lost a hundred twenty-eight thousand dollars for the afternoon."

But the day, of course, is not over. For the same reason that the Monday-night game is the biggest betting event of the week in pro football, the Sunday-night game is becoming the second biggest. It's the chance for winners to press their winnings, for losers to bail out. Unlike the Chicago–Minnesota game, however, the point spread for Tampa Bay and Detroit remains as solid as a rock. Not a single establishment has moved the line from three points. The action is evenly split, with the public favoring the Bucs and the wise guys the Lions.

The two teams slog through three dull periods, managing to score only one touchdown between them, with Detroit leading 13–9. But the final quarter demonstrates why betting on football can be so riveting—and so excruciating. Tampa takes advantage of a fumble recovery to score and go in front, 16–13. Detroit counters by driving for a touchdown to regain the lead, 20–16. With less than five minutes to go, quarterback Vinny Testaverde engineers the drive that gives the Bucs the winning touchdown. The extra-point attempt is irrelevant to the outcome of the game, but it will have a $100,000,000 impact on the nation's economy. When kicker Steve Christie converts, the final score is 23–20, and betting on the game is a push, a chop, no decision. The only people who will cash a bet are the few sharpies who took Tampa Bay minus two or two and a half earlier in the week. Bookmakers will refund everybody else's wagers. But if this is an anticlimactic conclusion to a day of football, nobody will have to wait long for more action. The point spreads for the next weekend's games have already been posted on the big board at the Stardust, Roxy Roxborough and his cronies are glued to their phones and computers and the money is starting to flow.


annie & albert
by J. Michael Leonard
Y'KNOW - WE'RE LUCKY, ANNIE... WE'VE KEPT OUR RELATIONSHIP FRESH... AND NEW...
IT'S AN ADVEN-TURE.
BUT WE'VE HAD A LOT OF FUN HAVEN'T WE? OUR LIFE HAS BEEN EXCITING HASN'T IT?
I CAN'T REMEMBER A SINGLE DULL MOMENT.
YA GOTTA LOVE A WOMAN WITH A BAD MEMORY.

SURE-FIRE GIFTS

(continued from page 84)

But then they tell you what they want—but in ways that may not always be apparent to them. These moments occur when the two of you are passing a jewelry store and she says, "Oh, that's pretty." Happily, they also occur when you are passing a resale shop and she cracks up at the leather letter sweater from Larchmont High circa 1963. The point is to listen to how she talks about the things she notices. She may complain about her watch, for example—how it doesn't keep time, how it doesn't quite go with her officewear or how it doesn't quite go with her eveningwear. Now, as it happens, a watch is a terrific present to give a woman. It's personal. She wears it. It rests upon one of her important pulse points. And every time she looks at it, she'll think of you. Even after you break up and she's with someone else, she'll think of you when she glances at it, wondering when this bozo is going to take her home. But listen carefully. Does she want a watch that is elegant, whose cant is decidedly toward evening? If so, you're kind of in trouble. You'll be obliged to shop at Cartier, Tiffany or someplace else where the wrapping looks better than your apartment. However, if she wants something that'll go with everything, something that's elegant but simple, that keeps time perfectly and quietly, you have some leeway. Well-designed women's watches come in all price ranges and in shapes that are acceptable on a wrist that is otherwise occupied with the sleeve of a blouse or an evening dress. The sly-boots message is always there: She wants you to give her something that means you're thinking of her—but also something that she knows means she'll have to think of you.

Allow time for the occasioned gift. Don't wait till the last minute. Panic brings out the worst in men. We settle for anything. The analogy is last call at the bar, when you mistakenly decide not going home alone is better than going home alone. Quiz her friends. But don't accept a suggestion that smacks of the ordinary.

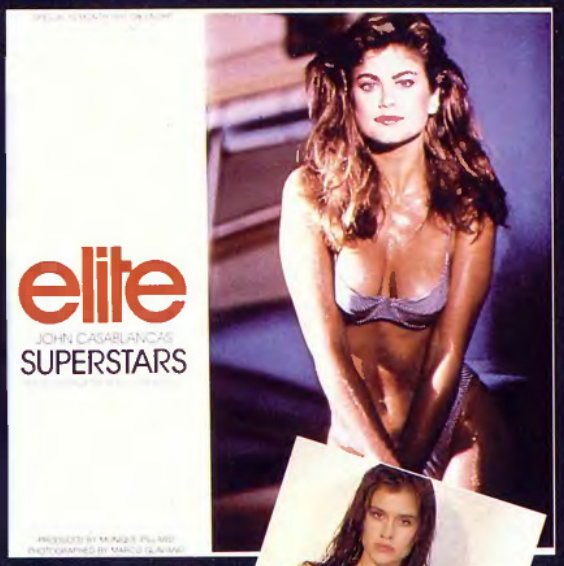
Among the gifts that I've heard given that fit the premeditated category are an airline ticket (pick up one for yourself, too); a framed menu of the restaurant where they first dined; a cluster of pine cones they discovered together when walking through the woods that he had cast in Lucite; a pair of earrings she tried on and walked around the store in and then decided not to buy; a limousine hired to take her anywhere she wanted to go; a gift found at the beginning of a long trip that he had to carry carefully with him for months before giving to her; an education about flowers. One extravagant gesture involved

FREE CALENDARS ◆ FREE POSTERS ◆ FREE CALENDARS

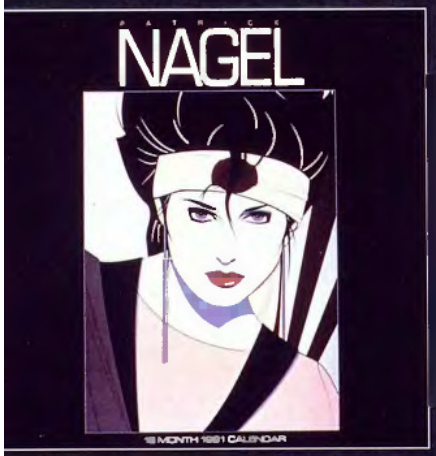
LAST CALL FOR 1991 CALENDARS

Cindy Crawford
The #1 Supermodel is hotter than ever!

Cindy Crawford
Elite's Top Model



Elite
The Elite calendar features 13 of the world's top models!



Patrick Nagel
A true collector's item!

FREE

- 1 Elite Calendar *(A $13.95 value)*
- 1 Cindy Crawford Poster *(A $6.95 value)*

SAVE $20.90

Cindy Crawford Poster

With Purchase of any 2 Calendars

Obsession Women
Beautiful bodies and more!

CREDIT CARD ORDERS

CALL NOW!

24 HRS A DAY, 7 DAYS A WEEK!

1-800-222-0006

☐ Please send your brochure of other Direct Entertainment products

	Price	Qty	Total
Patrick Nagel 15" x 15"	$15.95		
Cindy Crawford 15" x 15"	$13.95		
Elite 15" x 15"	$13.95		
Obsession 12" x 12"	$10.95		
*Free Poster 24" x 36"	$ 0.00		FREE
*Free Elite Calendar	$ 0.00		FREE
• Both the Poster & Elite Calendar are Free with the Purchase of any 2 Calendars.			
		Subtotal	$3.95
		Shipping and handling	
		Outside Cont. U.S. (Airmail only) add $15.	
		CA Residents add 6.25% Sales Tax	
		TOTAL (U.S. currency only)	

(to ensure delivery, please use your street address)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Phone ( ) _____

2nd Day Delivery Available. Call Us NOW!

1-800-222-0006

Send check, money order or your credit card info, including account number, expiration date and signature to: Direct Entertainment, Inc.
P.O. Box 356
Carpinteria, CA 93014

PB2-91

Acct# _____ Exp. _____ Sig. on card _____

giving a woman a pearl ring embedded in one of the oysters she ordered at her favorite restaurant on her birthday (what worked was that he *knew* she'd order them).

Store-bought pieces of extravagance are useful when you're just getting to know the woman and among the things you don't know about her are her clothing sizes. Scarves (from Chanel or Hermès in classic designs) are bewilderingly welcome wardrobe additions. Salespeople can help here. Hair color, skin tone and favorite colors are information that will help them help you. Perfume is tricky. I'm very opinionated about perfumes and, on a first date, asked a girl if *all* her perfumes were floral-based. She shot me a look that seemed to say, "Yeah, what's it to you?" Well, it meant a lot to me, and so did she, so I persuaded her to try something I liked to smell on her—which she still wears, I believe. Buy perfume (the full-strength *parfum*) in amounts no greater than one quarter of an ounce, because it sours and loses its strength. Besides, if her birthday and Christmas are equidistant on the calendar, she will come to expect and be comforted by such a recurring present.

THE GIFTS THAT HAVE NO REASON

It's impossible to overestimate the impact of the pre-emptive gift, the gift given for the sheer hell of it. Nothing plays better than handing a startled woman something and saying, "Here, this is for you. I wrapped it myself." These sorts of gifts tend to be more personal. An example: A friend of mine was shopping with his girlfriend, something he normally loathes. She tried on an evening dress and asked his opinion. He liked it. As a matter of fact, he liked it a lot. So did she, but she thought it was too expensive and handed it back to the saleslady. Seizing an opportunity—a characteristic foreign to this guy under normal circumstances—he bought the dress, explaining to his stunned gal pal, "You look too good in this not to have it. All I ask is: Let me take you someplace so you can show it off."

Personal items—things she might take with her all the time—are excellent for this type of gifting. It's surprising how many women consider a beautiful pen, for example, too extravagant to buy for themselves. Likewise, a leather business-card holder is a good accompanying gesture (check out the usual leather-goods suspects: Louis Vuitton, Cartier, et al.). Or let's say she gets headaches or is a hypochondriac. Have a small silver pillbox engraved for her. If she stays over at your place a lot and finds your underwear and T-shirts comfortable sleepwear, leave a wrapped box containing a pair of silk boxers (in your size) for her to wear. Also, there's a recycling sense to personal items—the most usual example is to give her something (such as a ring) that has been in your family. It needn't be that intense a gesture. A friend of mine found his boy-scout merit badges and, as a token of his appreciation for his girlfriend's ardor, had the one for fire-building sewn on her denim jacket. You get the idea.

What follows is a collection of gift strategies that may fit into any of the categories mentioned above.

- Tickets to an event she has wanted to attend (a concert, opera, theater) slipped into the card that accompanies flowers.
- A day at Elizabeth Arden (or any other health or beauty spa). What this involves is being pampered with a manicure, a pedicure, a massage, an herbal wrap and a facial. Any portion of these treatments would do, of course, but the entire day is considered fabulously extravagant. There is a down side: The woman who brought this to my attention did mention that every woman she knows who has been treated to this present has later roped the guy into marrying her.
- An Elsa Peretti heart (available at Tiffany) one year and a second one the next—in the spirit of one is not enough.
- If you can't afford jewelry or haven't yet figured out her taste, scout out antique jewelry boxes in secondhand stores.
- Videos: *An Affair to Remember*, *Rebecca*, *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*, etc. The weepier, the better.
- A black-cashmere turtleneck. I heard about this from a woman who looks particularly opulent in a black-cashmere turtleneck.
- A cautionary word about flowers. They are not the end-all and be-all of gifts. Especially carnations, which nobody in her right mind likes. Flowers are nice, but they don't make up for an argument. I've heard too often a woman complain, "We got really mad at each other last night, and so he sends me flowers today. Big deal. That doesn't settle anything." Especially if the argument was about something you've argued over before. In that case, the only acceptable message that should come with the flowers is, "You're right. I'm seeking professional help."

To sum up, the more thought, energy, effort and time put into the gift, the more meaningful and appreciated it will be. Don't rely on expense. In fact, oftentimes, the more expensive a gift is, the more uncomfortable she is in accepting it. And when you give her something, tell her why you chose it and why you want her to have it.

And, most important, keep the receipt.

"Heaven can wait, right?"

JOANNE CHRISTIANSEN

(continued from page 100)

none of your other equipment will ever impress her as much as your car did."

"Will she be good-looking?"

"Oh, yeah, in a cheap sort of way. She'll have a body to die for, but she'll have no taste in clothing at all. She'll be wearing denim and polyester when you meet her. She'll have one of those jean jackets with the fake-looking silver stars embroidered on them and a patch that says HOT MOMMA OF I LIKE BIKERS. She'll have blonde hair—dyed blonde, of course—and it'll either be all frizzed out or done up in the Farrah Fawcett cut, the one that went out of style ten years ago."

"But her body will be nice, right?"

"Oh, yeah, she'll have a body to die for, but by the time you meet her, she'll have done it with every guy who's driven through her town in a Trans Am since she was twelve years old. But with you, she'll act a little different. You'll brag to her about living in New York and working on Wall Street, and pretty soon, she'll realize that you're her ticket out of New Hampshire or Pennsylvania or Idaho or wherever the hell she's from. So after you've done it in the back seat of your Trans Am a few times, she'll ask you if she can live with you in New York. No, let me change that. She'll ask you the question right before you do it in the back seat of your car. She'll ask you the question just as you're about to stick your dick into her. And you'll be so crazy with horniness, you'll agree to take her to New York. But you'll regret it."

"Why will I regret it if she has a nice body?"

"Well, you'll regret it every minute that you're not fucking her. And you'll be fucking her a lot on the trip back to New York. You'll stop at every highway rest stop and tell her to lie down on the back seat again. And she'll go through the motions, because she knows that you're her ticket to New York. She'll moan, 'Oh, Mark,' as you climb on top of her. She'll moan, 'Oh, Mark, you're such a ma-yun. You're such a ma-yun, Mark. Make me feel like a wo-uh-man, Mark. Come on, Mark, make me feel like a wo-uh-man. You're such a ma-yun.' But she won't feel anything at all."

"But at least *I'll* be enjoying it, right?"

"Oh, yeah, you'll get your horny little pleasure out of it, but after the first ten times, you'll want her to enjoy it, too, so you can feel like a ma-yun. And so you'll huff and you'll puff and you'll push and you'll pull and your Trans Am will be rocking up and down in the parking lot of the highway rest stop. The other drivers will get curious and peek through your car windows to see what's going on. But you won't notice them, you'll be so busy huffing and puffing and pushing and pulling. But finally, you won't be able to take it anymore and you'll let out a groan and collapse."

"You mean, I'll prematurely ejaculate?"

"Yeah, that's it, you'll prematurely ejaculate and Joanne won't be satisfied."

"Wow."

"Yeah, and she'll say, 'Oh, Mark, you didn't make me feel like a wo-uh-man, you didn't make me feel like a wo-uh-man. Maybe you're not such a ma-yun after all.' But then she'll remember that you're her ticket to New York, so she'll forgive you. You'll promise to do better the next time. Then she'll ask you for twenty dollars so she can buy cigarettes at the truck-stop diner. You'll follow her into the diner, because you're afraid to let Joanne out of your sight for even a second. All the truck drivers in the diner will stare at her as she walks through the door. You'll walk a couple of steps behind her, smiling and feeling real proud of yourself, because you think the truck drivers are jealous. But the real reason the truck drivers are staring at Joanne is because they saw her underneath you in the back seat of your Trans Am and she winked at them while you were huffing and puffing and pushing and pulling."

"But I won't be able to tell the difference, right?"

"No, you'll just think that they're jealous. And when you finally arrive in New York and you're dragging Joanne's suitcase into your apartment building, the doormen and the other people on the street will stare at Joanne, too, but not for the same reason that the truck drivers stared at her. They'll stare at her because they'll be horrified by her lack of taste. They'll whisper under their breath, 'God, what a slutty outfit!' and they'll stare at her. But you won't be able to tell the difference, and neither will Joanne. She'll see the people staring at her and she'll think that everyone in New York wants her just as much as the truck drivers wanted her."

"But we'll have a lot of sex while we're living together, right?"

"Oh, yeah, but sometimes you'll have to beg for it. And then, one night, she'll suddenly announce that she's going back to New Hampshire or Pennsylvania or Idaho unless you marry her. And you'll be so crazy with horniness, you'll agree to marry her."

"What will my parents say?"

"Well, they won't say anything bad about Joanne to your face. They'll just nod their heads every time you ask them what they think of her. Maybe, if you press them, they'll say, 'We like anyone you like, Mark.' Deep down, they'll despise Joanne, but they'll be too afraid to say anything about it. So your dad will go ahead and plan a big wedding. He'll have to pay for the whole thing, because Joanne's family doesn't have a cent. He'll even have to pay the airfare for Joanne's parents and cousins and

"Advance on the job, start a new career or a business of your own!"

Harold Reeb
President, NRI

NRI at-home training lets you choose any one of these high-growth, big opportunity fields. Only NRI prepares you for success with comprehensive training using hands-on experience with professional equipment you train with and keep!

MAIL TODAY FOR FREE CATALOG!

☑Check one course only

New Careers / Home Business
- ☐ Computer Programming
- ☐ Desktop Publishing
- ☐ Word Processing
- ☐ Writing
- ☐ Travel
- ☐ Paralegal
- ☐ Bookkeeping

Trade/Mechanical
- ☐ Building Construction
- ☐ Automotive Servicing
- ☐ Air Conditioning/Heating Refrigeration
- ☐ Small Engine Repair
- ☐ Locksmithing Servicing
- ☐ Electrician

Electronics
- ☐ Microcomputer Servicing
- ☐ TV/Video/Audio Servicing
- ☐ Industrial Electronics and Robotics
- ☐ Telecommunications
- ☐ Security Electronics
- ☐ Electronic Circuit Design
- ☐ Electronic Music Technology
- ☐ Cellular Telephone
- ☐ Digital Electronics Servicing
- ☐ Basic Electronics
- ☐ Radio Communications

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

3700-021

Accredited Member, National Home Study Council

NRI Schools
4401 Connecticut Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20008

MAKES YOU ALMOST 2" TALLER

SIZES: 5-12
WIDTHS: B-EEE
FINE MEN'S SHOES

Looks just like ordinary shoes except hidden inside is e height increasing innermold. Choose from a wide selection of Elevators, including dress shoes, boots and casuals. Satisfaction guaranteed. Exceptionally comfortable. Call or write today for your FREE color catalog so you can look 2" taller in almost no time. TOLL FREE 1-800-343-3810

ELEVATORS®

RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. PB12
P.O. Box 3566, Frederick, MD 21701

STOP SWEAT 6 WEEKS

UNDERARMS

HANDS

FEET

DRIONIC® — the heavy sweater's answer to costly, embarrassing sweat. Electronic treatment gives 6 weeks dryness. Reusable, economical & dependable. Safe & effective say 10 medical books. Try doctor recommended Drionic for sweat control unequaled by any other method. To order, specify underarms, hands or feet and send $125. ea. pair. CA res. + 6¼% tax.

45 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

GENERAL MEDICAL CO., Dept. PB-28
1935 Armacost Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025
Phone orders — MC/Visa — 1-800 HEAL DOC

bridesmaids. Your mom will take Joanne to Bloomingdale's to give her some taste in clothing, but it'll be a lost cause. Joanne will just return the Liz Claiborne outfits your mom buys for her and use the refund money to buy more jean jackets. The only person who will have enough courage to warn you not to marry Joanne will be me."

"You? You'll warn me?"

"Oh, yeah. I'll come to your apartment while Joanne is shopping with your mom. I'll say, 'Mark, you'd have to be an idiot to marry that woman. That woman is a complete bubblehead. She just wants you for your money. If you were smart, you'd put her on a bus and send her right back to New Hampshire or Pennsylvania or Idaho or wherever the hell she came from. I've been your friend since seventh grade, so you can trust me. She's a complete bubblehead.' But you'll get mad at me like you always do when I try to give you sensible advice. You'll say, 'What the hell do you know about Joanne? You don't know the first thing about her!' And I'll say, 'You don't have to know her very well to see that she's a bubblehead. Look at the clothes she wears. Just look at them.' And then you'll get stubborn and ridiculous about the whole thing. You'll say, 'There's nothing wrong with her clothes; she just likes to wear jeans, that's all.' And I'll get tired of arguing with you, so I'll say, 'Listen, you're making a big mistake. In a few years, you'll see that I was right.' You'll just glare at me when I say that. You'll glare at me and say, 'Yeah, we'll see.'"

"Will we be friends after the wedding?"

"Oh, yeah, we'll still be friends, though it won't be easy. Joanne will find out somehow that I told you not to marry her and she'll give me icy stares whenever I visit your apartment. She'll make sarcastic comments like 'Look who's here, it's little Peter!' and she'll be real proud of her wit. And whenever I come to visit, she'll act nice to you, excessively nice. She'll sit on your lap and kiss you on the cheek. She'll go out of her way to prove that your marriage is doing fine and that I was totally wrong about how it would turn out. But as soon as I leave, she'll start yelling at you again and asking you for money."

"But we'll be having lots of sex, right?"

"No, you'll be having less and less of it. After a while, she won't do anything at all unless you buy her flowers or promise to take her on a vacation. She'll want to go to Europe, but after spending so much money on jean jackets and Vidal Sassoon conditioning shampoo, you won't have enough cash to go to Europe. So, instead, you and Joanne and me and Alex will go to Disney World for a week."

"You'll be married to Alex by then?"

"Oh, yeah, Alex and I will have a very nice wedding and we'll be happily married. Out of pity for your situation, we'll agree to go to Disney World with you. We'll get adjoining rooms in the Polynesian Village Hotel and I'll make a schedule of things for us to do. But you and Joanne will never be able to stick to the schedule. We'll have breakfast scheduled for nine o'clock and I'll knock on your door at eight o'clock to make sure you're up, but, of course, it takes Joanne at least two hours to do her nails and her makeup and her hair. I'll have to knock on your door again at ten minutes to nine and say, 'Listen, are you coming or not? Alex and I can't wait all day, you know. I told you about our schedule when we started this trip. You should've woken up that bubblehead at seven if it takes her this long to get ready.' Then you'll try to make excuses for Joanne, but I'll say, 'Listen, there's no excuse. You should've woken her up earlier. Alex and I are going to breakfast. Meet us at the restaurant when you're ready.'"

"But we won't make it to breakfast, will we?"

"No, you won't. You'll miss breakfast and a whole morning's worth of rides and activities. You'll barely manage to meet us for lunch. Joanne won't even try to apologize, she'll just sit down at the table and say, 'Wouldn't you know it, I ran out of ruby-red nail polish this morning and the hotel gift shop didn't have anything even *close* to that color. We had to drive all over Orlando to find another bottle.' And instead of being angry at her for making you drive all over Orlando, you'll just sit there like an idiot, grinning your head off, because she actually agreed to have sex with you the night before. Then Joanne will try to draw Alex into a conversation about nail polishes, but Alex doesn't have to use nail polish, her nails are naturally beautiful. So Alex will just sit there and nod at everything Joanne says. After lunch, Alex will take me aside and say, 'God, I don't know how Mark can stand that woman.'"

"But we had sex the night before, right? We did have sex, right?"

"Oh, yeah, you had sex. Me and Alex had to listen to the whole thing through the walls of the hotel room, you huffing and puffing away and Joanne screaming, 'Oh, Mark, you're such a ma-yun, you're such a ma-yun, make me feel like a wo-uh-man, come on, Mark, make me feel like a wo-uh-man,' and you finally letting out a big groan. . . ."

"Prematurely ejaculating, right?"

"Right, and then Joanne sobbing, 'Oh, Mark, you didn't make me feel like a wo-uh-man, you never make me feel like a wo-uh-man.' It'll be the low point of a disastrous vacation."

"But me and you will still be friends, right?"

"Oh, yeah, we'll still be friends, though I'll sometimes wonder if it's worth the trouble. I'll come over to your apartment one night and we'll agree to go out to dinner, just the two of us, but Joanne will overhear what we're saying and she'll insist on coming with us. She'll say, 'I want to go out, Mark, I just did my hai-yer!' And she'll flip her dyed-blonde hair behind her shoulders with the back of her hand, the same way Farrah Fawcett used to flip her hair in the shampoo commercials ten years ago. But for once in your life, you'll show some backbone. You'll say, 'No, Joanne, Peter and I agreed to have dinner alone tonight. You can't come with us.' Joanne will keep flipping her hair behind her shoulders and whining, 'But I just did my hai-yer!' but for once, she won't get her way. Then we'll go out to dinner and you'll confide in me. You'll tell me that you've started an affair with a woman at work because you're not getting enough sex at home. But you'll also tell me that you can't leave Joanne because you still love her, and on top of all that, you think she might be pregnant."

"How could she get pregnant if we're not having sex?"

"It must've been that night at Disney World. Anyway, after you finish your long sob story, I'll advise you to do the only sensible thing, which is to divorce Joanne and make sure she gets an abortion. But you'll start acting stubborn again. You'll say, 'No, Peter, Joanne is the girl of my dreams, I know we can work this thing out.' And I'll say, 'Listen, you're making a big mistake. In a few years, you'll see that I was right.' But it won't even take a few years. You'll see that I was right a couple of weeks later."

"Why? What'll happen?"

"Well, on the very same night that we go out to dinner together, Joanne will decide to go out by herself. She'll be mad at you for showing some backbone and she'll also want to show off her hai-yer, so she'll go to a diner in Queens or Brooklyn, somewhere near a major highway. And while she's sitting at the counter by herself, a truck driver will come up to her and start talking to her. His name will be, uh, Travis, that's it, Travis the truck driver. He'll be a big, burly guy with tattoos on his forearms. He'll come up to Joanne and say, 'Hey, there, you've got nice hai-yer,' and, of course, she'll be very pleased to hear that. Then he'll say, 'Yeah, and I like your jean jacket, too.' Then the two of them will climb into the cab of Travis' truck and they'll do it then and there.

"Joanne will scream, 'Oh, Travis, you're such a ma-yun, you're much more of a ma-yun than my husband. You really make me feel like a wo-uh-man.' And he will, too. His dick will be a lot bigger than yours."

"Wow."

"Yeah, and Joanne will want to do it with him every day after that. She'll invite Travis to your apartment while you're at work and they'll do it on your bed and on your dining-room table and

on all your other furniture. You'll start to wonder why your whole apartment smells like diesel fuel, but other than that, you won't suspect a thing. Then, one afternoon, you'll come home early from work and you'll walk right in on them. You'll walk into the bedroom and Travis will be bouncing on top of Joanne and Joanne will be screaming, 'Oh, Travis, you're making me feel like a wo-uh-man, you're making me feel like a wo-uh-man.'

"And they won't even notice you. You'll have to scream, 'What the hell's going on here?' to get their attention. Travis will look over his shoulder, but he won't stop bouncing on top of Joanne.

"Joanne will say, 'Oh, Mark, you never made me feel like a wo-uh-man. But Travis here, he's making me feel like a wo-uh-man right this very minute. He's such a ma-yun.'

"And then you'll turn all red and scream, 'Joanne, you little slut!'

"That'll make Travis stop bouncing up and down. He'll look over his shoulder at you again and say, 'What did I hear you call the little lady?'

"You'll be so red-faced and angry, you'll say, 'I called her a little slut, because that's what she is, a little slut. And who the hell are you, anyway? You have no right to be in this apartment. Joanne, tell this hairy Neanderthal to get out of our apartment!' That'll make Travis real mad. He'll get off of Joanne and before you can do anything, he'll slam you against the wall. He'll just *slam* you against the wall. He'll slam you against the wall so hard your body will make an imprint on the plaster. Then, while you're sliding to the floor like a wet rag, Travis will get back on top of Joanne and start bouncing up and down again. You'll just lie there on the floor, in a daze, watching them. Then something will snap inside you. You'll jump up in a blind fury and rush toward the bed. You'll stretch out your arms to put a choke hold on Travis, but you won't even get close to him. He'll swat you away like a fly. He'll hit you with the back of his hand and send you flying into the wall again. He won't even bother to look over his shoulder this time. He'll just keep bouncing up and down on top of Joanne. And then you'll realize that it's a lost cause. You'll get up from the floor and walk out of the apartment."

"Where will I go?"

"You'll come to me, of course. And you'll finally admit that I was right. You'll admit that I was right when I told you not to marry Joanne and that I was also right when I told you to divorce her. And in between sobs, you'll say, 'Oh, Peter, why didn't I listen to you?'

"And I'll say, 'Mark, that's a question you're gonna be asking yourself for a long time.'"

"So will Joanne and I get divorced?"

"Oh, yeah, you'll get divorced. Your dad will arrange all the legal work. He'll say, 'Don't worry, Mark, she won't get a penny.' Your mom and dad will finally tell you all their true feelings about Joanne, all the bad things that they stopped themselves from saying before. Your mom will go to your apartment to reclaim the Liz Claiborne outfits, but Joanne will be long gone. She'll have loaded all her jean jackets into the cab of Travis' truck. And she'll spend the next two years riding the interstates with Travis, stopping to fuck him at every highway rest stop. She'll do that for two years and then she'll leave Travis for another truck driver, with an even bigger dick. And she'll eventually wind up back in New Hampshire or Pennsylvania or Idaho or wherever the hell she came from."

"Will I at least keep in touch with her?"

"How could you keep in touch with her? She won't leave a forwarding address or anything. You'll have no idea where she disappeared to. You won't even know if she got an abortion or if she had your baby. And she's such a bubblehead she'll immediately forget your address. After a while, she won't even remember your name. But you'll keep thinking about her for the rest of your life. You'll go to bars and truck-stop diners, searching for another woman who looks like Joanne Christiansen or talks like Joanne Christiansen. But by that time, you'll be just another potbellied middle-aged man who hangs out at bars and truck-stop diners. All the women who look or talk like Joanne Christiansen won't even give you a second glance. You'll never have another relationship. You'll just rent a lot of porno movies and buy a blow-up doll with three vibrating orifices. And you'll have to be content with that until you die."

"God, what a depressing prospect."

"It's only what you deserve. You should've taken my advice."

"So I'll never see Joanne Christiansen again? Never again in my whole life?"

"Well, about twenty years after she

"No, I didn't discover clothes. I discovered nudity."

leaves you, you'll see a woman who you think might be Joanne Christiansen. Out of pity for your situation, me and Alex and our two children will agree to go to Disney World with you. We'll stay at the Polynesian Village Hotel again, we'll be riding the monorail to the Magic Kingdom and when we stop at the main transfer station, a mother and daughter will get in the car and sit in the seats across from us. The mother will be wearing a denim jacket and denim jeans, and she'll have a ten-pound helmet of completely white hair on top of her head. Her daughter will be a cute little teenager with dyed-blonde hair. She'll have a red-white-and-blue sash across her chest that says MISS NEW HAMPSHIRE OF MISS PENNSYLVANIA OF MISS IDAHO. While we're riding toward the Magic Kingdom, the mother will spend the whole time nagging her daughter in a loud, obnoxious voice about how she looks and how she does her hair and how she'll never win the Junior Miss pageant if she doesn't use Vidal Sassoon conditioning shampoo. The daughter will just sit there and sulk. But as we're about to pull into the Magic Kingdom station, the daughter will suddenly say, 'Mom, why are you always pushing me into these contests?'

"And the mother will say, 'Because your father would've wanted it that way.'

"And then the daughter will say, 'But you've never told me anything about my father. I don't even know how he died.'

"Then the mother will put her arm around her daughter and say, 'Jennifer, I wanted to wait until you were old enough to understand. Your father was a great ma-yun. He helped President Bush bring peace with honor to Central America before they killed him. He was a great ma-yun.'"

"And then what'll happen? Will I get up and hug my daughter and be reunited with Joanne?"

"Oh, no. We'll get off the monorail when we pull into the Magic Kingdom station. You'll want to stay on the monorail, of course, to find out for sure if that woman really is Joanne Christiansen. But that would ruin our schedule, so I'll talk you out of it."

"But that woman really *is* Joanne Christiansen, isn't she?"

"Well, you'll never know for sure."

"But let's say she *is* Joanne Christiansen. If that's the case, then my future doesn't seem so bad after all. Joanne will remember me as a great man. My daughter will grow up thinking of me as a great man."

"No, you've got it all wrong. The truth is that Joanne won't remember you at all. She'll completely obliterate her memory of you and put this war-hero story in its place."

"Oh."

"So you should've taken my advice. You should always take my advice."

"But I won't, huh?"

"No, you won't. You're too stupid and stubborn."

"You said you'll have two children?"

"Oh, yeah, a boy and a girl. The boy will be captain of his high school football team and a Rhodes scholar. The girl will graduate *summa cum laude* from Harvard and become the first woman President."

"And you'll all live happily ever after, right?"

"Oh, yeah."

"Do I have any influence with Congress? Are you kidding?"

ZACK & JILL

(continued from page 75)

had a pencil mustache and a $100 haircut. His belt, suspenders and tie matched his lavender pants. His shirt was as white as the headlights in his window.

"I know Zack," Schreiber said. "Zack worked here, remember? It was like pulling gold from a tooth. Old One-a-Day we called him. He did one card a day and that was a good day."

"I know," Jill said.

"One times one, love."

"I know."

"Say it was a good one."

"OK."

"Super. Let us say it was a super one. We are still talking a super *one*."

"Right," Jill said.

"You can give him the money." Schreiber rocked forward in his swivel chair. "If you're worried about his reaction, you can do that," he said. He rummaged in a desk drawer, found a gold lighter and lit a cigarette. He smoked the kind with the little anus in the filter. "What you do at home is not my métier. You're a team; give him the money."

"You get the inventory," Jill said.

"*Oui*. Sure. We buy Silly Gander, we get the inventory. And we put you in charge of the line. Same geese, same great look. My scribes."

"Zack wrote the inventory."

"Give him the money."

•

Jill told Zack how the smoke from Schreiber's cigarette had crawled up his window. How the greeting cards, memos, pens, pencils and paper clips were arranged on his desk, all straight lines and sharp corners. Schreiber's tie was lavender with gold stripes. His office was bigger than Zack and Jill's living room. In his window were headlights, and cars of all colors, traffic cops in blue parkas, pedestrians in red and green and yellow scarves and stocking caps, how pretty the town was in the snow.

She had a fab memory. Jill could tell you what you wore and what you drank the night she met you. She remembered the colors of college friends' eyes. Her memory had been nothing to hate when he married her in their last year at Northwestern. If it made her a four-point student who was unbeatable in trivia games, who cared then? Zack had strengths of his own. Sitting with her at the Clammer ten years later, under a sign that read MUSSEL MEN LAST LONGER, he tried to remember one.

Pac-Man. He used to be great at Pac-Man.

Jill waved her spoon and said Schreiber's fingernails were manicured. Not a nick on them, and his thumbnails were maybe a quarter inch longer than the rest. How anyone remembered a detail like that Zack would never know.

Schreiber's eyes were fucking hazel.

"He really called you *love*?"

"*Oui*." Jill giggled.

She was pudgy, 5'3" and about 130 when she kept her weight down. Red curls down her forehead. She wore jeans, a plain white blouse and purple lipstick. Her blouse was open down to the fourth button, where freckles dotted the tops of her breasts.

Zack wore sweat pants and a Bears jersey. He was 6'1", 160. He was going bald. Every morning, he counted the strands in his comb.

"Bo was nervous," she said. "He lit one cigarette right off the other."

"They called me One-a-Day."

"*Oui*."

"Will you stop saying that?"

"Nope." That was another thing about Jill. You could only get a straight answer out of her. "Bo says you could still be good," she said, "but you try to make every word the best word since 'In the beginning was the Word.'"

"Nice. He's read a book." Zack watched foam flecks in his beer. They made clouds and spirals, microgalaxies of goose shit. "He wants to give you five K now and six hundred dollars a week," he said.

"*Oui*."

"You have to do it."

"Yes."

"When are you going to tell him?"

"I did," she said.

"You told him?"

"Yes. I said yes."

•

That night, she had to shop. Got to look smart on my first day, she said. She needed shoes, five blouses, maybe three skirts, a purse and a jug of Compulsion. A smart person would wear what she already had, Zack said. "A smart person would bank her first month as profit. You don't know how long a job is going to last," he said. "But it's your money."

"Our money," Jill said.

"Well, you're spending it."

She skipped down the front steps of their little Bucktown apartment. Zack followed. Jill got into her purple and rust Corolla, buckled up, blew him a kiss and motored up Buck Street, 15 miles an hour. He waved. First with five fingers, then three, then the middle one.

He went to her workroom and touched the button under her light table. Light filled the room. He looked at the card she had been working on the day before. It was a picture of a goose. He stood in her workroom looking at the goose and wondered how he'd got stuck in a Bucktown apartment with a girl and a goose.

Jill had an M.F.A. from NU that meant "shit," she always said. "Any doofus can read up on Monet and Manet and Man Ray and pass tests. It doesn't mean you can make pictures."

She could. Zack used to like to watch her scratch dots and dashes at this cramped light table in this closet of a workroom. Her scribbles made no sense until she was almost done with a card, then in three or four strokes, a picture popped out. It was like watching a Polaroid develop.

Her specialty was geese. She drew fat cartoon geese with huge eyes and stupid grins. Her ganders had thick necks, hairy chests and lewd bulges in their swim trunks. They smoked cigars and chased Jill's girl geese, who wore petticoats, had absurdly long eyelashes and drank parasol drinks.

Zack and Jill launched Silly Gander Cards in their second year together. She drew her geese, he wrote the words. HONK IF YOU LOVE ME. HOLD ME. LOVE ME. GOOSE ME. He and Jill sold their cards a dozen at a time to shops in the Loop and New Town and on Rush Street. Most months, they sold enough cards to pay the rent. Sometimes, there was money for movies, or for clothes and art supplies for her or a case of beer for him. Zack and Jill spent long mornings in bed telling themselves how happy they were. Even when the cards didn't sell and dinner was popcorn and Shake 'n Bake, they said they were lucky. They stayed up late, slept late, never punched a clock and if they never sold another card, they had each other. She was a cleanliness-godliness freak who would not eat in bed without putting a towel down first, and he was a slob who couldn't read a magazine without getting peanut butter on it, but they seldom argued, and when they did, they sexed it out.

One summer, when the cards didn't sell, Zack got a day job at Schreiber Cards. He wrote 29 cards in eight weeks, 30 if you count NOW THAT OUR DIVORCE IS FINAL . . . FUCK YOU, which Bo Schreiber laughed off as "too true" to sell. When Schreiber took him to lunch, Zack thought he might be getting a raise.

"It's not that it sucks," Schreiber said after two drinks. "Some of your stuff is funny. GOOSE ME IF YOU WANT TO GET DOWN—I love it. This is not about quality. This is about economies of scale, Zack. But. Do I throw you to the wolves? No. I want to give you forty a card."

"Forty more."

"Forty per. Free-lance. The best thing about it for you is, you get to make your own schedule."

"You're firing me."

"No. Well, yes. If you want to be literal about it, I am firing you, but one second after that, I'm hiring you."

"Fuck you, Bo."

"You can be better this way, Zack. Ten a week at forty per is what? Sixteen hundred a month."

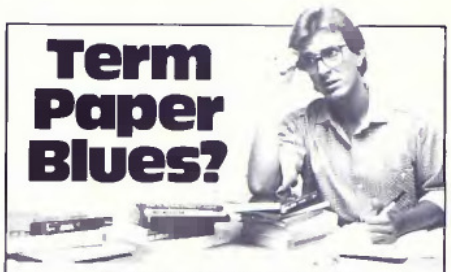
"Fifty," Zack said.

"I can't pay fifty. I never pay fifty."

"Fifty."

"You win," Schreiber said.

In the next three years, Zack did not



Term Paper Blues?

Term Paper Assistance

Catalog of 19,278 research papers

Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD

Toll Free Hot Line **1-800-351-0222**

California & Canada: (213) 477-8226

Monday - Friday 10 am - 5 pm (Pacific time)

Or send $2.00 with coupon below

Our 306-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 19,278 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Footnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years.

EXAMPLES OF CATALOG TOPICS . . .

15759 - WORK RELATED STRESS Ways to minimize and manage stress; emphasizing human relations and environmental approaches. 9 footnotes, 7 bibliographies, 6 pages.

15842 - GROUNDWATER CONTAMINATION Origins, types, economic, political, health aspects. Proposed solution based on cost/benefit analysis of social capital. 12 footnotes, 8 bibliographies, 8 pages.

Research Assistance also provide custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 75 professional writers, each writing in his field of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.

QUALITY GUARANTEED!

RA since 1970 **RESEARCH ASSISTANCE**
11322 Idaho Ave., Suite 206 - KP
West Los Angeles, California 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is $2.00 to cover postage.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State ____ Zip _____

Panty of the Month

The Perfect Valentine. Enroll for 3, 6 or 12 months and Cupid will send an elegant designer panty each month to her doorstep — perfumed, gift wrapped and enclosed with a personal note.

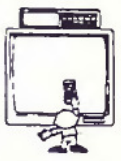
This delightful gift of romance has been profiled by CNN, MTV, USA Today and the Chicago Tribune.

24 hr. information hotline

1-718-P-A-N-T-I-E-S

(718-726-8437 or 212-340-4169)

Cable TV Converters



If you find a better deal, we'll better our deal.

*Jerrold *Tocom *Hamlin *Oak
*Scientific Atlanta *Zenith

Ask about our extended warranty program.

COD, Visa, M/C welcome.
Free Call - Free Catalog.

Video Tech **800-562-6884**
3702 S. Virginia St., Ste. 160-304
Reno, NV 89502

sell Schreiber Cards one word.

Old women who ran card shops told Jill she was great. You have such a talent, dear. You have such a talent, but you have to remember it's a seasonal business. You can sell cards a dozen at a time sometimes, but you are going to have those months you don't sell any. January, March, August, September. Do you paint, dear? Do you know how much painting people get for one picture?

Silly Gander stayed ahead of the market for a while. Zack and Jill had the usual holiday and birthday cards, but they also sold happy-divorce cards. HONK IF YOU LOVE YOUR FREEDOM. They had a cosmetic-surgery card, LOVE YOUR NEW HONKER. They had happy-opening-day cards for baseball fans, terrible-twos cards for young parents, salvation announcements for born-agains and MERRY 12/25 cards for lapsed Christians. Their happy-40th-birthday card showed a goose in a hospital bed and read YOU'RE NOT GETTING OLDER, YOU'RE DYING.

The market caught up. First the New Town and Rush Street shops and later the shops in the Loop and on Michigan Avenue began selling offbeat cards from Hallmark and Schreiber. Zack knew he and Jill were in trouble when he saw Bo Schreiber's secretary, Debi, a bleached blonde in a black-leather skirt and red sweater, buying every Silly Gander card in a Loop shop. Two months later, he saw a window full of Schreiber opening-day cards in a shop on Michigan.

•

"Kiss me," Jill said. She woke up all the time. She woke, got lonely, woke him.

"What time is it?"

"Late," she said. "Kiss me."

Zack remembered. She had gone shopping, he had gotten tired of waiting and crawled into bed. Now her grandma's quilt bunched under his butt and bound his feet. Zack kicked and the knot tightened. He kissed Jill's arm and rolled toward sleep, but she was quick, she kissed him hard on the mouth. "I love you," she said.

"Me, too, you."

"Do you?"

"Sure. What time is it?"

"I hope you do."

He covered her left hand with his and tapped his wedding ring against her ring. "Click," he said.

"Click," she said.

•

Trussed for success in a white blouse, bolo tie, black skirt and No Nonsense control-top panty hose, she twirled a shoe on her finger. "Without heels, I look squatty," she said.

"Good morning."

"Do you think I need the heels? I do," she said. Zack handed her a Pop-Tart. She stuck it into her mouth, leaned on the fridge and jammed her foot into the shoe. "No wy wum wer eel?" she said.

"Say again?"

She extracted the Pop-Tart. "Do you know why women wear heels?"

"To be taller."

"No. They make our butts stick out. Long, long ago, when we were cave women, we used to stick out our butts when we were in heat. Men still like it."

"Where did you hear that?"

"On NPR."

"I guess it's true."

"Wish me luck," she said.

"I do."

"I love you."

"Don't be late."

Jill went to Schreiber. Zack stood on the front steps and waved to her. Then he went inside and tried to work.

He paced the apartment, lugging a pencil and a legal pad.

I think that I will never see, he wrote.

"A what?"

A valentine so good to me. A 'line so

"Sweet, kind, gentle? Plump?"

fine that she, like thee,

"Mister Interior Rhyme," he said.

Can

"Do what? She, like thee, can skin her knee. She can see. She can pee."

Outbourgeois the bourgeoisie.

"*Señor* Socialist." He tore the page off the pad, wadded the verse and drop-kicked it into the kitchen. Jill's cat, Mr. Milktoast, a fat orange tabby that spent most of its life hiding, zipped out of nowhere to bat the wad under the stove. The cat looked at Zack as if its toy had vanished into thin air.

"Idiot."

Zack had his legal pad in his right hand and a Blackwing .602 in his left. The Blackwing had an ink-black lead. It was sharp enough to make an incision in the paper if he pushed too hard. According to Lindy, the bookworm in the office-supply store, Steinbeck wrote with a Blackwing. Ditto Thomas Wolfe and Archie MacLeish. Zack paid a dollar apiece, money he had to bum from Jill, for Blackwings.

Love, he wrote.

"Is what?" He crossed it out.

If you love somebody,

He tore the page off the pad. He wadded it, kicked it and followed it to the fridge. He got a cold beer, took it to the living room and sat on Jill's black-leather sofa. He put his beer on the coffee table. The table was black teak and, like everything else in the place, it was Jill's. When he and Jill consolidated apartments and moved here eight years ago, she tossed his Elvis records, orange crates, stereo, softball trophies, bowling ball and beer-can collection and kept her stuff. She said men have no style sense.

He should have argued. He should have said yes we do, it's just inexact, but he was weakened by twice-a-day sex, back rubs and her constant harping about what a fine man he was. He

"My doubts are of a theological nature, Orville. I'm not sure God intended bicycles to fly."

carried his stuff to the Dumpster for her.

Her walls were white as Schreiber's shirt. Her baseboards and ceiling were black. There was a white rug under the coffee table and three pictures in chrome frames on the wall. One was a copy of Dali's *Toreador*. The others were a painting of a cigarette butt and one of a cube on horseback. The magazines on the coffee table—*Grafix*, *LineArt* and *Greetings World*—were hers. He was supposed to use them as coasters for his beers. He left this beer on the wood, where it was sure to leave a mark.

Yo, Valentine, he wrote.

"Too street." He crossed it out.

You make a world of beauty with your warm and loving way.
You make me happy, Valentine, with all the things you say.

"That's nice."

I feel so lucky, every day,
To think that you are mine.
And that's why I am proud to say
That you're my valentine.

"Hackshit. Bo will love it. Let us go for two."

Roses are red, darling,
Violence blue,
I am me and you are you.
If I die before I wake,

"Ache, bake, cake, quake."

Thanks for all that Shake 'n Bake.

He spent the rest of the day watching soaps on her TV. What he liked about soaps was that each character had a meaning. The people on them were hunks or Heathers, priests or drunks, sluts or corrupt politicians, nice or nasty—always one or the other. Nobody loved his wife and still wanted to put out her eyes, and nobody just sat around watching soaps. Between *Light* and *Restless*, he went to the medicine cabinet in the john and got Jill's tranks. They were white, a quarter inch across, with a minus sign in the middle. He ate one and hid three in his pocket.

•

After work, she dropped her keys in the soup bowl on the kitchen counter, where they kept keys, coins, postage stamps, paper clips, pens, pencils and X-Acto knives. She hiked her skirt, stripped off her panty hose and stuffed the wad into the trash. "Never again," she said. "I have creases in my delta."

"Want a Pop-Tart?"

"Did you know in China, long, long ago, they used to tie up little girls' toes to keep them from growing, so their feet would be petite for the men?"

"Everyone knows that," Zack said.

"I didn't. I think it's awful."

She went to the john and showered the workday out of her hair. He could hear her singing. Jill always sang in the shower. Tonight the tune was *Sittin' on the Dock of the Bay*.

Zack sat at the kitchen table with the sports page and a beer. He tried to read but couldn't help hearing her sing. "I can't do what ten people tell me to do," she sang. Then the water stopped. He heard the shower curtain snap open as she stepped out of the tub.

"Zachary!"

She called him again, then came words he couldn't quite make out. This was her wheedling voice. She pitched it just low enough to make it impossible to decipher at this distance, to make him get up to see what she wanted. He went.

"*Oui?*"

She was naked except for the white bath-towel turban on her head. Pointing her turban at the toilet, shaking her head, she was an infinitely gentile, infinitely suffering Q-Tip. "What is that?" she said.

"That's the toilet, honey."

"On the seat. What is that on the seat?"

He slipped past her for a closer look and saw yellow drips on the seat. "Is it beer?" he said.

"No."

"Is it Mountain Dew?"

"No," Jill said. "It's urine."

He nodded. "Mine, too."

"Yes."

He wiped the seat with toilet paper. He wadded the paper, dropped it in the bowl and flushed it. Stepping past her on his way out, he felt Jill's stare on the back of his neck. Don't turn around, he thought; if you turn around, you may as well piss on the seat again.

"You don't do dishes," she said. "You don't cook. You don't make the bed. You never do laundry and I don't want you to. You drink out of the milk carton. What do I say when you do that?"

"You say use a glass."

"Wrong. I don't say anything. Most of the time, I don't say anything."

"I appreciate it, too."

"You don't know how many times," she said.

"You don't notice how many times I put the toilet seat up."

"How many?"

"I don't know. One in three."

"That means one in six."

"Don't go away, fans—this is still anybody's hockey game!"

50% off SALE! CONDOMS BY MAIL!

Imagine getting 100 condoms in a single package by mail! Adam & Eve, one of the most respected retailers of birth control products, offers you a large selection of men's contraceptives. Including TROJANS, RAMSES, LIFESTYLES, SKINLESS SKINS, plus PRIME with nonoxynol-9 spermicidal lubrication and TEXTURE PLUS, featuring hundreds of "pleasure dots." We also offer your choice of the best Japanese brands — the most finely engineered condoms in the world! Our famous condom sampler packages let you try top quality brands and choose for yourself. Or for fantastic savings why not try the new "Super 100" sampler of 100 leading condoms — 16 brands (a $50 value). Here is our guarantee: If you do not agree that Adam & Eve's sampler packages and overall service are the best available anywhere, we will refund your money in full, no questions asked.

Send check or money order to:

Adam & Eve PO Box 900, Dept. PB78 Carrboro, NC 27510

Please rush in plain package under your money-back guarantee:

☐ #1232 21 Condom Sampler ..... ~~$6.00~~ $3.00
☐ #6623 3B Condom Sampler ..... ~~$9.00~~ $4.95
☐ #6403 Super 100 Sampler ..... ~~$19.95~~ $9.95

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

How To Talk To Women!

Do you get tongue-tied around attractive women?

World famous author Eric Weber, is here to help with an amazing 90 minute cassette of his highly acclaimed New York City course. "HOW TO MEET NEW WOMEN." You will learn • How to "break the ice" with women. • How to make a woman feel loving • Why the most Beautiful Women are the easiest to meet • Conversation openers that don't sound corny • Places where women always outnumber men • And so much more! To order "HOW TO TALK TO WOMEN" send $19.95 plus $3.00 shipping to address below.

WIN WITH WOMEN!

Most men think they'll have to undergo a major personality overhaul to be successful with women. Yet all it takes is a 5% increase in guts. And this extraordinary new book will show you exactly how to unleash your natural confidence. Soon you'll be: • Transforming platonic relationships into sizzling romances • Dressing with sex appeal • Standing out from the crowd of ordinary men • And much, much more.

To order "HOW TO WIN THE WOMEN OF YOUR DREAMS" send $18.95 plus $3.00 shipping to:

SYMPHONY PRESS, INC., Dept. V291
P.O. Box 7030, Brick, NJ 08723. Canadians add 20%.
MC/VISA/AMEX phone 1-800-631-2560 anytime.
Allow 3-6 weeks for delivery. Money-back guarantee.

☐ Order our classic **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** only $16.95 plus $3.00 shipping.

"Probably."

"Maybe it's a boy thing," she said. "You want to mark your territory, so you spray it around. But you know I hate it. I sit on that. Here I am, sitting in urine, and I don't know, but maybe you could give this one thing up."

"You win."

"I don't want to win. I just want you to *try* to put the seat up."

"Eat these," he said. He gave her the pills.

"What are they?"

"Calcium. These are One-A-Day Plus Calcium. Working women need it," he said. "I saw it on Oprah."

"One-A-Days are orange," she said.

"Not these."

She ate them.

•

"I'm going to read in bed," she said. She had a *Grafix* under her arm and a toothbrush in her hand.

"It's seven o'clock."

"Bed, bed."

"I'll be in."

He took his time doing the dishes. When they were Zack clean, he stowed them in the cupboard the usual way, under the perfectly clean dishes she had done, to delay discovery. He tightened the faucets on the sink and made sure the fridge door was shut. He locked the front door, killed the lamp in the living room, filled the cat's bowl with brown and yellow pellets and stood outside the john door, listening. Jill was brushing her teeth. She rinsed, gargled and spat. He waited. She always brushed twice. Brusha brusha, rinse, gargle, spit.

He picked the sports page out of the trash. He checked the standings. The Bulls were in first by a game with 30 to go. By the time they lost to Detroit in June, as they always did—Jordan would go for 60, the Pistons would win by two—Zack could be three months gone. He trashed the paper and killed the kitchen light. The bedroom was dark.

"How can you read in the dark?"

"Want to cuddle," Jill said.

He stripped and joined her in bed. She threw the quilt over him and spooned him. Her breasts and thighs pressed his back and his butt.

"Kitchen light?" she said.

"Got it."

"Hall light?"

"Got it."

"The lamp in the living room?"

"*Oui*."

"I love you," she said.

She wanted to sleep, but it was weird, she said. She could hardly keep her eyes open, she said, but even more than sleep, she wanted to talk, to tell him everything, because he was part of it. They were still a team. "Do you know what Bo did? When I showed up?"

"I don't know."

"He kissed my hand. I get off the elevator and there he is and he bows, says welcome aboard, and he kisses my hand."

Schreiber kissed her hand and walked her around the office. He showed her to his secretary, Debi, the blonde pirate Zack saw buying up Silly Gander cards in the Loop, and to Kate and Gina, "these slutty-looking typesetters," and to Joey Horton, a smirky cartoonist who shook her hand as if it were dirty. Jill wondered why Joey hated her. Two reasons, Schreiber said when Joey was out of earshot. One, he likes gents and, *deux*, you're getting his office.

How fab her office was. "You have to see it, Zack."

"Tell me."

"Earth tones. All deep-brown carpet and cork walls. Well, from the ceiling to the middle, cork. From the middle to the floor, they're this deep forest green."

"Sounds deep."

"This big window. It looks out at a hedge and the parking lot. Cars, cars. The sun on the cars and, oh, I forgot, I forgot the best. The best, and it's mine, this huge light table. It's pine and it has chrome all around the edges and three lights. Three lights! Two long fluorescents and this one on a long arm you can bend. It comes up like this and you can bend it up here, or there, you can put it right down on the work and you can see the ink on the paper."

"Better than your table here."

"I never got up! Bo asked me to lunch, but I didn't go. I just stayed and drew and drew. I did three."

"Three geese," Zack said.

"Cards," she whispered. "I did." She was going and he hated her for it, for making this easy. "Kiss," she said. He kissed her.

You're not my trouble, he thought. You are not my trouble, but you're close. You smile in your sleep. You go to sleep thinking how lucky you are, with your home and job and love all in place. I wake up sweating and there's the moon in your window. There goes another night's sleep. My eyes adjust to the dark and I see your smile. One night, I hated it so much I tried to shake you awake. I shook you and you opened your eyes. You were asleep, but your eyes were open and you said, "I love you." I got out of bed and got my sweats on and ran around the block 20 times.

"Three lights," Jill said.

Zack kissed the gulley between her breasts, the thin hairs on her belly and the red nettles below. He waited. He waited an hour. Still she tried to talk, but she was gone.

He got out of bed and felt his way to the closet. He dressed in his Bears jersey, sweat pants, Nikes and a windbreaker. Wait, he thought, I need pockets. He peeled off the sweats and got a pair of jeans from the hamper. Pulling the jeans over one leg, he hopped to the kitchen and got his wallet from the soup bowl.

He had $30. He was proud of himself,

because he didn't raid her purse. He stuffed the wallet into his pocket, got an X-Acto knife from the bowl, slipped the plastic shield off the blade and sneaked to her workroom.

Her light table here wasn't much. It was plywood with one fluorescent and no chrome. He touched the button under its wooden gutter. There were three spits of light as the bulb switched on. It shaded the pencils and erasers in the gutter. Light fell from there to her chair. The chair was brown tin with a red-vinyl seat, which was dented by the imprint of her butt. Light fell to Zack's shoes to the bookcase behind him and, between the bookcase and the wall, cat eyes.

"What are you looking at?" he asked Milktoast.

Zack sat in Jill's chair. On the table was her work no longer in progress, the card she had drawn yesterday. It was a goose with lampblack under its eyes, with a baseball bat slung over its wing and a Cubs cap on its head, an opening-day card. Zack took one of her pencils and wrote on the goose.

I'll root for the home team.
If she don't win, it's a shame,
But it's one, two, ten years now
And this is how I end the game.

He used the X-Acto to cut Silly Gander's last card out of the onionskin paper on the table. He took the card to Jill.

Her fingers were asleep. He had to pry the thumb and first finger of her left hand apart, then close them on the paper. She stirred and tried to talk. "Not tonight," he said, kissing her mouth shut.

Zack walked. He went into the john, felt for the toilet seat with his shin, found the seat and pissed in the dark, aimless.

On his way out, he left the front door open. If the world wanted in to watch her smile in her sleep, let it. He took the front steps two at a time.

The sky was all stars and the stars buzzed. The buzz could have been the phone lines running up and down Buck Street, but Zack liked thinking it was the stars, hot things in a sky so cold he could see his first free breath.

He sprinted four blocks the first minute, two the next, then one. Stopping to catch his breath, he heard his heartbeat in his ears.

"One of these days, you'll get in shape," he said.

He jogged another mile before he turned back.

Going up, he took the steps one at a time. He locked the front door, went to bed and spooned her. Jill was long gone, but when he touched her, she smiled and said, "Mmm." Zack took Silly Gander's last card from her hand, rolled it into a ball and kicked it at the window.

SISKEL & EBERT

(continued from page 70)

consistently dared to be photographed orgasmic, out of control. I applaud him. I want films to open up in the bedroom. It's an area that obviously a lot of people are conflicted about.

PLAYBOY: Pornography and sex in the movies lead to the problems with ratings. For a long time, you two lobbied for a new rating so that movies such as *Henry & June* and *Wild at Heart* wouldn't be stigmatized by an X rating. What took the Motion Picture Association of America so long to adopt the NC-17?

SISKEL: The real test is whether studios will make NC-17 films, whether theater chains will play them and whether the media will advertise them. If not, then NC-17 will be as restrictive as the X.

PLAYBOY: Along with your crusade against the rating system, you're concerned with the change in value systems in film schools, aren't you?

EBERT: I feel that the film schools are more commercially oriented than ever. They used to have the values of the liberal arts schools; now they are more allied with business schools in terms of their values: success, money, achievement and power rather than vision, imagination, truth and social change.

PLAYBOY: *Your* value systems sometimes go awry when it comes to tearing each other down. For instance, Gene says you can't wear a brown sweater on camera because you look like a mud slide.

EBERT: That's one of Gene's feeble attempts at humor. Gene also says that there's a dollar bonus for any cameraman who can *not* take a close-up of me. One of the little-known things about Gene is that from the height of an astronaut circling the earth, the only objects visible are the Great Wall of China and his forehead. He has the only receding hairline so spacious that it has applied for its own Zip Code.

PLAYBOY: You guys enjoy taking shots at each other, but can we cut to the bottom line?

EBERT: In the context of an interview like this, I'm almost being prompted to attack Gene, but actually, I do admire him and like him a great deal more than you might think. As it is, I see more of Gene than anybody else in the world, except for my girlfriend.

SISKEL: He knows me better than anybody outside of my family and, in certain areas, better than anybody else in the world. Whatever else I may think of Roger, I do think highly of him and of his mind. He can be a very good person and an exceedingly good friend, though. . . .

PLAYBOY: There. See, we *knew* it.

SISKEL: Sometimes I feel I am trying cases every week with Roger as Hamilton Burger and me as Perry Mason.

EBERT: He *would* choose Mason, because that's probably the extent of his interest in fictional detectives. Gene has always wanted to be a trial lawyer and has really felt he was wasted on film criticism. I would not have even *thought* of choosing Perry Mason. Now, what does that mean in terms of his rigorous thinking?

SISKEL: What it means is——

PLAYBOY: Enough, gentlemen. Enough.

"Marry me, Francine. Run with the bulls."

TWIN PEAKS *(continued from page 110)*

"Mel Brooks described him as 'Jimmy Stewart from Mars.' Lynch didn't mind: 'Mel isn't Mr. Normal.'"

short in which a group of heads vomit and then burst into flame, then a four-minute live-action/animation blend called *The Alphabet*.

His marriage on the rocks, he went to Los Angeles when the American Film Institute gave him money to make another film, a live-action short in which an abused child grows himself a new grandmother. Watching *The Grandmother*, says Nance, is "like sitting for half an hour in the electric chair."

He also lived in the American Film Institute, having a friend lock him in a dark room each night to elude the security guard.

He made *Eraserhead*, a nightmarish movie in which a couple gives birth to a monstrous child in a claustrophobic urban setting. He began work on the film in 1971 and planned to shoot it in six weeks. Instead, it took more than five years and wasn't released until 1977. On that project, everybody pitched in: Coulson, who was hired to play a nurse, wound up playing several other parts, as well as doing Nance's hair.

He borrowed the money to finish *Eraserhead* from his parents, his old friend Jack Fisk and Fisk's wife, Sissy Spacek, among others. The cast and crew began by making $25 a week, then took a voluntary cut to $12.50, then to nothing. "We all helped raise money," remembers Coulson. "I had a waitress job, and David had a paper route, and we'd buy a roll of raw stock a week."

Lynch looked at Coulson one day on the set and got an idea. "He said, 'When you put on your glasses, Catherine, I just saw a log in your arms,'" she says. "And we talked about doing a TV series one day."

He said *Eraserhead* was inspired by Philadelphia. Others suggested that it was also inspired by his own terror after the birth of his daughter. "I guess it's accurate to say that," he says.

He started meditating.

He got married again, to Jack Fisk's sister. They had a son five years later.

He went to Bob's Big Boy every day for seven years and had a chocolate shake and several cups of coffee, scribbling ideas on napkins.

He collected chunks of wood that he found on the street while delivering *The Wall Street Journal*. He used them to build a series of elaborate additions to his garage.

His career was revived in 1982, when Mel Brooks saw *Eraserhead* and asked him to direct *The Elephant Man*. "Some days," he says of his big break, "the pressure was almost unbearable." He gave Victorian England some of the hallucinatory terror of *Eraserhead*'s urban landscape and imbued other moments—for instance, a procession of circus freaks through the woods at night—with an astonishing poignancy. Afterward, Brooks described him as "Jimmy Stewart from Mars." Lynch didn't mind, he says, because "Mel isn't exactly Mr. Normal."

He won an Academy Award nomination for *The Elephant Man*, and a deal with Dino De Laurentiis to direct Frank Herbert's sprawling s-f epic *Dune*. He did so with a fetishist's delight in gadgetry and goop but without much sense of how to deal with the near-constant explanation and exposition required by the labyrinthine story. He also chafed under the size and pressure of the production, which took place in Mexico City. *Dune* was a flop and Lynch swore never again to direct a movie unless he had final cut.

He got another divorce.

He made *Blue Velvet* for De Laurentiis in 1986. About an affable young man who becomes obsessed with uncovering the violent, erotic underbelly of a small town—"I don't know if you're a detective or a pervert," his girlfriend tells him—it was based on ideas Lynch had scrawled on the napkins at Bob's Big Boy. While he was shooting the scene in which Dennis Hopper successively worships, abuses and rapes Rossellini, Lynch laughed uncontrollably. It was a shocking, startling, original movie that may have saved the life of Nance, who'd been on skid row and was "dyin' and drinkin'" until Lynch rescued him and cast him in the movie. It also did wonders for the careers of Roy Orbison, Dean Stockwell, Kyle MacLachlan and—not incidentally—Lynch himself.

Lynch went to work on another batch of projects for De Laurentiis. He was six weeks from rolling the cameras on *One Saliva Bubble*, with Steve Martin and Martin Short, when the De Laurentiis studio went bankrupt.

He was friends with Frost, a *Hill Street Blues* writer and story editor. They wrote *One Saliva Bubble* together and collaborated on *Goddess*, from a book about the death of Marilyn Monroe. Their agent told them they should do TV. They pitched NBC on a show called *The Lamurians*, about aliens. The network passed. Then they came up with the idea for a small Northwest town and the murder that exposes the town's dirty secrets. They wrote it in nine days and shot it in 23. ABC bought it and aired it.

Lynch made *Wild at Heart*. If *Blue Velvet* and *Twin Peaks* showed the placid surface of a small town and then delved into the sickness that lay beneath, this movie was a road trip through a landscape where the sickness was all on the surface, garishly lit and inescapable. Unfocused, sprawling and messy, the film

"That's Sue-Ann Wells, one of our new pledges. She's presumed innocent."

Intimate Treasures

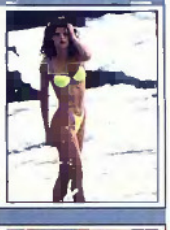
Order Catalogs By PHONE!
415-695-9785
Monday-Friday 9-5 Pacific Time Only
Or FAX Us Your Coupon And Credit Card Account Number
415-826-7406
24 Hours A Day, Seven Days A Week

★ Each Catalog or product with a blue star has pledged Rush First Class Service.

WE GUARANTEE THAT YOU WILL RECEIVE EVERY CATALOG YOU ORDER.

18 SEXY LINGERIE COMBO
2 for 1 Special. Enjoy being on the mailing list of TWO of America's Premier Sexy Lingerie catalogs. Get TWO full size, full color catalogs. Over 70 pages of hot, exciting men & women in the most up-to-date lingerie in America. Neither catalog offered elsewhere in this program. Both only **$5.00**

19 HOLLYWOOD SPLASH
Now indulge yourself in the swimwear of the stars. The most exclusive designs at wholesale prices direct to you. Over 100 latest styles in finest quality lycra spandex, prints and solids in a wide range of sizes for your perfect fit. Send $3 for a lifetime subscription. Catalog series **$3.00**



1 2 LINGERIE Distributors of America
Exciting recession-proof business. $1,000's weekly easy. Always prompt shipping, excellent quality control, no minimum order required! Vast opportunities in mail order, home parties, direct sales, etc. Huge fabulous full-color catalog and complete start-up pack (1) **$10.00**
Lingerie on VHS Video (2) **$29.95**

13 BOUDOIR SECRETS
Brand new, never seen before exciting full color fashion catalog of sizzling, sensuous lingerie, loungewear, oils, lotions and much more. Start or add to your personal collection of lingerie today. Catalog fee applied to first order. Money back guarantee.
Catalog **$4.00**

20 UJENA SWIMWEAR
Sizzling-hot swimwear as seen on the most exclusive beaches around the world! We specialize in bringing you unique, high-quality swimwear and afterwear at very affordable prices. Sexy one-pieces, tonga bikinis, and much more!
Catalog Subscription **$3.00**

3 4 PANTY-OF-THE-MONTH™
As reported on CNN. She'll love each exquisite panty sent gift-wrapped and perfumed with a personal note inside. There's only one Panty-of-the-Month. 5 years of satisfied customers. **$3.00**
Our **Undressed to Kill** DESIGNER lingerie video. Watch it together and choose the lingerie you like best. 1 full hour. VHS **$21.95**

14 SUNUP/SUNDOWN ★
Sizzling hot sexy swimsuit catalog. Features VERY skimpy thongs for women AND men. FREE $5.00 GIFT CERTIFICATE with your 4-issue subscription.
4 issues **$3.50**

21 22 23 ROMANTIC LINGERIE
Finest collection of quality intimate apparel available. Immediate shipping policy. New 80 page hard cover live model catalog. (21) Sensuous exciting lingerie, outrageous dresses. **$10.00**
(22) Large sizes catalog
For the full figured woman! **$10.00**
(23) Video catalog - watch our lovely models come to life! VHS. **$29.95**

5 6 BEAU GESTE (for men) ★
BARE ESSENCE (for women)
Pheromones – nature's very own sex attractant. Pheromones are the silent language of love, sending out signals to the opposite sex. Use intimately or in concert with your favorite fragrance. It's dangerous, but worth the risk! (5) BEAU GESTE
(6) BARE ESSENCE **$19.95** each

15 VENUS SWIMWEAR
Venus swimwear has an exciting new 1990 line of swimwear just for you! Our dazzling collection of over 100 styles has everything from exciting prints to colorful solids in all styles from 1-pieces to bikinis and tongas. With Venus you can mix sizes for a perfect bikini fit from size 3 to 15!
Catalog **$2.00**

24 THE CAMEO COLLECTION
Lush English models in even lusher lingerie. Enjoy England's best in this sexy catalog featuring see-through, satin, fishnet, open-top, garter belts and PVC styles unavailable in the United States.
Full size 4-color catalog.
Catalog **$5.00**

7 8 EXOTIC LINGERIE
ADD to your own collection or sell for full-part time income. Finest, most extensive lingerie line worldwide. ★ Lowest wholesale prices, no min. order. Confidential price lists, selling instructions (parties, etc.) and 60-p. glossy color live-modeled catalog.
(7) Sizes S-M-L **$10.00**
(8) Large Sizes 40-42-44 **$10.00**

16 SECRET PASSIONS
Exciting, new catalog will be your passport to the sensual adventure of a lifetime. Packed with luscious lingerie, fabulous oils and lotions and much more. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Exclusive 50% discount on your first order.
Catalog **$3.00**

25 SASSY LASS LINGERIE
Live your fantasies with lingerie designed to set you free to become everything you have ever dreamed! Catalog from SASSY LASS features sensuous lingerie plus fun-to-wear G-strings and undies for men and women. Catalog price refunded with first order. **$5.00**

9 SHEER SENSATIONS
A unique collection of the world's most sensuous lingerie fashions. Featuring: Luscious Leathers, Naughty PVC from England, Satin Garter Belts & Corsets, Ultra Sheer Nylons and a collection of "Oriental" silks for men as well as women. $5.00 gift certificate included.
Catalog **$3.00**

17 PIERRE SILBER SHOES
Sensationally sexy high-heeled shoes and thigh-high boots. Specializing in spiked stiletto heels. All sizes available up to 14. Wide & double wide too. 800# phone ordering available.
Catalog **$2.50**

26 PLONGÉ
Leather. Most complete collection made from the finest leather available today. A stunning array of fashions and colors, including corsets, garter belts, full and half-cup bras, thongs, teddys, bustiers, mini-skirts, G-strings, halters and more unusual related items. Exquisite soft quality at affordable prices. Catalog **$8.00**

10 11 THE INTERNATIONAL MALE
Over 52 pages of cutting-edge fashion. Contemporary European & American sportswear. The latest & hottest designers. (10) Catalog **$2.00**
THE UNDERGEAR CATALOG
Over 34 pages of the hottest underwear from Spain, France, Denmark & Milan. American classics and workout gear too! (11) Catalog **$2.00**

12 DREAM DRESSER
Fashion fetish fantasy clothing. The most elite catalog available to the erotic shopper. Lingerie of leather, rubber, skin-tight stretch patent, 5" & 6" stiletto heel shoes and boots, open breast costumes, corsets, fabulous dresses, unique fashions unavailable anywhere. Catalog price refunded with 1st purchase. **$10.00**

Order By Phone: 415-695-9785 (9-5 M-F Pac.Time Only)

Order By Phone: 415-695-9785 9-5 Mon-Fri Pacific Time Only

Send to INTIMATE TREASURES, P.O. Box 77488, Dept. PB020191, San Francisco, CA 94107. Check catalogs and/or products desired, include check, money order or credit card # for total, + $2.50 service/handling charge.

__1. $10.00	__4. $21.95	__7. $10.00	__10. $ 2.00	__13. $ 4.00	__16. $ 3.00	__19. $ 3.00	__22 $10.00
__2. $29.95	__5. $19.95	__8. $10.00	__11. $ 2.00	__14. $ 3.50	__17. $ 2.50	__20. $ 3.00	__23 $29.95
__3. $ 3.00	__6. $19.95	__9. $ 3.00	__12. $10.00	__15. $ 2.00	__18. $ 5.00	__21 $10.00	__24. $ 5.00
							__25. $ 5.00
							__26. $ 8.00

First Name
Last Name
Address
Address
City
State/Prov. Zip Code
Phone ( ) -

Sex M ❑ F ❑

VISA MasterCard

Total cost of items ordered $_____
Service & handling charge + $ 2.50
TOTAL ENCLOSED $_____

Cash ❑ Check ❑ Money Order ❑ Credit Card ❑

U. S. and Canadian orders welcome. (U.S. funds only. Sorry, no orders outside U.S. and Canada.)

Make check or money order payable to Intimate Treasures. Allow 4-6 wks for delivery.

$20 Minimum - Phone number required on credit card orders

Credit Card: Visa ❑ MasterCard ❑ Exp. __/__ Mo. Yr.

Account Number

Authorized Signature - I am over 21 years old.

won the grand prize at the Cannes Film Festival. That announcement was greeted by a chorus of hecklers, led by Roger Ebert.

Twin Peaks was nominated for 14 Emmys. Because of Academy rules, only half of the two-hour pilot was shown to the Emmy judges. It won only two minor awards.

Lynch put on a tuxedo, went to the Emmy ceremony and had fun. Backstage, he and Coulson remembered the dingy room where they'd eaten most of their meals during the making of *Eraserhead*; the Food Room they called it. "Look, Cath!" he exclaimed. "From the Food Room, here we are at the Emmys! Isn't it a wonderful world?"

•

David Lynch and I are talking on the phone. It's the morning after the second episode of *Twin Peaks*, which is getting ratings far higher than anybody had expected. The previous night's installment ended with a dream sequence that included Agent Cooper, 25 years in the future; a one-armed man who says he cut off his arm because of an evil tattoo on his shoulder, and who then identifies Laura Palmer's killer; a Laura Palmer look-alike; and a dancing midget who speaks garbled English. It may well have been the most surreal five minutes in the history of network television. And even Lynch, who used to claim that *Twin Peaks* was just a regular show, knows it.

So, I ask Lynch, do you still think *Twin Peaks* is a normal TV show?

"Yeah," he says. "In a way, I do. Although when little Mike [Anderson] was dancing last night, I thought to myself, This is something, you know, perhaps . . . unusual for television."

Suddenly, I have trouble hearing him, because a workman is drilling holes in my office wall to install a security system. I apologize and explain to Lynch what's going on.

"I thought someone was being tortured back there," he says mildly.

No, I assure him, that's not it.

"Oh," he says, "that's good." But there's a trace of disappointment in his voice.

•

Here are some other things we know about David Lynch:

He says he drinks 20 cups of coffee a day.

His favorite doughnuts are chocolate. "Man," he says, "they are so good." He's also partial to jelly ones, and "sometimes a very superfresh glazed."

He uses words such as neat and golly and cool and peachy keen.

He tries to get eight hours sleep a night.

He likes order. "He can afford nicer clothes now," says Coulson. "But he still has ten shirts that are the same and just wears a clean one every day."

He doesn't like to analyze himself, or his movies, very much. He once went to an analyst to look into a particular "habit pattern" that was troubling him, but he stopped when the shrink warned him that figuring it out might affect his creativity.

He plays things close to the vest. When a reporter asked him if he were secretive, he said, "Uh, that's a possibility, yeah." When he was shooting *Eraserhead*, under the auspices of the American Film Institute and on the grounds of the A.F.I., the head of the A.F.I. film school took several members of the board of directors to meet Lynch. He chatted with them amiably

THE DEMONS

DO YOU get the feeling that something is bothering David Lynch? While a lot of *Twin Peaks* is good loopy fun, some parts of the show are downright disturbing. Which can also be said about the entire body of Lynch's film work, from *Eraserhead* to *Wild at Heart*. We have isolated some themes and images that resonate throughout Lynch's *oeuvre* and then asked our experts to lift the lids.

OEDIPUS VEX

In *Wild at Heart*, Marietta—Lula's mother—confronts Lula's boyfriend in the men's room and there, over the toilet, makes a play for him. The mother characters of *Twin Peaks* are either sexless ciphers or flawed by paralysis, alcoholism or psychic visions.

Dr. Harvey Greenberg (a New York–based psychoanalyst and author of *The Movies on Your Mind*): "Lynch has a powerfully strong vision of woman as destroyer, as death goddess, of mothers in some monstrous way ruling the earth. There seems to be a lot of anger and violence around sex and he gets sex confused with birth in some way. Along with this vision of the monstrous feminine, there is an idea of the weak or passive male who is trying to discover certain things. Now, clearly, there are a lot of Freudian fandangos going on here."

Dr. William Cheshier (a Chicago-based psychotherapist): "Why does he portray the mother [making a pass] that way? It's an extremely ridiculing and humiliating position to put her in. From the man's perspective, it's a fantasy of having the mother as the young girl and the mother as his mother, too."

WE LIKE TO WATCH

"I'm seeing something that was always hidden," Kyle MacLachlan says in *Blue Velvet*, after he has hidden in a closet and watched kinky sex between two strangers who call themselves Mommy and Daddy. Lynch's characters love to go into the closet, or into a secret passageway with a peephole.

Dr. Justin Frank (a Washington, D.C.–based media psychoanalyst): "He's tapping into the mind of everyone who watches television and who goes to the movies. We are all looking without being seen. And Lynch is making a play on our own interest in things prurient and juicy without our having to take any responsibility."

Dr. Greenberg: "It's interesting that Lynch keeps choosing Kyle MacLachlan as his main character. He plays the all-American guy who is a pervert. And he has to be looked at as Lynch's alter ego."

Dr. Carole Lieberman (a Los Angeles–based psychiatrist and script consultant): "Voyeurism relates to the Oedipal conflict. A child can see his parents having sex and be both aroused and frightened by it."

DYSFUNCTION JUNCTION

From Lynch's point of view, the world is a wholesome-appearing place to live. But underneath is a poisonous center: People and nature are corrupt, violent and lustful. Both Twin Peaks and Lumberton, the town in *Blue Velvet*, are squeaky clean on the surface yet rank with squalor and deceit behind the façade.

Dr. Cheshier: "Lynch is dealing with the hypocrisy that exists in society: the way things are versus the way things appear, that which happens versus that which we want to think happens. We repress stuff, we experience things unconsciously. We don't want to have some experiences directly, because they are too terrifying. But Lynch wants to delve into that contrast."

Greenberg: "Lynch is like Hitchcock pushed to the nth degree. Hitchcock was another guy who was deeply preoccupied with things' not being as they appear. And with Lynch, menacing, disgusting things absolutely explode out of the seamless face of reality; therefore, you can never be truly safe. However, Lynch's vision is very complex. Those opening sequences in *Blue Velvet* where you see the perfect house, the perfect lawn, the perfect fireman, and then there's the severed ear with the flies eating it—well, there's no doubt that he feels that behind that façade of perfection is a trip to hell."

outside the stables where he had been shooting for so long. Then they looked at the padlocked door to the set and politely asked if they could look inside. "No," he said.

He has a remarkable memory, says Coulson. He's also well coordinated and has quick reflexes, she adds.

He once said his life was divided into innocence and naïveté and sickness and horror.

He lives in the Hollywood Hills in a house without much furniture. He doesn't allow cooking in the house, because he doesn't like the smell. Occasionally, though, he sends out for pizza.

He said to Rossellini, the first time they met, "You could be Ingrid Bergman's daughter."

The friend who introduced them said, "You idiot, she *is* Ingrid Bergman's daughter."

He persuaded his friend and cinematographer Frederick Elmes to let him

OF DAVID LYNCH

Dr. Lieberman: "This is a symbol frequently of a dysfunctional family, especially where children are being abused. Part of the rage of children who have been traumatized is that their family appeared so normal to the rest of the world, while behind the white picket fence, there was all this evil and corruption going on."

LIGHT MY FIRE

Talk about burnin', churnin' and yearnin'. Both *Blue Velvet* and *Wild at Heart* feature close-ups of flames or matches being struck. At times, the fire appears before the last burning stretch before sexual fulfillment. Then again, it is sometimes murderous: In *Wild at Heart*, Marietta has her husband torched by her gangster lover; and in *Twin Peaks*, the note—written in blood—at the site of Laura Palmer's murder reads, "Fire—walk with me."

Greenberg: "He's got a hellish imagination. There is a red thread of the infernal that runs through his work—including all that steam hissing in the beginning of *The Elephant Man* and the charnel-house imagery in *Eraserhead*."

Dr. Frank: "It can be a religious symbol and it can also stand for sex, lovemaking and home. But mainly, it has to do with passion. When people dream about fires, they talk about devouring. Fires are very oriented with the mouth, and so is Lynch."

Dr. David Turkat (an Atlanta-based media psychologist): "The classic signs of a disturbed psyche in a male child are cruelty to animals, bed wetting and fire setting. Fire images tap into anger and a feeling of powerlessness."

A SANGUINE SMILE

Some of Lynch's women wear a strange brand of lipstick—their own blood. When Hank cuts Josie Packard's finger with a knife in *Twin Peaks*, she runs the cut over her mouth as if it were a brand-new tube of lipstick. And when Sherilyn Fenn, as an accident victim in *Wild at Heart*, dies, the blood flows out of her mouth to outline her lips. There are many other similar examples, including a psychoanalytically memorable scene from *Wild at Heart* in which Marietta coats her entire face with lipstick—giving the impression that her whole visage is aflame with blood.

Greenberg: "Along with the monstrous feminine, there's an odd feeling of female victimization in Lynch's work. With both of these images of women, Lynch is looking at sexuality as extremely sadistic, repellent and confused with birth images."

Dr. Turkat: "Where there is a disturbed mind, sex and aggression tend to meld together. Certainly, in today's relationships between men and women, men feel more insecure; there are more demands and expectations being put on them, they feel. And so they tend to strike back with whatever power they have—that is, physical force."

Lieberman: "It is an image that represents the combination of sex and violence, showing not only that a kiss is passion but that violence is connected to it. With the blood being worn as lipstick, it turns the character into a mother figure."

WHY NOT TAKE ALL OF ME?

You can't go far into Lynch's *oeuvre* without tripping over some severed body part: In *Eraserhead*, a little boy picks up a man's decapitated head and carries it into a factory. In *Wild at Heart*, a clerk searches frantically through a sea of blood for his severed hand; the next shot shows a scruffy dog trotting out the back door with the hand in its mouth.

Frank: "In psychoanalytic terms, severed body parts are about castration. But also, symbolically for Lynch, it may have to do with a kind of impotence and a form of fragmentation in that people are not relating to one another. There is an absence of knowledge of one part of the body—the head, the hand, the ear is separated from the whole—so there is an absence of connection. I think he's talking about those kinds of issues in American culture: that we are essentially denying to ourselves our own destructiveness."

Greenberg: "This ties into his vision of weak, passive men: It's always the men who are injured or maimed. Or, as in *The Elephant Man*, anatomically grotesque."

LISTEN—DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET?

In the world as Lynch sees it, everybody is concealing something, except maybe Agent Cooper. Still, Cooper does tell Audrey, "Secrets are dangerous things." Certainly, that's true in Lynch's sphere: Secrets killed Laura Palmer in *Twin Peaks* and sent Lula and Sailor on the road in *Wild at Heart*. But what can you expect when we know only a fraction of what is really going on? And what is hidden or unexplained threatens us in what we can only imagine.

Greenberg: "His is a paranoid cinema."

Cheshier: "From a metaphysical level, it has to do with aloneness or loneliness. When we experience trauma or terror, we experience it alone. Almost by definition, one cannot have group trauma. And when that is experienced and we lose our connection with others, it is a terrifying experience. To admit that is to bring it back again. So we keep it a secret."

Lieberman: "There are several kinds of secrets he could be dealing with: the secret Oedipal desire of wanting to have sex with your mother and the secret of abuse or trauma."

AND IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS

Lieberman: "My opinion is that David Lynch is struggling not only with his Oedipal conflicts. If he were my patient and he presented me with the same stories and images that he presents in his work, I would pursue a line of inquiry destined to try to reveal some repressed memories of possible sexual and physical abuse."

Cheshier: "I have to wonder if Lynch has suffered trauma—possibly in a very violent way—as a child."

Greenberg: "His overwhelming concerns are where we come from and where we're going and how that happens. And his creativity is shot through with all kinds of hellish, violent and carnal imagery."

—MARCIA FROELKE COBURN

direct a short scene when Elmes was asked to test two tape stocks for the A.F.I. The scene, titled "The Amputee," featured Coulson as a double amputee. The A.F.I. bigwigs went to see the test, expecting to see two static shots of a gray scale; when they saw Coulson sitting in a chair with her two stumps, writing a letter, one of them said, "Lynch had something to do with this, didn't he?"

He's tough on actors. "He's a killer to work with, in a lot of ways," says Nance. "If there's something about you that's bad, he's gonna focus on it and blow it way up, until it's awful. He sees some kind of, I don't know, aesthetic quality in these flaws and defects."

He's loyal. He uses the same actors over and over. When *Eraserhead* finally secured a distributor and seemed likely to make some money, he called his cast and crew together and rewrote the contract to give them all a substantial share of those profits. To this day, they get checks.

He wrote a performance-art piece titled *Industrial Symphony No. 1* with Badalamenti for the Brooklyn Academy of Music. While working on it, he told a saxophone player he wanted him to play "big chunks of plastic." The scary thing, says Badalamenti, is that the guy knew exactly what to play.

He paints. His latest show was presented by the Leo Castelli Gallery, one of New York's most prestigious. The reviews, however, were terrible.

He has shot television commercials for Obsession perfume.

He's preparing a book of his photographs. It is devoted entirely to photos of dental equipment.

He writes a weekly comic strip called *The Angriest Dog in the World*. It was inspired, he says, by a time when he was filled with rage. The strip is exactly the same every week: four near-identical panels showing a stylized dog, rigid with anger, chained in a back yard. The only thing that changes is one panel of dialog coming from inside the house. Example: "In this world, there seem to be several theories which differ from one another to a considerable extent."

He is obsessed with his work. "He cares an awful lot about working," says Nance. "That's all he does. He's a real dull guy."

He once dissected a cat to study its insides.

He has a uterus in a bottle in his house. He didn't ask for it. It was a gift from a friend who'd had a hysterectomy.

He says that ideas are "the most important things," but he doesn't understand where they come from. He has figured out, though, that he gets more ideas if he drinks lots of coffee and ingests lots of sugar.

•

So now David Lynch is firmly established as the eccentric artist *du jour*, placing him alongside such avant nerds as David Byrne and Elvis Costello, ungainly outsiders who have managed to deliver their seemingly threatening, rarefied taste in a form to which the masses can respond. Or it can be put in simpler terms: He made a TV show, it did a lot better than most people thought it would and now he's famous and making a lot of money.

He likes the money, but he's not so sure about the famous part; sometimes, he thinks, it gets in the way of the work. But for now, Lynch is facing a more serious problem than what to do when he's recognized in a restaurant: Where does he go from here?

It's not like his future is assured, by any means. Certainly, he's more bankable than he was after he made *Eraserhead* or *Dune* or *Blue Velvet*. Lots of studios would like to have him aboard in order to boast about landing David Lynch. But at the same time, Hollywood is hardly willing to throw unlimited amounts of money at a man simply because he made the cover of *Time*. For all its impact, *Twin Peaks* has never been a top-rated show: After a terrific debut last spring, it quickly fell in the ratings, and this season's numbers have been consistently lackluster. And *Wild at Heart*, despite winning the big award at Cannes, was an outright flop at the box office.

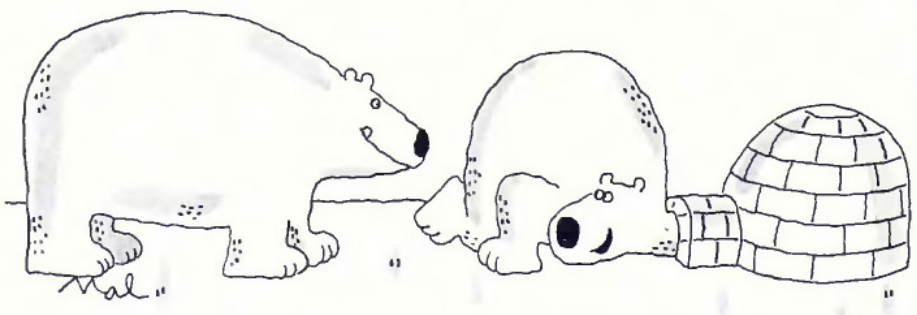
Meanwhile, the backlash started. *Wild at Heart* was widely attacked, even by some who loved *Blue Velvet* and *Twin Peaks*. Other fans of the series were frustrated by the way Lynch and Frost toyed with the audience in dragging out the search for Laura Palmer's killer; still others by how, after its remarkable debut, the show lapsed too easily into the trap of mocking its characters, playing Lynch's gallery of misfits strictly for laughs. And yet, at the heart of *Twin Peaks*, there's a darkness that isn't funny; there's something disturbing, ugly and brutal, something that can't be shrugged off with jokes. In his best moments, Lynch is unafraid to make the show not only amusing but frightening—and it's those moments, one can only hope, that point the way toward his future.

The trouble is, it's hard to tell exactly what form that future will take. Since beginning work on *Twin Peaks* and finishing *Wild at Heart*, he has collaborated with Frost on *American Chronicles*, a documentary series for Fox that offers impressionistic, often wordless views of various cities and people; despite its slightly offbeat approach, it's one of the least bizarre projects he has ever worked on. And beyond that, he has kept quiet about his plans. "I think he would like to have a sustaining power," says Coulson. "He would like this not to be a brief flash of fame but to continue working. I think he really wants *Twin Peaks* to continue. He loves the long format of the television series, and he likes getting to know these characters really well. And I think he would like to continue to explore feature films."

Lynch himself thinks back to some of the projects he worked on but abandoned over the past years. "I'd still really like to make *Ronnie Rocket*," he says of one of the film projects he recently got back from the ruins of the De Laurentiis Entertainment Group. "It's been in my mind for so many years now that it'd be hard to do, but I do want to make it some day."

Chances are, though, that he'll come up with something else, obsess over it, scribble notes and then do what he does when it's time to make a movie: come up with 70 scenes and write them down on 3"x 5" cards.

"When he gets on to something, you know that he's hot for it," says Nance. "I mean, *Blue Velvet* was going on years and years before he made it. When we were doing *Eraserhead*, I was over at this little shack where he was living, and he had done this little pen-and-ink drawing of this rustic roadside tavern with antlers over the door, and this big neon BLUE



"Isn't it wonderful the way nature provides for us—whenever we get hungry, all we have to do is reach into one of these things and—voila!—food!"

WHAT COMBINES PURE AIR & BEAUTY?

PHOTOTRON

$39.95 down!

- Pyraponic Industries is ranked as the 86th fastest growing company in the United States.
- Manufacturer of the Year
- Phototron® used by over 650 universities, schools, and institutions worldwide, including Harvard,USDA, and NASA.
- Phototron® launch aboard Space Shuttle in 1992 to study permanent habitat on Space Station Freedom.
- 24 hour service calls.
- 6 follow-up mailings
- 100% guaranteed

Phototron III®

The natural home Air Purifier

Hello my name is Jeffery Julian DeMarco, president and founder of Pyraponic Industries, Inc. II, inventor of the Phototron®. The hallmark of the last 20 years has been energy efficiency. That is, we have learned how to best hermetically seal your home against the loss of heat and air conditioning. $39.95 down.

The result has been to also seal in air pollution. The Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) has suggested that every home in the United States has between 2 and 20 times the amounts of pollution inside the home than outside. When placed in a 1,000 sq. ft. room, the Phototron® circulates 1,000 sq. ft. of air through the Phototron® 33 times every 24 hours. This does 4 things: Plants have always been the natural lungs of the Earth;

1- In the Phototron® the natural respiration of plants breathe in all of the in house pollution completely filtering in the air you breathe;

2- Also, all of the carbon dioxide you exhale will be inhaled by the Phototron®, converting the CO2 to pure oxygen for your health;

3- The natural transpiration of plants releases up to 1 gallon of pure distilled, deionized water vapor back to the air for your easy breathing; $39.95 down.

4- Aerosol air deodorizers work by coating your nose hairs with an oil of artificial smell. You breathe the same pollutants, you just don't smell them.

By introducing fragrant plants into the Phototron III's® sterile environment, a natural air freshener is created. Your whole house is naturally perfumed with roses, gardenias, jasmine, honeysuckle, etc. The Phototron III® will grow any plant twice as fast as nature can, producing more fruits, flowers, and vegetables. The tremendous impact that plants will have on your living environment is far more encompassing than the beauty of ornamental display, and you can take action for the health and well being of your family for just $39.95 down, with 0% interest and payments over 90 days. With the Phototron III®, you can help save the planet naturally, painlessly, and inexpensively, as over 100,000 people have already realized. $39.95 down!

"If you do not learn more about air pyrafication than you ever have before, I will pay you for the call. I guarantee it."

Jeffery Julian DeMarco

1-619-451-2837

PYRAPONIC
INDUSTRIES, INC. II
Dept. PB-2C • P.O. Box 27809
15090A Avenue of Science
San Diego, CA 92128

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Playboy increases your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact directly for information on where to find this month's merchandise in your area. To buy the apparel and accessories shown on pages 20, 102, 103 and 161, check listings below to locate the store nearest you.

Killer Colognes

Page 20: Hugo Boss's **Boss Spirit** at Saks Fifth Avenue, nationwide. **Lagerfeld photo** at Macy's, nationwide; Marshall Field's, 111 State Street, Chicago 60602, 312-781-1000; Foley's, 1110 Main Street, Houston 77002, 713-651-7038; and other fine department stores. **Colors de Benetton** at Benetton boutiques; Dillards, all locations; Higbee's, all locations, or call 800-722-7070. Sanofi's **Tsar** at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10022, 212-753-7300, x3701; Dillards, all locations; Marshall Field's, all locations; Dayton Hudson, all locations. Calvin Klein's **Obsession for Men** available at leading department and specialty stores nationwide. **Xeryus de Givenchy** available at leading department and specialty stores nationwide.

A Sexy Short Story

Pages 102–103: Silk boxers, clockwise from top: By *Paul Smith*, 108 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10010, 212-627-9770. By *Joe Boxer Couture? Silk Collection*, 415-882-9406. Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Avenue, N.Y.C. 10022, 212-705-2952; The Broadway, 3880 North Mission Road, L.A. 90031, 213-227-2000. By *More & More*, 212-944-0414. Detour, 425 West Broadway, N.Y.C. 10012, 212-219-2692; Jazzman, 340 State Street, Madison, Wisc. 53703, 608-256-2062; Chanins, 1030 Westwood Boulevard, L.A. 90024, 213-208-4500. By *Nicole Miller*, 780 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. 10021, 212-288-9779; Marshall Field's, Chicago; Fini, 363 North Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills 90210, 213-275-5180; Kanji Men, 7324 Melrose Avenue, L.A. 90046, 213-933-0462. By *Mark Christopher of Wall Street*, 87 Nassau Street, Suite 405, N.Y.C. 10038, 212-608-0921 (by appointment only). By *Mariner de France*, 212-714-9590. Under Wares Inc., 1098 Third Avenue, N.Y.C. 10021, 212-536-6006; Marshall Field's, Chicago; Brief Encounter, Sherman Oaks Galleria, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91403, 818-501-7678.

Up with the Umbrella

Page 161: Umbrellas, clockwise from 12: By *Comoy's of London*, 65-10 69th Place, Middle Village, N.Y. 11379 (mail order only). From Marshall Field's, Chicago. From *Alfred Dunhill*, 450 Park Avenue, N.Y.C. 10022, 212-753-9292; Water Tower Place, 835 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 60611, 312-467-4455; 510 North Park Center, Dallas 75225, 214-691-0191; One Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills 90210, 213-274-5351. By *Burberrys of London*, 212-246-2570. Uncle Sam's Umbrellas, 161 West 57th Street, N.Y.C. 10019, 212-247-7163; Tuttle Golf Collection, 30 Cross Street, P.O. Box 941, Meriden, Conn. 06450, 800-882-7511 (mail order or charge by phone); B. J. Perry Co. Inc., 1300 East 86th Street, Nora Plaza, Indianapolis 46240, 317-844-7491; Golf Arts & Imports, Dolores at Sixth Street, Carmel, Calif. 93921, 408-625-4488. From Geoffrey Parker, 409 North Camden Drive, Beverly Hills 90210, 213-276-5455. From *Bottega Veneta*, 635 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. 10022, 212-371-5511; 107 East Oak Street, Chicago 60611, 312-664-3220; 108 Geary Street, San Francisco 94108, 415-981-1700; 457 North Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills 90210, 213-858-6533.

You may also contact the manufacturers directly for information on where to purchase merchandise in your area using the telephone numbers or addresses provided.

Playboy Manufacturers A–Z

Burberrys of London, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, Suite 1290, N.Y.C. 10104, 212-246-2570. *Joe Boxer*, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco 94107, 415-882-9406. *Mariner de France*, Mariner Menswear International, 350 Fifth Avenue, Room 7515, N.Y.C. 10118, 212-714-9590. *Mark Christopher of Wall Street*, 87 Nassau Street, Suite 405, N.Y.C. 10038, 212-608-0921. *More & More*, 1466 Broadway, Suite 603, N.Y.C. 10036, 212-944-0414. *Nicole Miller*, 498 Seventh Avenue, N.Y.C. 10018, 212-279-2492. *Paul Smith*, 108 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10010, 212-627-9770.

VELVET sign. He said, 'We're gonna do that one of these days.' 'Do what?' '*Blue Velvet*. It's gonna be a movie, and we're gonna do it one of these days.'"

Now, says Nance, he doesn't know of any similar passions in Lynch's life. Besides, he adds, "What do you do after the cover of *Time* magazine? That's like the kiss of death or something."

Ontkean remembers one idea of Lynch's that just might blossom at some future date. "While we were shooting the pilot up in Washington," he says, "we were out in the woods one day, and we were waxing about what a good time we were having. He said, 'You know, it would be a great idea if we could just get on a bus with a minimal, skeleton crew—just, you know, like the Merry Pranksters. Just get on the bus and head in a direction, and stop and do a few scenes and then see something on the other side of the road and do something with that. Just completely wing it, film the whole journey, and then, at the end of it, we'd see what we got.' That's a wonderfully childlike and confident and great way to work, and I bet he does it one day. I bet he just says, 'Now's the time to get on the bus.' No matter how complex the demands become on him, he has it within him to take that kind of ride."

•

And now we'll end with the kind of scene people expect from David Lynch. He has finished his tuna-fish sandwich and his French fries and his pie and his coffee, and now he is talking about why people keep saying funny things about him. "See," he explains, "what I feel is that everybody has obsessions and dreams and desires, and we're all a little bit different. And if we really start knowing more and more about somebody, the more different he becomes. And if you're making pictures and you set stuff out for people to see, then they see that you're different from them. And then they call you different things."

He goes to the counter to pay. He bums a nickel from me so that he'll have exact change, even though they've seen him here often enough that they'd let him slide on the nickel.

He walks outside. I tell him I'll let him get back to work.

"Okey-doke," he says.

I thank him for his time.

"You betcha," he says.

And then, in view of the HOLLYWOOD sign in the distance, David Lynch shoves his hands in his pockets and walks across the street toward his editing room. As he goes, there's a satisfied grin on his face; after all, with a slice of blueberry pie and a few cups of coffee bubbling through his system, the good ideas ought to be arriving any minute.

PLAYBOY
ON·THE·SCENE
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

UP WITH THE UMBRELLA

The Pharaohs sat under umbrellas to protect themselves from the searing rays of the Egyptian sun. Romans found that the device could keep them dry, too. Today, a handsome cab hailer should be part of your urban wardrobe. For maximum protection and sturdiness, look for models with at least a 40-inch span when open that have a minimum of eight steel ribs and a steel shaft (other metals tend to bend or break), plus an automatic opener for easy action on blustery days and a sheath for strolling when the sun comes out. While a black cover remains the classic look, there are also some great plaid styles. But what really distinguishes one umbrella from another is the handle. To get a grip on the right brolly for you, check out the ones below.

STEVE CONWAY

Clockwise from 12: Italian-made polyester-resin alligator-head umbrella, from Comoy's of London, about $50. English-made umbrella with a sterling-silver handle, from Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, $700. Golf umbrella, from Alfred Dunhill of London, Beverly Hills, $110. Seat-type umbrella, by Burberrys of London, $170. The Prince of Wales umbrella featuring a Malacca handle, silver collar and a warranty stamp, from Geoffrey Parker, Beverly Hills, $258. Italian-made green-and-blue-striped umbrella with a lambskin handle, from Bottega Veneta, Beverly Hills, $165.

Where & How to Buy on page 160.

GRAPEVINE

©PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Idol Chatter

Singer BILLY IDOL (right) recovered from his motorcycle accident in style with a hot tour (with guitarist Mark Younger-Smith), a platinum LP, *Charmed Life*, and a role in Oliver Stone's film bio of the Doors. As you can see, his latest love is bigger than life. Much bigger.

©PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

A Family That Plays Together

Have you checked out the FAMILY STAND? The debut album, *Chain*, had a hot black-chart single, *Ghetto Heaven*. The band toured with Ziggy Marley and is collaborating musically with Paula Abdul and Chaka Khan. Not shabby company to keep.

Apparently Transparent

Starlet BRITTANY is so cute she needs to go by only one name. Maybe you caught her in *Roadhouse* at the movies or in a national Toyota ad or on video in the *Girls of Rock N' Roll* calendar. If you missed her in any of those places, don't sweat it. Here she is now, in much of her glory.

©KEN SETTLE

Main Squeeze

Musician BRUCE HORNSBY and his band the Range have a gold album, *A Night on the Town*, have toured extensively and are working on a contribution to the *Rainforest Benefit* LP. Look for Bruce to play keyboards on some upcoming Grateful Dead dates and perform the national anthem with Branford Marsalis at the N.B.A. All-Star game this month.

©1990 MARK LEIVDAL

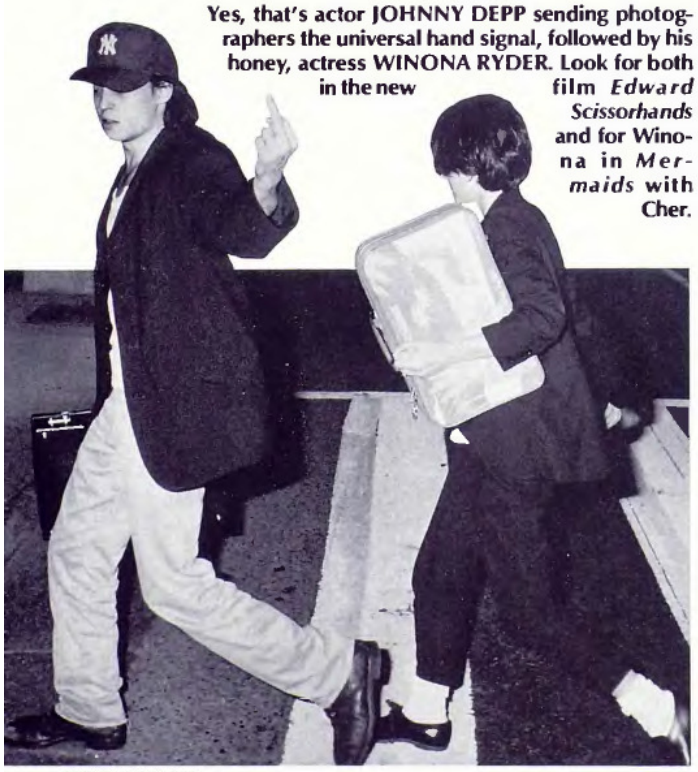
©1990 MARK LEIVDAL

Feathering Her Nest

When we asked actress KIRSTEN ASHLEY to get comfortable, she took us literally. You saw her in *The Fabulous Baker Boys* and *Fear No Evil* and on TV in *Get Smart Again* and the Laker Girls movie. But you didn't see her like this, did you?

Depp Perception

Yes, that's actor JOHNNY DEPP sending photographers the universal hand signal, followed by his honey, actress WINONA RYDER. Look for both in the new film *Edward Scissorhands* and for Winona in *Mermaids* with Cher.



©KEVIN WINTER/DMI

©WERNER W. POLLEINER

Dr. Feelgood

Actress LISA GIBSON caused heart palpitations on TV's old *Baywatch* series and at the movies in *The Coven*. She can check our pulse any time. She has already massaged our heart.

LOVE FOR SALE

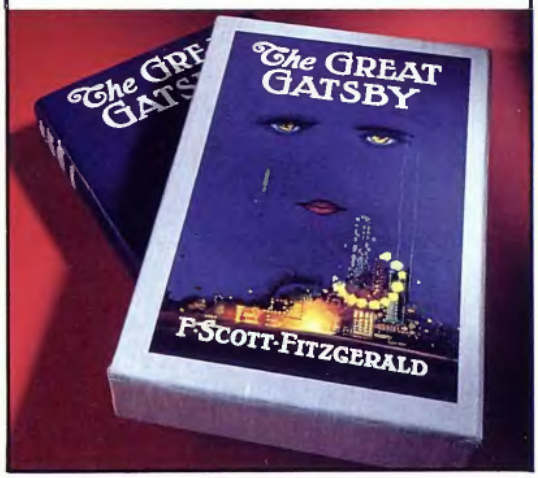
Want to wish someone special a happy Valentine's Day in a very special way? Contact Love Letters Ink, a ghost-letter-writing service in Beverly Hills that specializes in beautifully crafted letters on a variety of subjects—and that includes serious sentiment. Personalized versions of letters contained in Ink's catalog are priced from $17 to $20 and are written in calligraphy on exotic Japanese floral papers that are then rolled, tied with a satin ribbon and sealed in a color-coordinated tube. (Our favorite is number 57, which begins, "I woke up this morning with a smile on my face. Just the thought of your kiss, the remembrance of your touch, the echo of your voice makes it easier to face every day.") Custom letters created from scratch are $55 a page. MasterCard and Visa accepted. Call 800-448-WORD for all the intimate details, you romantic devil, you.

CHILLS AND THRILLS

Actors who'd like to improve their action skills, wanna-bes who hope to get into the movies via stuntwork or free spirits who just enjoy a rough-and-tumble good time should check out MDFC Stunts & Special Effects' 15-day South Texas Stunt Tour Camp. For about $2500, stunt arranger, fight choreographer and actor C. H. Morris will lead you through on-location workshops that include aerial stunts at the Texas Air Museum, scuba diving off Padre Island, bar fights and horse stunts at the Alamo Village, plus body burns, bullet hits, high falls, car crashes, special effects and more. The price includes air fare within the U.S., lodging, one meal a day and a personalized jacket. For more information, write to MDFC at 1506 East Austin, Harlingen, Texas 78550.

MAKING BOOK ON FIRST EDITIONS

Since a jacketed genuine first edition of *The Great Gatsby* in mint condition would cost upwards of $10,000, you'll be pleased to learn that The First Edition Library, P.O. Box 654, Holmes, Pennsylvania 19043, is offering reproductions of the first-edition copies of such classic American literature as *Gatsby*, *A Farewell to Arms* and *Tender Is the Night* for only $39.95 each, postpaid, including a slipcase. (The 17-volume series goes for a price Gatsby could afford—$500.) For more information, call 800-345-8112.

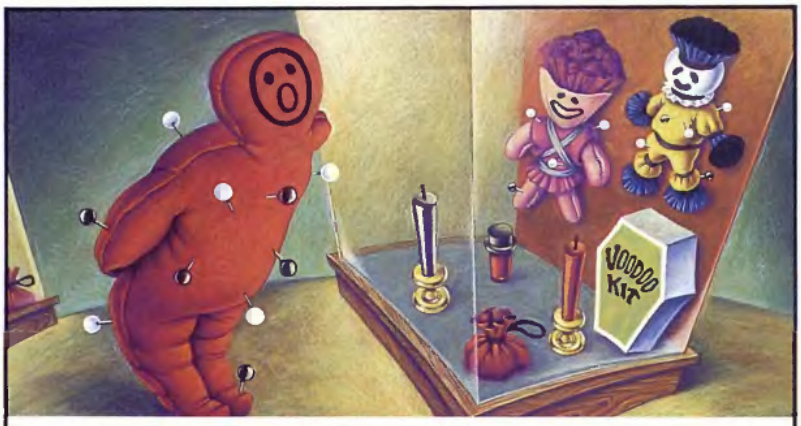


WILD BUT NOT WOOLLY

For the tossers and turners of the world, there's *Count Sheep*, a five-dollar audio cassette containing 30 minutes of slow, methodical sheep counting from "One sheep" to. . . . We never did finish the cassette. Or, if you like to read in bed, browse through a copy of the *Count Sheep* pocketbook, a 250-page softcover with 65,000 images of sheep organized into rows for easy counting in any language. The price: seven dollars. For where to baaa, call 212-696-1926.

HOWDY BOOTY

In 1967, a Monkee-Mobile that played a portion of *(Theme from) The Monkees* was just one more TV-inspired toy. Today, it's worth about $600. You'll find this and other video ephemera in *Hake's Guide to TV Collectibles*, by Ted Hake, which lists the market price of boob-tube-inspired goodies, including the Milton Berle Make-up Club Pin at right ($50). The book is $18 sent to Hake's, P.O. Box 1444Z, York, Pennsylvania 17405. Tune in.



THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC

If the custom love letters included in this month's *Potpourri* don't win your ladylove's heart, there's always the New Orleans Historic Voodoo Museum, 724 Dumaine Street, New Orleans 70016. Its stock in trade is sexual talismans, *gris-gris* bags, goofer dust, penis dolls and even Marie Laveau's Love Potion # Nine. A six-page catalog costs a buck. No guarantees.

SIGN OF THE PHARAOH

You'll just have to take our word for it that the Egyptian cartouche shown here depicts *Playboy* in hieroglyphics. And if you'd like a sterling-silver or solid-gold cartouche pendant or earrings personalized with the name of your favorite Nefertiti, then give Cartouche Ltd. a call at 800-AT-EGYPT. Prices range from about $30 to $200. (They sell gold and silver chains, too.) Allow eight weeks for delivery. Of course, the cartouches are handmade in Egypt v-e-r-y s-l-o-w-l-y.

JACK'S BACK

To commemorate the 125th anniversary of the Jack Daniel Distillery, the good old boys in Lynchburg, Tennessee, have commissioned a one-liter lead-glass decanter in a limited number and filled it with their famous Black Label whiskey. Best of all, the bottle is priced at only $30; a booklet that recounts some of the distillery's history is included. Pour yourself a glass and read tonight by the fire. There'll be questions in the morning.

TOP TIPS

The debut copy of "The Best of the Best Travel Newsletter" is stuffed with such getaway savvy as "The Best City Ethnic Neighborhoods" (Detroit's Greektown, South Philly, the French Quarter in New Orleans, etc.), a street-smart guide to Chicago, tips on the nation's best luxury lodgings and more. The price for a year's subscription is $39 sent to "The Best of the Best," 230 North Michigan Avenue, Suite 2100, Chicago 60601. Hot tip: New York's "Newest Hotel Gem" is the Macklowe on 44th Street, with doubles starting at $199.

NEXT MONTH

MADONNA-RAMA

SMART HOME

CLONE ZONE

MYSTERY CELEBRITY

"MADONNA-RAMA"—FIND OUT HOW THE BLONDE PLAYGIRL OF THE WESTERN WORLD MADE UNTOLD MILLIONS SELLING ONE PRODUCT: HERSELF—A REPORT BY **MICHAEL KELLY,** ILLUSTRATED BY **OLIVIA DE BERARDINIS**

"CUBA LIBRE"—WHILE YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE, YOU *CAN* FLY THERE VIA OUR EXCLUSIVE PICTORIAL. CLIMB ABOARD AS COMMUNISM'S LAST CARIBBEAN OUTPOST GEARS UP FOR TOURISM

"IN THE CLONE ZONE"—WHAT BETTER WAY TO RUN A MILITARY DICTATORSHIP THAN THROUGH DOUBLES (UNLESS, OF COURSE, THE COPIES PLAN A COUP OF THEIR OWN)?—FICTION BY **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

"SHOWDOWN IN CINCINNATI"—MEET THE REAL HEROES IN THE OBSCENITY TRIAL OF MUSEUM DIRECTOR **DENNIS BARRIE,** WHO DARED TO SHOW ART BY PHOTOGRAPHER **ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE**—BY **JAMES R. PETERSEN**

"DEATH COMES TO BEVERLY HILLS"—THE REAL STORY BEHIND THE BRUTAL SHOTGUN SLAYING OF HOME-VIDEO CZAR **JOSE MENENDEZ** AND WIFE **KITTY,** WHOSE SONS WERE ARRESTED FOR THE BIZARRE MURDERS—A REPORT BY **ROBERT RAND**

M. SCOTT PECK, THE AUTHOR/PSYCHIATRIST WHOSE BEST SELLER *THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED* JUST ACED OUT *THE JOY OF SEX* IN ALL-TIME SALES, SPEAKS HIS MIND ON SPIRITUALITY, EROTICA AND POP PSYCHOLOGY IN AN ENLIGHTENING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"GANGSTER CHIC"—CAN YOU TELL **MA BARKER** FROM **BONNIE PARKER** OR **MACHINE GUN KELLY** FROM **MACHINE GUN JACK MCGURN?** TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF AMERICA'S MOST LEGENDARY CRIMINALS IN A QUIZ YOU JUST CAN'T REFUSE TO TAKE—BY **WILLIAM J. HELMER**

PLUS: JUST FFFOOOOOORRRE YOU: PERFECT YOUR SWING *AND* LOOK GREAT ON THE GREENS—FASHION FOR GOLFERS, BY **HOLLIS WAYNE;** WHAT'S NEW IN MODERN LIVING: THE ERA OF THE SMART HOME HAS ARRIVED WITH ELECTRONIC WIZARDRY TO SERVE AND ENTERTAIN YOU; AND, FINALLY, DON'T MISS OUR MYSTERY-CELEBRITY PICTORIAL, NOT TO MENTION THE PROVERBIAL MUCH, MUCH MORE

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

MARK SALZMAN

HOME: Los Angeles, California.

AGE: 29.

PROFESSION: Author, actor, martial artist. "I know everyone in L.A. says that, but really, I am."

HOBBY: Going to the zoo. "It's the one place I won't be asked about China–except by, maybe, the pandas."

LAST BOOK READ: *Discos and Democracy: China in the Throes of Reform*, Orville Schell.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Writing the script and starring in the movie "Iron and Silk," based on his book about his experiences as an English teacher in China.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "What else do you do with a degree from Yale in Chinese Language and Literature?"

QUOTE: 之呼者也

PROFILE: Animated, ebullient and prone to colorful exaggeration.

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label", straight up. "After years of drinking nothing but rice wine, it was a pleasure to return to a place where my Scotch was always on the menu."

© 1989 SCHIEFLEY IMPORTS CO. P.O. BOX 188, RADIO CITY STATION, N.Y., NY 10101
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 43% ALC/VOL (86.8 PROOF)

©1991 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

CAMEL

NEW ULTRA LIGHTS

6 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.